

THE WORKS
OF
THOMAS KYD

*EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL TEXTS
WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND FACSIMILES*

BY

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Since the publication of this volume, it has been brought to my notice that the Quarto of Soliman and Perseda (formerly 11773, c. 11, now C 37, c. 15, in the British Museum) has recently been shown, on typographical evidence, to be a modern reprint of the genuine edition of 1599. This reprint, marked *1599 in the present volume (cf. p. 162), was so ingenious a forgery as to deceive till lately the bibliographical experts of the Museum. As Lowndes, however, mentions that the play was "reprinted about 1815 on old paper by Smeeton," the Quarto is doubtless a copy of this issue, of which, I find, there are a few other extant specimens.

On reconsideration of the MS. signature on the title-page of *The Mvrdre* of John Brewen, I interpret it as that of the printer, John Kyd, and not as that of the author, Thomas, which is appended at the end of the pamphlet

F. S. B. *

[*Boas · Kyd*]

PREFACE

THIS attempt to issue, for the first time, an edition of Thomas Kyd's extant works, so far as they can be identified, will, I believe, need no lengthy justification. In the study of pre-Shakespearean literature, during the closing years of the past century, there has been no more marked feature, especially on the Continent, than the increased prominence given to Kyd. The growing realization of the unique popularity and influence of *The Spanish Tragedie* during the period between the defeat of the Armada and the outbreak of the Civil War, and the equally growing conviction that Kyd was a forerunner of Shakespeare in dramatizing the story of Hamlet, have combined to arouse the keenest interest in his personality and his writings. As the final section of my Introduction shows, monographs on different aspects of his career have, especially during the last dozen years, followed fast upon one another.

But hitherto the study of Kyd has been hampered by the lack of a complete and trustworthy text of his works. The best available substitute has been vol. v of Mr. Carew Hazlitt's edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, which contains *The Spanish Tragedie*, *Cornelia*, and *Soliman and Perseda*, preceded at the close of vol. iv by the anonymous *First Part of Ieronimo*. The volumes have been of much service to all students of Kyd; but texts with modernized spelling, and based upon an imperfect collation of the original Quartos, cannot satisfy the requirements of present-day scholarship. I have therefore, for the present work, collated in every case all the extant texts, and reproduced the original spelling. I had at one time thought of also

keeping the original punctuation, but its chaotic state made this impossible

In the case of *The Spanish Tragedie* I have aimed, as explained more fully in the Prefatory Note to the play, at indicating more clearly than has hitherto been done the exact relation of the Additions to the original work. And while including the *First Part of Jeronimo* in this volume as, in effect, another 'Addition' by a far inferior hand, I have, I venture to think, demonstrated more decisively than has hitherto been done, the impossibility of this fore piece being from Kyd's pen. Nothing has interfered so much with the recognition of Kyd's dramatic powers as the ascription to him of this crude melodrama. But even some of the critics who have condemned it as spurious have not realized, as I think, adequately the merits of *The Spanish Tragedie*, when set free from this encumbrance. I have therefore sought, by a detailed examination of the play in my Introduction, to bring out the higher qualities of Kyd's art, and to show, by consequence, that the effective dramatization of the Hamlet-story was well within his range. Further, by a comparison of *The Spanish Tragedie* and the First Quarto of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, I have tried to show that we have grounds for believing that in this Quarto we have traces of Kyd's style, and that *Hamlet*, in its final form, is due to the fusion of his inventive stagecraft, probably modified by some intermediate hand, with Shakespeare's philosophic and poetic genius.

In the discussion of the Hamlet problem an important factor is *The Householder's Philosophie*, an English version of Tasso's *Padre di Famiglia* by T K. I have reprinted this for the first time from the Quarto of 1588, and have brought forward new internal evidence to support the identification of T K with Thomas Kyd, and of the work itself with one of the Italian translations produced, as Nash tells us, by the author of the *Ur-Hamlet*. I have also reprinted from the unique copy in Lambeth Palace Library the short prose tract, *The Murder of John Brewen*, hitherto only accessible in vol. 1 of J P Collier's *Illustrations of English*.

Popular Literature I have further included the fragments of lost works by Kyd preserved in Allott's *England's Parnassus*, as well as Ayrer's almost contemporary German adaptation of *The Spanish Tragedie*

I have also fortunately been able to make important additions to our knowledge of Kyd's personal career from manuscript sources Mr Sidney Lee, in his article on Kyd in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, was the first to give publicity to some brief notes by the antiquary, Thomas Baker, transcribed by Hunter in his *Chorus Vatum*, on charges of Atheism against Kyd, Marlowe, and others I succeeded in rediscovering among the Harleian Collection the documents upon which Baker's notes were based, and gave an account of them, with extracts, in *The Fortnightly Review* for February, 1899, but they now appear in full for the first time I have to thank the authorities of the British Museum for permission to reproduce in facsimile Kyd's letter to Sir T Puckering and part of the so-called 'Atheistic' treatise, which he states that he got from Marlowe I have also to thank Mr J A Herbert of the Department of MSS at the British Museum for expert help in transcribing some of the documents

I have a number of other obligations to acknowledge To His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the Director of the British Museum, and to the Curators of the Bodleian, I am indebted respectively for permission to reproduce the title-pages of Kyd's various works Through the kind offices of Professor Morsbach, the authorities of the University Library at Göttingen conferred on me the favour of sending their unique copy of the 1594 Quarto of *The Spanish Tragedie* to the British Museum to enable me to collate it for the present volume Mr S Arthur Strong, Librarian to the House of Lords and to the Duke of Devonshire, placed similarly at my disposal the Chatsworth copies of the play, including the unique specimen of the 1602-3 Quarto Lord Ellesmere very kindly gave me facilities for collating his unique copy of the 1599 Quarto at Bridgwater House, and Mr A H

Huth for examining at Ennismore Gardens his specimen of the 1623 Quarto, which differs in its imprint from the other extant copies of that year. The Head Master and Secretary of Merchant Taylors' School kindly investigated, at my request, their records for further possible light upon Kyd's early years, and the Library Committee of the Court of Common Council permitted me to make some researches at the Guildhall in the hope of further elucidating the circumstances of Kyd's arrest. But in neither case was new material discovered. I have finally to thank the staff of the Clarendon Press for many valuable suggestions while the sheets were being printed, my wife for help in compiling the Index, and, above all, Professor F. York Powell for his ungrudging help and counsel at every stage of the work.

In my Introduction and Notes I have aimed at acknowledging my obligations to previous writers upon Kyd. But two names need special mention, Professor G. Sariazin, the author of *Kyd und sein Kreis*, who has taken the lead in vindicating Kyd's claim to the authorship of the pre-Shakespearean *Hamlet*, and Professor J. Schick, whose excellent edition of *The Spanish Tragedie* in the Temple Dramatists is the forerunner of the large German critical edition of the play which he will very shortly publish, and who has kindly supplied me with information on certain points. But it is perhaps not unfitting that the first edition of Kyd's writings on a comprehensive scale should appear in the land of his birth, and though some of the issues raised in this volume may not admit of final settlement, I venture to hope that it may give fresh stimulus to the study of Kyd's works, and do something to restore permanently to his rightful place a notable figure in the history of the English drama.

F. S. B.

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FACSIMILES

KYD'S LETTER TO SIR JOHN PUCKEFING, THE LORD KEEPER

—*Harl MS 6849, fol 218*

Frontispiece

PART OF THE HERETICAL DISPUTATION FOWND AMONGST THE

PAPERS OF THOMAS KYD, 12 MAY, 1593, AND AFFIRMED

BY HIM TO HAVE BEEN MARLOWE'S —*Harl MS 6848,*

fol 174

Between pp cxii, cxiii

INTRODUCTION

I THOMAS KYD'S EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION

THE fickleness of Fortune is the *Leitmotif* that runs through the writings of Thomas Kyd, and the goddess has taken a characteristic revenge upon her traducer by making him a victim of her most cruel caprice. For fifty years—the greatest years of the greatest dramatic movement the modern world has known—his chief work maintained a popularity, alike with theatre goers and readers, probably unrivalled by that of any other single play. This popularity was not confined to England, but extended over a large part of the Continent, where, through adaptations in Dutch and German, *The Spanish Tragedie* achieved a vogue scarcely inferior to that it had won in the land of its birth. But with the triumph of Puritanism in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the closing of the theatres, came a sudden total eclipse of Kyd's fame, and the Restoration, with its new dramatic methods and ideals, knew not him nor his brethren of the 'race before the flood.' Thus, when, rather more than a hundred years after the issue of the last Quarto edition of *The Spanish Tragedie*, it was brought anew before the reading world of 1744, the very name of the author had been forgotten, and an attempted substitution (not endorsed, however, by Dodsley) had been made of the *nominis umbra*—Smith! As every one of the round dozen extant editions of the play is anonymous, the world might long have remained no wiser on the point, had not Hawkins, some time before 1773, fortunately lighted on the passage in *The Apology for Actors* where Heywood, in quoting three lines from *The Spanish Tragedie*, IV 1 86–8, names Kyd as their author.

Yet even after this there remained obstacles in the way of an impartial judgement of the work. For within a decade after Kyd's death, it had attached to itself two alien elements of a strangely diverse kind. From 1602 onwards there were incorporated in the text of the play certain 'Additions,' so steeped in passion and wild, sombre beauty, that they threw into harsh relief

Kyd's more old fashioned technique and versification, and have prevented till this day the merits of his work in its original form being fairly recognized. On the other hand, there was published in 1605 a fore piece to *The Spanish Tragedie* entitled *The First Part of Ieronimo*—an extravagant piece of melodrama, if indeed it be not an intentional burlesque—which has become traditionally associated with the name of Kyd, and which even some of his latest interpreters are ill advised enough to claim as his. Fortune could scarcely have taken a more crushing revenge upon the dramatist than by doing her best to sink his reputation beneath this *damnosa hereditas*. But her malice has worked itself out in other, if possible, more ingenious ways. A punning allusion by Nash points to Kyd as having been the first of playwrights to dramatize the story of Hamlet, and to have thus laid down the lines of the world's most famous tragedy. Evidences of the most varied kind combine to support this conclusion. But as their cumulative force just falls short of complete scientific demonstration, a loophole for scepticism is left to those who either question the identification altogether, or deny the presence of Kyd's hand in any of the extant forms of the play.

And when at last, after more than two centuries of neglect or depreciation, his fame as a dramatist has begun to revive, Fortune has malevolently redressed the balance by taking the opportunity of exhibiting him, as a man, in a strangely sinister light. Till lately his life was a total blank, but now we know the main episodes of its closing years. We see him the victim of apparently unjust arrest, broken down by imprisonment and torture, pleading for the recognition of his innocence in suppliant tones. And, what is worse, we see him, in self defence, blackening the name of the greatest of his fellows in pre Shakespearean tragedy—the poet dramatist round whom cluster the affections of generations of readers. It is hard to imagine any attitude more likely to repel from Kyd the sympathies of the modern world. But the revelation thus made, if not attractive, is invaluable to his biographer, and supplemented by other results of recent research, it enables us to sketch the outlines of his career.

The birth of Thomas Kyd may be fixed, beyond reasonable doubt, in the autumn of 1558. In the register of baptisms of the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, under the date

November 6, 1558, there is the entry, 'Thomas, son of Francis Kidd, Citizen and Writer of the Courte Letter of London'. This Thomas Kyd, as Mr Gordon Goodwin was the first to point out (cf. *Notes and Queries*, 8th series, vol. v pp. 305-6), may safely be identified with the dramatist. The name is not a common one, and the date fits well with the known facts of his career. His associations throughout his life, as far as we can trace them, are with the City of London. The atmosphere of his writings, apart from a few pretty but conventional rural touches added at the opening of Act III of his version of *Corneille*, is essentially that of the town.

A few weeks after Kyd's baptism, John Morris, the rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, died, and was succeeded on November 30 by Miles Geard. During his incumbency a sister, Ann, was born to the dramatist, and baptised on September 24, 1561, and two years later the family lost a servant, Prudence Cooke, who was buried on September 2, 1563. It has been supposed that John Kyd, the stationer, who printed *The Murder of John Brewen*, besides other sensational tracts and ballads, was a brother of Thomas, but as his name does not occur in the St. Mary Woolnoth registers, which go back to 1538, this can scarcely be the case; he was probably, however, a connexion.

There is no mention in the registers of the dramatist's mother, but from other sources we learn that she was called Agnes or Anna, which at the time were alternative spellings of the same name (cf. Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 19). In a document recently discovered by Schick in *The Archdeaconry of London Probate and Administration Act Book*, fol. xi, and dated December 30, 1594, Anna Kyd, in the name of her husband Francis Kyd, 'renounces the administration' of the goods of their deceased son Thomas, of the parish of St. Mary Colchurch.¹ In the will of Francis Coldocke, the printer, proved on February 1, 1602-3, 'Francis Kyd, Scruenour,' is named as one of the overseers, and twenty shillings are bequeathed to him, and a similar

¹ Cf. *The Transcript of the Registers of the United Parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch Haw*, by J. M. S. Brooke and A. W. C. Hallen, p. 9. 'A writer of the Courte Letter of London' was the usual designation of a scrivener prior to 1616.

² Cf. Schick's article, *Thomas Kyd's Todesjahr*, in the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch* for 1899, pp. 277-80. The document is printed in full below, pp. lxxvi-lxxxii.

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sum ‘to Agnes Kyd, nowe the wief of Frauncis Kyd’ It is not probable that ‘nowe’ implies that Agnes was a second wife

Thus Francis Kyd was evidently a man of consideration among his neighbours, and in 1575 and 1576, during the incumbency of Thomas Buckmaster, who succeeded Geard on October 17, 1572, he was a churchwarden of St ‘Mary Woolnoth, having as colleagues, first Hugh Keale, a goldsmith, and afterwards George Kevill (or Revall), a scrivener like himself (cf *The Transcript of the Registers*, p xxvii) A man of this type would naturally be anxious to give his son a good education, and on October 26, 1565, we find that ‘Thomas Kydd, son of Francis, scrivener,’ was entered on the books of the newly founded Merchant Taylors’ School (cf C J Robinson’s *Register of Merchant Taylors’ School*, 1 p 9, and *The Academy* for 1887, p 346)

From the *History of Merchant Taylors’ School* by H B Wilson, containing a reprint of the original statutes drawn up on September 24, 1561, we can gather a few facts about his early training At the time of his admission 12d had to be paid ‘for writing in of his name,’ and before being accepted as a scholar he must have shown that he knew ‘the c[on]techisme in English and I atyn,’ and that he could ‘read perfectly and write competently’—no mean accomplishments for a boy of seven He had ‘to come to the schoole in the morning at seven of the clock both winter and somer, and tarry there until eleaven, and returne agayne at one of the clock, and departe at five’

The new school, under the able headmastership of Richard Mulcaster, prospered rapidly Soon after Kyd’s admission on November 12, 1565, the Bishop of London and other ecclesiastical dignitaries held an examination of the boys, and though he was doubtless too young to appear on this occasion, he may have had to go through the ordeal in a later year, when on June 10, 1572, the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of St Paul’s, and others, tested the top scholars in Horace, Homer, and other subjects Among his schoolfellows at Merchant Taylors’ was Spenser, who entered the school probably about 1561, and left early in 1569 But among the poet’s numerous references to his contemporaries in *The Teares of the Muses*, *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, and elsewhere, no mention is to be found of Kyd, while the passages in *The Spanish Tragedie*, which have been supposed to show the influence of *The Faerie Queene*, are probably

merely accidental parallels Thomas Lodge, who entered Merchant Taylors' on March 23, 1570-1, and went up to Oxford in 1578, may perhaps have been a younger schoolfellow of Kyd. We do not know how long Kyd remained at Merchant Taylors', but he probably did not proceed to either of the Universities. His name cannot be found on their registers, or on that of any of the Colleges, and the scraps of Cambridge slang which occur in *The First Part of Jeronimo* (II 3 9) count for nothing as the piece is not by Kyd. The passage in *The Spanish Tragedie* (IV 1 76-7) where Hieronimo declares—

When in Toledo there I studied,
It was my chance to write a Tragedie

has often been taken as an autobiographical reference to a period of residence by the Isis or the Cam. But this interpretation, though plausible, cannot be accepted in default of any external evidence in its support. Kyd must have known the custom of producing plays in the halls of Colleges and other learned societies, especially as Mulcaster himself encouraged acting among his pupils. He thus naturally represented his hero, when called upon to furnish a piece for an amateur performance, as refurbishing a composition of his student days.

A careful examination of the extent and nature of the classical attainments displayed in Kyd's works tends to support the view that they are the fruit of a clever schoolboy's reading, reinforced by later private study, rather than of a methodical university training. He is familiar with a fairly wide range of Latin authors. He had Seneca's dramas at his fingers' ends. In *The Spanish Tragedie* almost every one of them is drawn upon. The beginning of the Induction is modelled upon the opening scene in the *Thyestes*. Quotations, sometimes in slightly mutilated form, are made from the *Octavia* (III xiii 1), the *Agamemnon* (III xiii 6), the *Troades* (III xiii 12-3), and the *Oedipus* (III xiii 34-5). The opening eleven lines of Act III are a paraphrase of seventeen lines in the *Agamemnon*, and in I iii 7, and III xiii 72, we have reminiscences of phrases in the *Phaedra* and the *Octavia*. Next to Seneca, Virgil appears to have been his favourite Latin writer. The main portion of the Induction is suggested by the *Aeneid*, Bk VI. In IV 20 we have a reminiscence of *Aeneid* II 615-6, and in II v 78 the *Sic sic nivat ire sub umbra* as of *Aeneid* IV 660 is quoted as

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part of Hieronimo's dirge over his son. This dirge further contains echoes of Tibullus and Propertius. An adaptation of three lines of Claudian's *De Tertio Consulatu Honori* occurs in I ii 12-4, and a half line from the *Thebais* of Statius is quoted in I ii 55.¹ Parts of the description of the battle in this scene are modelled on Lucan's *Pharsalia*, Bk VII, but in this case the imitation is probably at second hand, from Garnier's reproduction of Lucan's lines in his *Cornelia*. In III xiii 19, however, a well known line from the *Pharsalia* is paraphrased.

The *Letter to Puckering* contains two quotations from Cicero, from the *De Amicitia* and the *De Officiis*, besides three proverbial Latin phrases. In the *Cornelia*, in the lines added at the opening of Act III, we have an allusion to the legend of Clytie or the sunflower, taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and in III ii 39-44 Kyd substitutes a story from 'moral Esop' for the original passage in Garnier.

In *Sohman and Perseda*, I iii 140¹, we have a jocose version of the Ciceronian *O tempora, O mores*, and in IV ii 5 a translation of the proverbial *patria est ubicumque est bene*, quoted by Cicero in the *Tusculan Disputations*. Another proverbial phrase, in intentionally inaccurate form, occurs in II i 398, and a burlesque Latin line, perhaps suggested by Ovid, in IV ii 67. The allusion to the fate of Astyanax in V ii 126-8 is probably taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, XVI iv 4.

The Householders Philosophie gives opportunity for the display of some odds and ends of classical knowledge. The marginal notes added by Kyd include a line from Ovid's *De medicamine faciei* (p 256) and several Scriptural texts in Latin (p 281). In the translation itself he substitutes part of a line from Terence, though inaccurately quoted, for Tasso's Italian version of it (p 249). In three places (pp 246, 253, and 260) he shows his knowledge of the source of passages quoted from the *Aeneid*. But the last of these passages he mistranslates badly, while in another case (p 266) he assigns to Bk II of the *Aeneid* a couple of lines belonging to Bk I, and in yet another (p 276) he reproduces without comment a mistaken allusion of Tasso to some lines in Bk VII, though with an added inaccuracy of his own.

Kyd, moreover, had a certain faculty of classical composition

¹ Biographical data from this play, which is not an undisputed work of Kyd's, are only used to supplement the evidence from his unquestioned writings.

The Spanish Tragedie contains a number of Latin lines (I iii 15-7, II v 68-81, and III x 102-3) constructed mainly out of familiar verse tags Hieronimo's play in IV iv, though in the printed editions 'set down in English more largely for the easier understanding to euery publicue reader,' was composed in 'vnknownne languages'—Balthazar, as Soliman, speaking Greek, and Hieronimo, as the Bashaw, Latin. *The Verses of Prayse and Joye*, if authentic, contain a dozen Latin elegacs from his pen.

But in spite of Kyd's range of classical attainments, his knowledge of ancient history and legend was curiously inaccurate, as appears from the numerous mistakes in his translations. In *Cornelia*, III iii 196-200 he misses the point of an allusion to the defeat of Hannibal by Scipio Africanus, and in V 410 he speaks of the Carthaginian leader making Thrasymene 'so dezart,' evidently not realizing that the battle took its name from a lake. In III iii 201 he renders *Marius, l'honneur d'Arpin* as 'Marius, Arpin's friend,' apparently not knowing of Arpinum, and taking 'Arpin' to be a person. In IV i 91 he misunderstands an allusion to the *Campus Martius*, in IV ii 57 he speaks of Pompey as Caesar's brother in law instead of son in law, while in III iii 88 he calls Photinus, one of his murderers, Photis. In numerous other passages, as shown in the Notes, he misconceives the spirit of Garnier's allusions to Roman history. The *Housholders Philosopher* contains similar blunders. Several passages from Tasso are mistranslated, because Kyd did not understand the significance of the term 'hero' in Greek mythology (pp. 245-6 and 260). He twice shows his ignorance of important episodes in the story of Ulysses (pp. 246 and 273). He confuses the Roman Servile War with one of the Civil Wars (p. 264), and speaks of the Republican worthies as rising to be 'mighty men in Princes Courts'!

Nor, judging by his allusions in Act I v of *The Spanish Tragedie*, was his knowledge of modern history more accurate than that of ancient. He represents Robert of Gloucester in Stephen's reign as having conquered Portugal, though he was never in that country, and he blunders grossly about the expeditions of Edmund Langley to Portugal, and John of Gaunt to Spain, in the time of Richard II. And, as will be shown later, the historical framework of *The Spanish Tragedie* itself is of the most unsubstantial kind. Of Spanish geography he must have known even

less for he speaks of the journey from Lisbon to Madrid being made by sea (*Sp Tr* III xiv 11) And it is doubtful if his acquaintance with the language went beyond a few current phrases such as *pocas palabras* (*Sp Tr* III xiv 118) and *basolus manus* (*Sol and Pers* IV 1134) an intentional corruption of *beso las manos*

With French and Italian he was much more familiar In the acting version of Hieronimo's play Bel imperia spoke in courtly French But though like his heroine Kyd had doubtless practised the French his translation of Garnier's *Cornelia* is full of mistakes It is probable that he visited France for Lorenzo speaks of having seen extempore performances in Paris mongst the French Tragedians (*Sp Tr* IV 1 167) and the remark seems suggested by an experience of the author himself But Kyd's journey co^{uld} not have extended far south or he would not have translated *dans le Loire* b^y at Loyr (*Cor* IV 11 45) Of Italian as of French his knowledge was serviceable rather than accurate He twice quotes Italian couplets in *The Spanish Tragedie* and makes Balthazar use that language as the Bashaw in Hieronimo's play He puts sentiments into Lorenzo's mouth which seem borrowed from Machiavelli But his English version of Tasso's *Padre di Famiglia* is crowded with blunders and fully deserves Nash's sneer in the prefatory epistle to Menaphon at the home-born mediocritie of the translat^{or}

Indeed this fact, proved for the first time by the detailed comparisons between *The Householders Philosophie* and Tasso's dialogue in the Notes to the present volume is a powerful new argument in favour of applying Nash's famous piece-of invective to Kyd The passage bears upon so many points in his career that I reproduce it in full The use of the plural throughout by Nash is evidently a mere rhetorical device as so elaborate an indictment could only be aimed at a single personage

I is a common practise now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions that runne through euery art and thrue by none to leaue the trade of *Nonerint* whereto they were borne and lausie themselves with the indeuors of art that cou'd scarce lie latinise their neck verse if they should haue neede yet English Seneca read by candle light yeildes manie good sentences as *bloud is a begger* and so forth and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning he will affoord you whole *Hamlets* I should say hand

fulls of tragical speeches But o grieſe! *tempus edax rerum*
 what's that will last alwaies? The ſea exhaled by droppes will
 in continuance be drie and Seneca let bloud line by line and
 page by page, at length muſt needs die to our ſtage which
 makes his famiſt followers to imitate the Kidde in *Aesop* who
 enamped with the Foxes newfangles forſooke all hopes of life
 to leape into a new occupation and theſe men renouncing
 all poſſibilities of credit or estimation to intermeddle with
 Italian tranſlations wherein how poorelie they haue plodded
 (as thoſe that are neither prouenzall men nor are able to diſ-
 tinguish of Articles) let all indiſſeſtent Gentlemen that haue
 traualied in that tongue diſerne by their twopenie pamphlets
 and no meruaile though theiſ home born mediocritie be ſuch
 in thiſ matter for what can be hoped of thoſe that thruſt
Eliſium into hell and haue not learned as long as they haue
 luſed in the ſpikeares, the iuſt meaſure of the Horizon without
 an hexameter Sufficeth them to bodge vp a blanke verſe with
 iſs and ands and other while for recreation after their candle
 ſtuffe hauing starched their beardes moſt curiouſlie to make
 a peripateticall path into the inner parts of the Critie and ſpend
 two or three howers in turning ouer French *Doudie* where they
 attract more infection in one minute than they can do eloquence
 all dayes of their life by conuerſing with anie Authors of like
 argument—

Reserving for later discussion the main portion of the paſſage and assuming that Nash in the allusion to the Kidde in *Aesop* points as it has been put with his very finger to the person of Kyd we get from the opening words ſome light on the earlier ſtaiges of the dramatist's career The trade of *Nouerint* is the occupation of a ſcrivener ſo termed deriſively from the *Nouerint uniuersi per praesentes* with which he began his documents Kyd the ſcrivener's ſon was certainly borne to the trade and Nash ſeems to imply that he followed it for a time before leaving it to buſie himſelf with the indeuors of art This would account for the frequent uſe of legal terms and technicalities in his works In *The Spanish Tragedie* III xiii 59-66 an action of Debt an action of the Case and an *Eiectione firmae* are mentioned and the documents required by the reſpective plaintiffs—a declaration a band and a lease—clearly diſtinguiſhed In I iv 85-6 Bel imperia in one of her repartees

INTRODUCTION

to Balthazar borrows a metaphor from the procedure in the case of a loan. In I iii 47 the Viceroy on the report that Balthazar when a prisoner of war had been slain for his father's fault retorts that this would be a breach to common law of arms. And throughout the play the negotiations between the Courts of Spain and Portugal especially as to the articles of marriage between Balthazar and Belimperia are conducted in the formal phraseology of international law. *Soliman and Perseda* I iv 86-8 contains a jest by Piston at the lawyers who siccce their rich clients while they let the poor go *sub forma pauperis* and a few lines later the phrase consideration seems to be used in its technical sense. In *The Murder of John Brewen* p 288 in the account of Brewen's arrest of Anne Welles for the detention of his jewels we have such bits of legal terminology as let the action fall released his prisoner on his owne perill.

But if there is any truth in Nash's charge that he was one of the shifting companions that runne through every art and thrue by none, he must soon have thrown up the paternal trade. He may as Sarrazin has suggested have turned schoolmaster for a time. A didactic vein runs throughout his works and his knowledge of languages would have been serviceable in this career. He was familiar too with the elements of mathematics. In *The Householders Philosophie* p 269 he uses the learned synonym Algorisme for arithmetic. In *Soliman and Perseda* IV i 109-10 the thoughts of the Sultan and the heroine are compared to

Lines parallel that never can be loynd

Earlier lines in the same play (I ii 75-6)—

Yong al pypes re neue graft in windy d ies
Y g schollers never entered vith the rod

suggest that if Kyd was a teacher of youth he was less ruthless in his methods than many Elizabethan pedagogues.

Literature, however must from an early date have attracted him and evidently with little material success. Hieronimo's lines in *The Spanish Tragedie* IV i 70-3

When I was yong I g ue my minde
And plide my selfe to f ities F etrie
Which thongh it profite the professor naught
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world

have the ring of bitter personal experience the more so as they are not specially appropriate either to the speaker or the situation
And at a later date Kyd repeated this lament in the motto appended to his *Cornelia*

Non pro sunt Domino quae p̄ osunt om̄ibus Artes

But though no record remains of these earlier years of authorship we can from various allusions in his works trace some of the formative influences on him at this time. The theatre had probably attracted him from his school days and his description of the preparations for Hieronimo's play shows an intimate familiarity with the details of stage arrangements. He refers (*Sol and Pers* I v 5-8) to the flatterer Aristippus one of the characters in Richard Edwardes popular play *Damon and Pithias* printed 1571. The allusion (*Sþ Tr* IV iv 80) to tragedies on the subject of Ajax or some Romaine peere probably covers as shown in the Notes a number of dramas produced between 1570 and 1580. But it was not only in English plays and players that Kyd was interested. His reference to the extempore acting of the French tragedians in Paris has already been mentioned and he speaks also (*Sþ Tr* IV i 163-5) of similar performances by Italians—probably the comedians of Ravenna whose visit to England is mentioned by Whetstone in 1582. About the time that Kyd attained his majority several books appeared which influenced him strongly in various ways. In 1578 Francis Coldocke his father's friend and Henry Binneman printed Henry Wotton's *Comme le Cou* *trouerste of Cupids Cauteſ* a translation of Jacques Yver's *Pr̄ytemps d'Iver* (1572). It is a collection of five stories related to a company of ladies and gentlemen the first of which is that of Soliman and Perseda introduced by Kyd into *The Spanish Tragedie* and worked up by him later in all probability into separate dramatic form. In 1579 appeared his old school fellow Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender* which he is likely to have read with interest and whence—not really from Aesop—Nash borrowed his satirical image of the Kidde enamored with the Foxes newfangles. The other chief publication of this year Lylly's *Euphues* affected him more powerfully. Some of the features of style common to Kyd and Lylly—as the delight in antitheses and plays upon words the frequency of classical allusions and the artificial balancing of clauses—are due merely

to the general literary influences of the time. But we find the dramatist reproducing also distinctively Euphuistic mannerisms. Lyly is fond of making a statement and then contradicting it in a sentence beginning with *Ay* but This trick is carried to extremes in *The Spanish Tragedie* II 1 19-28. Lyly's similes from natural history real or imaginary have their counterpart in Kyd. Thus *Soliman and Perseda* II 1 130 and 199 introduce favourite Euphuistic comparisons (cf. *Notes* and Sarrazin p. 6). Lyly's curious transverse alliteration is also imitated. Sarrazin has illustrated this from *The Muses of John Brewen* p. 288 l. 1-2 he had her fauours whosoeuer had her frowns he site and smiled when others sobbed. And with this we may compare a couple of clauses from the *Letter to Puckering* of whose consent if I had been no question but I also shold haue been of their consort.

In 1581 was published *Seneca his tenne Tragedies translated into Englysh* the quarto in which Thomas Newton collected together the versions of the Roman dramatist's single plays which had been appearing at intervals since 1559. And though Nash grossly exaggerates Kyd's debt to English Seneca it had a strong influence upon his dramatic work. Important too was the influence of Watson's sonnet series *Hecatompathia* about 1582. The opening lines of Sonnet 47 are adopted in *The Spanish Tragedie* II 1 1-10 and Sonnet 21 possibly inspired *Soliman and Perseda* IV 1 77-83. Tasso's *Ladri di Amiglia* probably fell into his hands not very long after its composition in 1580 and he must have welcomed the publication of the first complete edition of R. Garnier's plays in 1585. It is from the text of this edition that his translation of the *Corneille* was made.

We can thus trace the outlines of his intellectual development up to the time about which he probably began to make his reputation as a poet and dramatist. His *Letter to Puckering* supports the view that his powers like those of Marlowe matured rapidly and that his chief works belong to a comparatively early stage in his career. The *Letter* was written after the death of Marlowe on June 1 1593. In it Kyd speaks of having been in the service of a certain Lord almost these three years. This carries us back to the late summer or the autumn of 1590. During this period his words seem to imply he wrote little for the stage for he emphasizes the contrast between his own relation to his patron and that of Marlowe whose service his

Lordship neuer knewe but in writing for his plaiers And this harmonizes well with the allegations of Nash in 1589 that Kyd had thrown up playwriting to leape into a new occupation as a translater from the Italian Hence we may plausibly infer that the bulk of Kyd's original work, especially as a playwright, belongs to the period before 1588 when *The Housholders Philosophie* appeared

It is possible that the three fragments preserved in Allott's *England's Parnassus* (1600) and reprinted on p 294 are from lost early dramas but Allott's extracts throughout his miscellany are mainly from poems or tragedies like *Cornelia*, not intended for the stage¹ That Kyd w^ts a poet as well as a playwright we know from Meres who in drawing a parallel between two groups of English and Italian poets names Kyd absurdly enough as parallel to Lasso And there is still extant in the British Museum what may be a specimen of his non dramatic hack work It is a slim pamphlet printed by John Wolfe in 1586 and entitl'd *Verses of Praise and Joye written vpon her Majesties preseruation from the conspiracy of Babington Tychborne and Salisbury* The pamphlet includes a copy of the elegie written by Tychborne in the Tower before his execution and an annswere to the same entitled *Hendecasyllabon T K in Cygneam Cantionem Chidiochi Tychborne* This *Hendecasyllabon* is an adaptation of Tychborne's verses converting his self reproaches into fierce invective and in the adapted lines there are phrases of which Kyd is fond Thus in st 1 1 4 thy hope thy hap and all recalls t^ee hopeles father of a hapless Sonne (*S^p T* IV iv 84) and hopeles to hide them in a haples

O the th rd fragment Sh ck th s cosments (Preface to *S^p T* lii) Th s to nd i ge in a last flght of fancy we ight eve s ppose th at the third of th q otat ons m y be taken f m the *U Ha il t s y* from a cl orus t wards th end of the 11 y denouael g th tyrant Claudi whose c rsed cou t w lls with bl od an l cast and who f a p time whet the fury of h p —Lae tes and H mlet W might go to ay il t th line are sufficiently etched to count fo the idlecast p th s l t H let I This flght of fancy highly i gen us though a st ted ab the l e c me m e p bably from a poem tl n a play B t wly does Sh k call them w etched ! Trn f om the context they c n t be s fil y judged and the descripton of tyrant as

An Owle that flyes th lght of Parliaments
And st te assembl es

is at lking and suggestive

tombe' (*Corn* I 214) *Sf* 2 1 1 Time trieth trueth and trueth hath treason tript is akin to the couplet (*Sp Tr* II v 58-9)—

Time is the anthon^bot of truth an^t right
A d time will bⁱ g this trecherie to light

while in 1 3 the use of the uncommon word *nupt* may be paralleled from *The Spanish Tragedie* I 1 13 Probably T K was the writer of the whole tract not only of the *Hendecasyllabon*—to which his initials are specially prefixed in contrast to Tychborne's lines and in some of the verses we find phrases that may be matched from Kyd's works e g —

Raigne lieue and blissfull days en oy
Thou shining lampe of thi earth
compared with—
Perseda blisfull lampe of Excellence
The Spanish Tragedie IV iv 17

The Latin elegiacs mingled with the English verses might well have been written by the dramatist who as has been shown, introduced classical lines of his own composition into his chief play

But whether or not these *Verses of Prayse and Joye* are to be assigned to Kyd it is unquestionable that about the date when they appeared the subject of conspiracies and murders in royal households and the nemesis they involved was occupying his mind and was being worked up by him in plays which were to have a far reaching influence upon dramatic history in England and abroad Of these plays *The Spanish Trag die* whose authenticity is beyond dispute may be conveniently considered first

II THE SPANISH TRAGEDIE

There are three extant editions of *The Spanish Tragedie* in its original form each represented by a single copy They are (1) The undated Quarto in the British Museum with the title THE | SPANISH TRAGE | die containing the lamentable | end of *Don Horatio* and *Bel-imperia* | with the pittifull death of olde *Hierommo* | Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faults as | passed in the first impression | [woodcut] AT LONDON | Printed by Edward Alde for | Edward White " (2) The Quarto of 1594 in the University Library at Gottingen

with the title THE | SPANISH TRAGE | die containing
the lamentable | END OF *DON HORATIO AND | Bel*
imperia with the pittifull death | of old *Hieronimo* | NEWLY
CORRECTED AND | amended of such grosse faults as passed
in | the first impression | LONDON | Printed by Abell
Ieffes and are | to be sold by Edward White | 1594

(3) The Quarto of 1599 in the Earl of Ellesmere's Library at
Bridgewater House with the title The Spanish Tragedie|
containing the lamen | table ende of *Don Horatio* and | *Bel*
imperia with the pittifull | death of old *Hieronimo* | *Newly*
corrected and amended of such grosse | faultes as passed in the
former impression | At London | Printed by William White |
dwelling in Cow Lane | 1599

Of these three Quartos the undated one is in my opinion the
oldest. It is printed in beautifully clear type, and though it
contains a sprinkling of mistakes it presents the play to us in the
main faithfully and in numerous passages it alone gives what is
obviously the right reading. Now a comparison of the variants
in all the extant issues—including those between 1602 and 1633
which contain Jonson's Additions¹—establishes the practically
uniform rule that each successive Quarto perpetuated the errors of
its predecessors and added further corruptions of its own. Thus
when we find that the 1599 Quarto agrees much more frequently
with that of 1594 than with the undated Quarto we may conclude
that the last named represents the earlier as it undoubtedly does
the purer text. But this undated Quarto is the title page tells
was a second edition amended of such grosse faults as passed
in the first impression. This first impression of which no copy
is extant is either that licensed for the press to Abel Jeffes on
Oct 6 1592 under the title of *The Spanishe tragedie of Don*
HORATIO and BELLMIPERIA (sic) &c (Arber's Transcript
II 261) or a piratical edition issued by Edward White between
Oct 6 and Dec 18².

O the Quatos containing the Addit see pp lxxxv 1 xx

The question of the date of these early issues of the play is
complicated by proceedings of which we have only imperfect record. A
writer in *The Atheneum* for Oct 5 1899 in a review of Scicks' edition of
The Spanish Tragedie argues in favour of the 1594 Q. to being the
earliest of the three extant texts and the undated Q. to the text on
the following grounds. The copyright of the play was held in the posses-
sion of Jeffes from the date on which it was entered to him in the Stationers

We are carried further back in the same year by the entries in Henslowe's *Diary* beginning on February 19 1591-2 Among his receipts from plays performed by Lord Strange's men Henslowe notes At spanes comodye donne bracoē the 23 of febreary xiiii vi¹ and At Ieronimo the 14 of marche £3 6^s The meaning of the earlier entry will be discussed later the second without doubt refers to *The Spanish Traȝedie* Thus early in 1592 the play was in the full tide of its popularity How much further back may we push the date of its composition? Ben Jonson in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair* 1614 declares

He that will swear *Ieronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet shall pass unexcepted at here as a man whose judgment shows it is constant and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years This fixes the date between 1584-9 It was in the latter year that Nash in his attack upon Kyd ridiculed those that thrust *Elsinum* into hell and haue not learned so long as they haue liued in the spheares the iust measure of the Horizon

Registers O tob r 6 1592 u til August 13 1599 when he tr nsferred his right to William White who accord ngly pri ted an ed io in that year l o Alide to ha pri ted an edition between thes d te wuld have been a gross i va ion of Jeffe right U least then ther were so e very r egul r pro ce i gs in this bi es the i ndated Qu to 1 i ted by Al le must have bee i vel t some time between Aug 13 1599 nd Aug 14 1600 when *The Spanish Traȝedie* was set o e to Thomas P vier whose earliest extant editio late in 160 gives fo the f st time the Jon osian additions Th wr i however goes on to all w that there were som ve y regular proce i gs i c nnc ion with th splay and an ther *Arden of Faver ham* i wl ch both J sses nd Edwrd White w e concerned and th t tif efore the pri ty of the unl id Qu rto is poss ble An incomplete record of these procedi gs transcribed from the lost Court Book of the St tion rs Comp ny f 1576 1603 is pres ved by H bert n his editi of Ames *Typographical Antiquities* i 160 We the e lea n that on Dec 18 1592 the Court ordered Wherea Edw White nd Abell Jesses have each of them offended v E W in h i g printed the Spa i sh traȝ di b lo ging t A J And A J i havi g p ted the Traȝedie of Ard of Kent belonginge to C W It is agreed th all the boo k's of e ch in p essio halb on scat d and f rsnyted accordi g to thordlon ances to those f the po e of the company an l that either of them shall pay for a fine 10^s a piece From thi enty coupled with the internal evidence of the Quarto two alternati e concl sions may I think be draw Littler the u d ted Quart s a st ay copy of Edw White's p atical editio (Alide l avy g merely pri ted it to his o der) which escaped conf scation and th frst im prission ia that l o censed to Jesses o this frst impression was the onfiscated one and the i ndat d Q uarto is a copy of a second impression issued by Edw White in 1593 by friendly arrangement with Jeffes As Jeffes prints the Quarto of 1594 for White to sell they must soon have come to terms.

without an hexameter Sufficeth them to bodge vp a blanke
verse with ifs and ands The references here to striking passages
in *The Spanish Tragedie* are I consider unmistakable When
Nash speaks of thrusting Elizium into hell he is alluding to
The Spanish Tragedie I 1 73 where Kyd represents the faire
Elizian greene as one of the regions in the nether world beyond
Acheron and the abode of Pluto and Proserpine The sneer at
those who haue not learned the iust measure of the Horizon
without (as without the aid of) an hexameter is directed (with
a probable pun upon the various senses of measure) at Kyd's
borrowing the details of his picture of the lower world from the
Sixth Book of the *Aeneid* (cf Note on *Sp Tr* I 1 18-85) The
reference to bodging up a blank verse with ifs and ands is to
The Spanish Tragedie II 1 77 where Lorenzo cries to Pedringano
What Villaine ifs and ands? That the scene was a notorious
one is proved by the parody of it in Jonson's *Poetaster* III 1
where among the passages from *The Spanish Tragedie* declaimed
by the two *Pyrgos* are the lines immediately preceding Lorenzo's
ejaculation

But Nash as shown above implies that the writer at whom he
is aiming had given up writing tragedies to intermeddle with
Italian translations Hence as Kyd's version of Tasso's *Il Padre
di Famiglia* was published in 1588 there is a strong presumption
that *The Spanish Tragedie* was produced before that date On
the other hand the play must be later than 1582 when Watson's
Hecatompathia from which Kyd adapts a passage was printed
(cf Note on *Sp Tr* II 1 1-10) In the same year the island of
Tersea or Terceira mentioned in I iii 82 became prominent
from its prolonged resistance to Spanish attacks during the
Hispano Portuguese war Schick notes that the Spanish admiral
the Marquis of Santa Cruz, wrote accounts of his expeditions
which were translated into English about 1582 and 1584 and
Sarrazin (p 51) points out that it became further known to literary
circles in London by Lodge's voyage to the Azores in 1585 It
was in 1585 too that the collected edition of Garnier's works
was issued and when Nash speaks of the authors who attract
infection by spending two or three howers in turning ouer
French *Doudie* he may be referring to Kyd's imitation in the
Lord General's narrative (*Sp Tr* I ii 22 ff) of the Messenger's
account in *Cornelia* Act V of the battle of Thapsus

Thus a series of evidences suggests 1585? as the period within which the play was written. This would be exactly mid way between the limits fixed by Jonson's words in *Bastardomew Fair*. Internal tests too seem to support this conclusion. The end stopt blank verse with its trifling percentage of double endings and its considerable admixture of rhyme the excessive alliteration and the archaic vocabulary in which Middle English forms frequently survive are all marks of early composition. And the allusions in Act I sc v to antiquated and partly mythical English victories in Spain and Portugal are in keeping rather with the few years just before than after the splendid reality of the triumph over the Armada.

With the question of date that of source is partly involved. Schick has argued very plausibly that the political background of the play dealing with the victory of Spain over Portugal the capture of the Portuguese heir to the throne and his proposed marriage to a Spanish lady of royal blood is a dramatic perversion of incidents in the struggle between the two countries in 1580. The Viceroy would then be the Duke of Braganza to whom Philip II promised that he should have Brazil in full sovereignty with the title of King and that a marriage should be arranged between his daughter and the Prince of the Asturias. Another competitor for the throne however appeared—Don Antonio the prior of Crato who was defeated by the Duke of Alva on Aug 26 1580 at Alcantara in a battle which Schick identifies with that described in Act I. sc ii. And it seems

These semi historical allusions however taken by themselves do not help much towards fixing the date. They might have been penned after the Armada year and Prof Bang of Louvain has argued in *Englische Studien* xxviii 2 229-34 that the line I v 54—

That Spaine may not insult for her successse
is reference to the unsuccessful expedition of Drake and Norris to Portugal in 1589. In my case it must be noted that Peele in his *Fewell to Norris and Drake* does not mention *The Spanish Tragedie* when he appeals to the two Generals to—

Bid theatres and proud tragedians
Bid Mahomet Poo and Tamburlaine
King Charlemagne Tom Stukely and the rest
Adieu

The rest however evidently covers well known plays of the time among which *The Spanish Tragedie* might easily be included. The argument therefore *ab silentio* cannot weigh against Nash's allusions and the almost certain inference that the play preceded the translation from Tasso published in 1588.

a strong confirmation of his theory that Andrea who was killed in this battle should speak of having been slain in the late conflict with Portugal (I 1 15)

Yet if such recent events are introduced how can they have been woven into the texture of the main plot by 1585-7 or even earlier? For though no source of the story of Hieronimo has hitherto been found it is probably drawn from some lost romance which preceded the play. It is antecedently improbable that an English dramatist would invent a plot concerned so entirely with incidents in the southern peninsula. And the play itself contains allusions to episodes outside the scope of its own action and apparently narrated in the tale that formed its source. We learn that Andrea had guned Bel imperia's love secretly using Pedringano as a go-between and that the discovery of their intrigue had roused the heroine's father to violent wrath (cf I x II 1 45-50 III x 54-5 and III xiv 108-12). The incidents thus repeatedly referred to may have occurred (as will be shown later) in a fore-piece but even so they give the impression of being taken from some work of fiction. Yet what romance writer would have ventured within a few years of the late conflict between Portugal and Spain to make its well known episodes even in perverted form the framework for the purely imaginary experiences of Hieronimo? This is one of the problems suggested by the play which has hitherto attracted little attention and which cannot at present be satisfactorily solved.

But whatever the source from which Kyd drew he succeeded in producing what was perhaps the most popular of Elizabethan plays. It achieved this distinction be it said at once because it was the work of a man who though not a great poet thinker or moralist was a born dramatist with a genius for devising impressive situations and flamboyant phrases and for exploiting to the full the technical resources of the contemporary stage. London born and bred versed from his earliest youth in the ideas, manners and amusements of the citizens and at the same time familiar with ancient and foreign literatures he was exactly fitted to introduce a dramatic type which while appealing to popular sympathies would include loftier elements borrowed from classical tradition. Too many plays written in the opening decades of Elizabeth's reign have disappeared for us to be con-

fident that any single one is positively the first of its kind. But none could exhibit more clearly and on a broader scale the union of national and foreign elements than *The Spanish Tragedie*. The Senecan machinery utilized by the authors of *Gorboduc* for an academic semi political play is here adapted to a tale of elemental human passion—the revenge slow but sure of Hieronimo Marshal of Spain on the murderers of his only son.

But it is a mark of Kyd's originality and artistic perception not yet fully recognized that he intermingles with the Senecan elements in his tragedy strains from a purer nobler muse. The Induction to the play in which the Ghost of Andrea appears with Revenge is suggested by the opening of Seneca's *Thyestes*. But the first seventeen lines of the speech are sufficient for the ordinary purposes of the classical prologue which puts the spectator in possession of past events necessary to the understanding of the action. The remaining sixty or seventy lines are a flowing vivid narrative of Andrea's descent into the underworld, skilfully adapted and condensed from the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid*. And though the melody of Kyd's blank verse sounds thin beside the majestic roll of the Virgilian hexameter there are lines which have more than a touch of the Mantuan's cadence with its dying fall born of the poignant sense of tears in human things. As the Ghost declaimed his speech an instructed auditor would realize that a greater than Seneca stood in part sponsor to the play and would bear with him throughout its representation a sense of the unseen world enfolding the solid earth on which men hated loved slew and were slain.

Another elaborate prologue precedes the opening of the action the narrative by the Spanish Lord General of the battle in which Andrea met his death. The speeches of the Senecan messenger are here Kyd's general model but many details are borrowed from Garner's description of the battle of Thapsus—which in its turn is modelled on Lucan's *Pharsalia*. Thus the Latin epic, scarcely less than the Latin drama has left its mark upon *The Spanish Tragedie*.

Indeed throughout the first Act the play is overweighted with epic material. A third narrative is assigned to Horatio who retells the story of the battle to Belimperia and yet a fourth to Villuppo who falsely announces the death of Balthazar on

the field at the hands of Alejandro. This superfluity of narrative clogs the wheels of the action in the opening Scenes and the dramatic mechanism gets clumsily into motion. Thus it is surprising that before Horatio has found the place and hour to relate the circumstance of Don Andrea's death Balthazar the captive prince should be already pleading for Bel imperia's hand. The swift transference of the heroine's affections from Andrea to Horatio is inadequately motived, and her impatience to revenge the death of her first lover who has been slain in fair fight is wellnigh grotesque. The King of Spain and the Viceroy of Portugal are and remain throughout the play wooden figures while Hieronimo is kept at first in the background and fills no more important rôle than that of presenter of a mask. We only realize later that this is an anticipation of the part he is to play at the tragic crisis of the piece.

From the opening of the second Act however Kyd begins to display effectively his dramatic powers. Horatio's part is too passive and too soon cut short, to give scope for much characterisation but the other personages are firmly drawn and effectively contrasted. The love lorn sentimental Prince Balthazar doubly captive to Spanish arms and Spanish beauty is an admirable foil to Lorenzo the stout cold blooded villain of quality. Lorenzo is a remarkable figure for in his person the Machiavellian politician makes his entry upon the Elizabethan stage. The maxims on which he acts are those of the Florentine statesman perverted from public to private ends and thus among the medley of elements combined in *The Spanish Tragedie* he represents the Italian Renaissance on its sinister side. From the moment of his confident cry (II i 35-6)

I ha al ady f d a stratageme
To sound the bott me of this do btf ll theame

his character is developed with unerring consistency. His attitude in the interview with Pedringano is typical. When the latter hesitates though allured by the bait of golden coyne to betray his mistress' confidence he threatens him with death for dallying and when even then Pedringano begins doubtfully

If M dam B l impe i be n l ve

she cuts him short with the infuriated retort

What Vill ne if and nds?

The phrase became notorious but it is no mere expletive. As Nash insinuates with which to bodge up a blank verse it is a revelation of the character of the man angrily tearing away figments and make believe bent on sounding the bottom of all doubtful themes.

Bel imperia is Lorenzo's true sister. With masculine strength of will and intellect yet with a deep vein of affection in her nature and with the polish and charm of a true *grande dame* she has her place amidst the band of tragedy heroines of whom Lady Macbeth is the supreme type. In her opening dialogue with Balthazar (I iv 80 ff) how admirable is the self-possession with which she parries his words of love and how pithy are her rejoinders. Kyd again shows his talent for transforming ancient devices by making the Senecan *stichomythia* the vehicle of this amorous fence. And effectively contrasted with Bel imperia's haughty reserve here is her passionate self-abandonment in the scenes with Horatio wherein it is she who bids dangers goe and is forward in the war that breakes no bond of peace.

To audiences on whose ears the music of the garden scenes in *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Merchant of Venice* had not yet fallen the love-dialogue in the Marshal's pleasant bower with Ilora Cupid Venus and Mars shedding their influence on the scene must have had an irresistible charm though it is characteristic of Kyd's confused moral standard that his heroine is prepared to put no limits to her self-surrender when love in passion dies. And it is the instinct of the born dramatist that puts into her lips in the moment of betrayal the cry (II iv 56-7)

O save him brother save him Balthazar
I loued Horatio, but he loued not me

In the despairing effort to shield her wooer the haughty maiden does not stop short at the most humiliating of confessions. And how subtle is the insight which makes the love-lorn prince catch at this opportunity to reaffirm his own passion.

But Balthazar loues Bel imperia

while Lorenzo disdaining to notice the app al only makes the sardonic jest over his victim

Although his life were still ambitious proud
Yet he is at the highest now he is dead

But though it is in such touches that Kyd shows his highest

dramatic faculty his popularity with Elizabethan audiences was based mainly upon his genius for devising striking situations. The hurried entry of Hieronimo in his shirt and his discovery of his son's body waving in the wind left an ineffaceable impression upon the Elizabethan imagination. The episode so full of natural pathos still keeps much of its affecting power though our sympathy is checked by the Marshal's instant determination upon revenge.

This revenge *motif* is borrowed in part from the Senecan stage. But its tenacious grip upon pre-Shakespearian tragedy was due to its appeal to an aboriginal Teutonic instinct. The Senecan plays were founded upon tales drawn from the Greek heroic cycle and reflecting its primitive code of ethics. But the early Northern epics and sagas originating in similar social conditions present kindred moral features. The feudal code of manners had hidden these primitive instincts beneath an attractive but half unreal embroidery which the Renaissance with its realistic impulse roughly bore away. There was thus something of an ethical reversion to type, and the Senecan morality fell upon receptive soil. When Drake and Hawkins were emulating the deeds of the Vikings it was natural for the drama to throw back to Viking standards and to glorify the wild justice of revenge.

But it is not so much Hieronimo's deed of vengeance as his delay in accomplishing it that is the theme of the later Acts of *The Spanish Tragedie*. The cardinal weakness in the play which prevents it ranking among dramatic masterpieces is Kyd's failure in an adequate psychological analysis of the Marshal's motives for this delay. Inaction only becomes dramatic material when as in the case of the Shakespearean *Hamlet*, it is shown to be rooted in some disease of character or will. But Hieronimo's procrastination is due at first merely to ignorance of who the murderers are and afterwards to suspicion of Bel imperia's designs. It is not till towards the close of the third Act that there is the suggestion in the Marshal's self reproaches of infirmity of purpose as a contributory cause.

Yet his mistrust of Bel imperia's revelations in her bloudie writ (III ii 26) is deftly made the starting point of a grimly humorous underplot. For Lorenzo alarmed by his inquiries suspects Berberine one of his tools of having turned informer. He has him at once put out of the way by his confederate Pedringano.

who is then trapped into the hands of the Watch. A delusive promise of pardon seals Pedringano's lips for the time and nerves him to a jocular dialogue with the hangman at the foot of the gallows. But when he has been turned off a letter to Lorenzo found upon his body confirms the truth of Belimperia's disclosures—at the very moment when her brother thinking the murder over blown like a nine daies wonder releases her from the confinement in which he has clapt her up.

Henceforward it is Hieronimo's own weakness of will that delays the execution of his revenge and leads him instead to waste his vnfruitfull words. Kyd's art however is unequal to the handling of so subtle a dramatic problem; it sheds no steady penetrating light on the tumult of the Marshal's soul. It is the art in fact of a playwright rather than of an introspective dramatist and where it excels is in leading up skilfully to Hieronimo's half frenzied outbursts. Thus in Scene xi the inquiry of the two Portingales as to where Lorenzo is to be found inspires the agonized old man to the lurid description of the Inferno wherein with his mind's eye he sees his arch foe. In the following scene when the Ambassador states that the Viceroy of Portugal has sent on Balthazar's behalf

His me due to Don Ho ato

Hieronimo at the sound of the name cries wildly

Ho ato who I Horatio!

and appeals for justice on the murderers of his son whom unlike Balthazar naught can ransom or redeeme. The reaction from his agitation here to the brooding mood when he determines to seek revenge by a secret yet a certaine meane is naturally portrayed as is also his relapse into frenzied excitement when his help is sought by other victims of injustice among them the father of a murdered son. In his sympathy with this fellow sufferer he offers him his handkercher to wipe his eyes—and draws forth by mistake the one dyed in Horatio's blood. It is a notable instance of Kyd's command of striking stage effects for the Marshal thus suddenly confronted with the memorial of his unfulfilled revenge breaks into fierce self reproach and tears distractedly the petitions in his hands as if they were the limbs of his foes. And when he is upbraided for this act of destruction how fine is the insight which puts into his lips the retort

If I can not be I ga e t euer a wound
 Si w me one d op f blood f ll from tle same
 How s it possible I sho ld slay it then!

But the delirious fit is again followed by reaction and in the episode of feigned reconciliation with Lorenzo the Marshal is cool headed enough to disarm the suspicions of his astute foe

It is the pause before the catastrophe of the fourth Act wherein the Marshal goaded at length to action by Bel imperia's taunts works out the plot that is already in his head In his handling of the situation Kyd displays uncontested dramatic genius It has been shown above that he could press into the service of his art purer classical models than Seneca and in the closing Scenes of his tragedy not by conscious imitation but by instinctive affinity of method he reproduces something of that Sophoclean dramatic irony which is among the crowning glories of the Attic stage Here Kyd is classic in a higher sense than he sought or knew and attains effects which were novel at the time and have remained rare throughout the history of the English theatre

Hieronimo keeps the secret of his plot close but from the moment that Balthazar and Lorenzo ask him to help in entertaining the Viceroy of Portugal with a show we realize that it is through this show that their doom is to fall upon them and that Hieronimo's apparently lightly dropped assent

Why then ile fit y s y no mo e

has a sinister implication Thus beneath the ripple of gay discourse on so trivial a theme as the arrangements for an amateur performance we catch the solemn undertone of an ever nearing catastrophe When Hieronimo announces that he wishes a tragedy of his own composition to be acted Balthazar asks in surprise but without any idea of the grim significance of his question

What? would you haue vs plaine a Tragedie?

And when the argument of the piece has been described Lorenzo cries approvingly O excellent never suspecting that the story of Soliman and Perseda has been chosen because it fits the Marshal's bwoody purposes Nor does he scent danger even when Hieronimo in distributing the parts declares meaningly

Ile play th m derer I wa ant you
 For I already ha e conceited that

and engages to furnish the tragedy with the ransom sent by the Viceroy to Horatio And though Balthazar repeats his preference for a comedy and objects to the performers using vñknowne languages as certain to result in mere confusion he divines nothing of the *double-entendre* in Hieronimo's assurance

It must be so so the co clusion
Shall proue the intent on and all w s good
And I my selfe in an Oration
A d with a str ge and wondrois sh w besides
Th t I w'll haue there b bi d ct taine
Assure your selfe shall make the matter k owne

And unlike his doomed victims we already with a shuddering sense realize what that show will be

The nearer the moment of action comes the more completely does the Marshal seem absorbed in trifling details of stage-management As he knocks up the curtain for his piece he chats with the Duke of Castile begging him to give the King the copy of the play and to throw down the key of the gallery when the Court have taken their seats there He orders Balthazar about unceremoniously bidding him bring a chair and a cushion for the King and crying shame on him for his dilatoriness in having his beard only half on Such are the delusively common place preliminaries to the fatal performance in which Hieronimo as the Bashaw stabs Lorenzo representing Erastus and Belimperia in the rôle of Perseda kills Balthazar as Solyman and afterwards takes her own life And the tragic irony culminates in the King's applauding cry (IV iv 68)

Well said — Olde Marshall this w s brauely done
followed by the Viceroy's spoiling remonstrance

Were this in arnest Bl ampe !
You wold be better to my S ne then so

Nor will dramatic literature easily produce a more consummate instance of an unforeseen *peripety* than when Hieronimo announces to the horror stricken Court that what they have beheld is not as they think fabulously counterfeit and when in self vindication he unveils his show — the murdered body of his son

Up to this point the fourth Act is a masterly piece of work. The criticism is strangely lacking in insight which denounces the play as a tissue of horrors because it abounds in episodes of

murder and suicide¹ Tragedy is not to be distinguished from melodrama by comparative statistics about the number of violent deaths which either may legitimately introduce The crucial point is whether such episodes are vital to the action or superfluous and whether they have adequate psychological justification or are dragged in from sheer lust after the horrible for its own sake Until the close of Hieronimo's play *The Spanish Tragedie* abides the test successfully But henceforth Kyd's finer instinct completely fails him He shows us his hero biting off his own tongue to ensure secrecy and then plunging the knife which he has obtained by a ruse into his own breast and that of the innocent Duke of Castile who has been throughout his friend Thus the wild justice of revenge turns to mere massacre and a situation inspired by the true genius of tragedy collapses into a series of blood curdling incidents Never has the maxim *fingis coronat opus* been more disastrously violated And the note of sheer savagery is prolonged in the epilogue where Andrea's Ghost gloats over the prospect of his enemies suffering eternal torment in hell Yet even here echoes of Virgilian music temper the harsher strain and glimpses are given us of Hieronimo and his loved ones amidst the Elysian fields—glimpses that help to make us less forlorn

III THE FIRST PART OF IERONIMO

In passing to the discussion of the authenticity of *The First Part of Hieronimo* it is necessary to reproduce in full the entries relating to Kyd in Henslowe's *Dairy* from which a few extracts have been quoted in reference to the date of *The Spanish Tragedie*

Even a critic of the rank of J A Symonds (*Shakespeare's Predecessors* 12th English Dr no p 488) asserts that its plot contains the stock ingredients of a Tragedy of Blood because there are it at least five murders two suicides two judicial executions and one death in duel Symonds' whole discussion of *The Spanish Tragedie* is historical and inaccurate Thus he speaks of the ghost of Andrea crying out Revnge! Vdicta as it stalks before the stage It is Hieronimo not the ghost who utters the words here explicitly quoted (III iii 1 a) and the ghost of from staking itself down to watch the action of the play (I i go) I do cribbing the close of them Symonds says that Hieronimo bites off his tongue and flings it on the stage tabs his enemy with a stiletto and pierces himself The murderer comes to call about the Marshal flinging his tongue the tongue is gratuitous addition and the weapon with which he attacks Castile and himself is not a stiletto but a knife that he borrows to mend his pen

INTRODUCTION

These entries beginning on February 23 1591-2 when Lord Strange's men were performing are as follows —

R (cciv) d at spanes comodye done oraco the 23 of february	xiii v ^d
Rd at the comedey of done oracio the 13 of marche 1591	x ix
Rd at Ieronymo, the 14 of marche 1591	lill v
Rd at Jeronymo the 20 of marche 1591	xx iii
Rd t done o acio the 30 of marche 1591	x
Rd at Ier nymo the 31 of marche 1591	lill
Rd at Ieronymo the 7 of aprell 1591	xxvi
Rd at the comedey of Ieronymo the 10 of aprell 1591	xxviii
Rd at Ieronymo the 14 of aprell 1591	xx i
Rd at the comedey Ieronymo the 22 nd of prell 1591	v i
Rd t I ronymo the 24 of aprell 1592	xxvi
Rd at Ieronymo the 1 of maye 1592	x
Rd at Ieronymo the 9 of maye 1592	x vi
Whittson tyd Rd at Ieronymo the 13 th of maye 1592	£ ii lv ^d
Rd at the comedey of Ieronymo the 21 st of maye 1592	xx ii
Rd at Iero ymo the 22 nd of maye 1592	xxvii
Rd at Ieronymo the 27 th of maye 1592	xxxi i
Rd at Ieronymo the 9 of june 1592	xxviii
Rd t Iero ymo the 13 th of june 1592	x v
Rd at the comedey of Iero ymo the 20 th of june 1592	xiv
* * * *	*
Rd at Ieronymo the 30 th of desembr 1592	lill viii
Rd at Ieronymo the 8 th of janewary 1593	x ii
Rd at Ieronymo the 22 nd of janeway 1593	xx

From January 23 1593 there is no record by Henslowe of any representation of Ieronymo or done oracio till January 7 1597 when the Lord Admiral's players were performing. During 1597 the following entries appear in the Diary —

7 of janewary 1597 Rd at Ioronymo	lill
11 of janewary 1597 Rd at Ioronymo	xxx
17 of janewary 1597 Rd at Io onymo	x
22 of jan w ry 1597 Rd at Ioronymo	xi
janewary 31 Rd at Ioronymo	oi 04 oi 15 06
febreary 1 Rd t I o onymo	oo 17 4 15 02
marche 8 Rd at I o ymo	oi 01 o 03 04
aprilie 21 Rd at Iero ymo	oo 17 oo 3 04
maye 4 Rd at Io onymo	oo 11 o7 14 00
maye 25 Rd at Ioronymo	oo 19 o 14 06
june 26 Rd at Ioronomo	oo 14 oo 00 00
july 19 Rd at Ier nemo	oi 00 1 23 01
october 11 Rd t I oneymo	o2 oo oi 13 00

From a consideration of these entries, thus set out in full there

Henslowe here adopts a different system of entry. The figures to the left of the dividing line probably represent his receipts in pounds and shillings; the significance to the other figures is doubtful.

seems to me no doubt that Schick is right in concluding that by Ieronymo Henslowe means *The Spanish Tragedie*¹. It is by this title it should be remembered that he refers to the play in his record of the two payments on September 25 1601 and June 24 1602 to Ben Jonson for Additions to it. It is the name moreover by which, as innumerable allusions prove it was currently known during the Elizabethan age and the large takings on March 14 and 31 1591-2 on May 13 and December 30 1592, and on January 7, 1597 were evidently due to its exceptional popularity.

But what is to be made of the references to 'the comedey of done oracio and the comedey of Ieronimo'? It is noteworthy that the play designated by one or other of these titles was performed in almost every case on the afternoon before *The Spanish Tragedie* or but a few days earlier. The natural inference is that Henslowe is here mentioning some humorous fore piece which it was customary to produce by way of introduction to the principal play. And in *The Spanish Tragedie* itself there are several allusions which seem to assume a knowledge in the audience of events prior to the opening of the action, and apparently handled in a preliminary piece. These as shown in the note on Act I : 10 relate chiefly to the secret love of Andrea and Belimperia and Castile's outburst of wrath at its discovery.

But allowing on these grounds that a fore-piece to *The Spanish Tragedie* presumably from the hand of Kyd probably existed in 1592 we have to inquire whether in the black letter quartal of 1605 entitled *The First Part of Ieronimo or The Warres of Portugal* this fore piece has been preserved. The answer to this question must in my opinion be an unqualified negative. In the first place as Henslowe does not mention the fore-piece after June 1592 it would seem to have had a short stage life. Nor was it printed for the benefit of the reading public together with *The Spanish Tragedie* in any of the numerous editions of the latter play up to 1603. That it should have suddenly appeared

Cf. A. vfil. e. Spracher xc p 185 Mr Sidney Leathart article on Kyd in *The Dictionnaire des Poètes Anglais* B. g. phy. xx p 350 mentions a Shck h. sh. n identifil g done oracio (o doce o acto) ad the modey of Iero ymo with *The Spanish Tragedie* and Ie y with *The First Part* Hence his er nequ inference that contrary to expectation *The First Part* seems to have been usually played in the night succeeding that on which *The Spanish Tragedie* was presented.

by itself in 1605 is therefore highly improbable. But apart from *a priori* presumptions this quarto of 1605 contains internal proofs of having been written after the seventeenth century had begun. The allusion in Act I 1 25-9 to the year of Jubilee in Rome is an evident reference to the Jubilee of 1600 and it is a purely arbitrary hypothesis that the passage is an interpolation. The constant jests too about Ieronimo's diminutive stature are probably suggested by the performance of *The Spanish Tragedie* by the Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars in 1604. These Children had misappropriated the play and the King's Company had revenged themselves by performing Marston's *The Malcontent* which belonged to their rivals. Hence in the Induction to *The Malcontent* when Sly reproaches the King's men for acting Marston's piece Condell retorts

Why not Malevole *in fel' o* with us s Ie on mo *in dec' so sexto* with them

The natural inference from these considerations is that the quarto of 1605 does not represent the apparently short lived sixteenth century fore-piece mentioned by Henslowe but that it is the work of an anonymous playwright who took advantage of the excitement caused by the revival of *The Spanish Tragedie* in 1602 with Ben Jonson's Additions to bring out this so called First Part—a medley of farce and melodrama. The whole weight of internal evidence supports this view.

One important factor in the argument has as far as I am aware never been hitherto considered. It has been shown above that the episode of Andrea's and Belimperia's secret love and of Castile's explosion of wrath at its discovery must have been prominent in any fore piece written by Kyd himself. But the plot of *The First Part of Ieronimo* contains nothing of this and is indeed incompatible with it. The love between Andrea and Belimperia so far from being secret is known not only to the heroine's brother and to Horatio but to a stranger like Lazarotto. *Sly* is courted also by Alcano the Duke of Medina's son whom Lazarotto murders in mistake for Andrea—incidents of which Kyd shows no knowledge. And when Lazarotto reveals the whole story in the presence of Castile the Duke utters no word of surprise or anger (II v. 23 ff.). In fact Andrea and Belimperia are found in the next scene engaged in an amorous dialogue as if nothing had happened. Moreover the characters of Belimperia and her brother are quite differently portrayed in *The Spanish Tragedie*.

and *The First Part of Ieronimo*. In the latter the proud self-reliant heroine of Kyd's play is metamorphosed into a sentimental girl a most weeping creature. Lorenzo who in the *Tragedie* is the typical aristocratic villain disdaining to trifle words with base companions is here represented (I iii) as indulging in undignified jocularity with a slave of the stamp of Lazarotto and afterwards making to Alcario the childish proposal that he should win Bel imperia's love by disguising himself in a suit iust of Andreas cullers.

Still more remarkable is the transformation of the principal personage Hieronimo in *The Spanish Tragedie* is throughout a dignified and pathetic figure even his most extravagant utterances are inspired by a glowing though turbid imagination. In *The First Part of Ieronimo* he sinks into a buffoon. His opening words

My k ee s ngs thank vnto y highnes bd nte;
Come h the boy Horatio fould thy i yrts
Kneele by thy f tl ers loyn s and thank ny leedge

strike a grotesque note which is repeated in every scene where he appears. The episode for instance (I v) of his dictation to Horatio of the letter of warning to Andrea is sheerly farcical while his anger as in the duel of abuse with Balthazar (III 1 33-44) and his affectionate pride in his son find equally ludicrous expression.

Sarrasin (*Thomäs Kyd und sein Kreis* p 56) has attempted to show that the differences in the character of the Marshal in the two plays are merely due to natural dramatic development and he quotes a number of Shakespearian analogies including Mercutio, Henry V and the Fool in *King Lear*. But such modifications as these figures go through springs inevitably from the varying situations in which they are placed and in essentials they remain always unchanged. The two Hieronomos have nothing in common but their name.

The love lorn moody Balthazar too of *The Spanish Tragedie* is scarcely recognizable in the Portuguese Prince of *The First Part* the hot headed champion of his country's rights. For this the change in his circumstances might partly account but the technique of the embassy and battle-scenes in which he appears is fundamentally different from the corresponding scenes in Kyd's play. Curt cut and thrust repartee takes the place of carefully

elaborated and frequently over artificial dialogue and feats of arms which Kyd as has been shown narrates in semi epic fashion are here put upon the boards with the crudest spectacular realism. In so far as rhetorical effects are attempted they are so extravagantly bombastic that it is hard to believe that they are not intentional burlesque. Such passages as Act III n 14-7 45-9 and 92-5 are in a vein of ludicrous hyperbole entirely foreign to the author of *The Spanish Tragedie* and every page abounds in almost equally fantastic conceits. The anonymous playwright amongst other singularities of diction delights in giving prominence to the various parts of the human body. He dwells upon the joints loins ribs veins heart and other organs of his *dramatis personae* with all the zest of an anatomical expert. He is fond too of using certain realistic verbs and adjectives such as melt sweat bleeding hot purple. Of these strongly marked peculiarities of vocabulary there is scarcely a trace in *The Spanish Tragedie*. The versification also of the two pieces is essentially dissimilar. Both are it is true alike in using blank verse interspersed with rhyming couplets. But the blank verse in the *First Part of Jeronimo* is distinguished from that in *The Spanish Tragedie* by the far more frequent introduction of enjambements and double endings. The rhythm of the couplet is less smooth than in Kyd's play pauses being frequent in the middle of the line and the construction harsh and elliptical. These are the metrical features that one would expect to find in a piece produced between 1600 and 1605 but not in one fifteen or twenty years earlier.

Thus on a review of all the evidence I have no hesitation in rejecting *The First Part of Jeronimo* as spurious and in endorsing the conclusion of Rudolf Fischer that it is the work of a journey man playwright who found in the Induction to *The Spanish Tragedie* hints from which he manufactured this crude melodrama whose title served as a decoy to the theatre-going public and which has had the effect doubtless unforeseen by its author of fatally injuring the fame of Kyd¹.

See Fischer's able discussion of the piece in his *Zur Künstenentwicklung der Englisichen Tragödie* pp 100-1. He notices that in one or two points it contradicts Kyd's play. Thus in Act III sc ii Lorenzo is made to kill Don Pdro who is still alive in *The Spanish Tragedie* and Alonzo is slain, not by Balthazar but by some Portugales. Fischer does not allude to one

IV THE UR HAMLET¹

But if Kyd's biographer can as I hold lift once and for all the incubus of *The First Part of Jeronimo* from off his reputation he has a more difficult, if more alluring task in vindicating his claim to be the first playwright who put the story of Hamlet upon the stage. There is only one piece of external evidence in support of this claim but it is very strong in itself and is rendered practically conclusive by arguments from analogy. The external evidence is contained in the passage from Nash's prefatory Epistle to *Menaphon* quoted on pp xx-xxi. It has been shown there and more fully on pp xxviii-xxix that unless we are misled by a wellnigh incredible conspiracy of coincidences, Kyd must be the object of Nash's attack and consequently the author of the early Hamlet tragedy to which he derisively alludes.

One point only in Nash's invective which has been somewhat overlooked raises a difficulty. He talks of his enemy as being scarcely able to latinize his neck verse and then continues:

yet English Seneca read by candle light yeeldes manie good sentences as bloud is a begger and so forth and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning he will affoord you whole *Hamlets* I should say handfulls of tragical speeches. It must be admitted that to say of Kyd that he could scarcely latinize his neck verse is stretching a satirist's licence to its limits. The *alumnus* of Merchant Taylors had as has been shown a fairly wide if not very accurate knowledge of classical literature and he knew his Seneca thoroughly in the original. But in a passage like Act III : 1-11 of *The Spanish Tragedie* where lines 57-73 of the Roman dramatist's *Agamemnon* are adapted into English an unfriendly eye might see the influence of a translation and the *Ur Hamlet* may have contained a number of these borrowings. In any case the charge against its author of bleeding English Seneca line by line and page by page must be exaggerated. The play seems to have been in blank verse while the translations

¹curiouſe det l the trod ti n in the tage-d rection aſte Act III i 27 of the two mes Ph illip & C ſame o wh ch do ot occu ith r *The Spaſe / Tragedie* o elſewhe'e in *The Fiſt Part of Je on*: It just poſſible that the piece may ha eo tained ſome ſcenes which ha e not come down to or that theſe n mes occur in the lost ſcene f Hie m ſt ry

I have d pted the c veinent G n t tie wh h t ſely diſti gu iſhes the Ur o origin l Hamlet tragedy f om Sh kespeare's play

of the 'Ten tragedies were chiefly in rhymed fourteeners. More over with a reckless disregard of consistency in his eagerness to make damaging hits Nash having first taunted his enemy with his lack of Latinity afterwards accuses him of borrowing his description of the lower-world from Virgil for this (cf p xxix) is what is evidently meant by his learning the measure of the Horizon from an hexameter Thus the satirist's scurrilous depreciation of his rival's classical attainments may be largely discounted and cannot outweigh the cumulative argument from the entire passage for identifying Kyd and the author of the *Ur Hamlet*

Can this identification be supported on other grounds and can we form any definite idea of the nature of the lost play? To answer these questions with their far reaching consequences we must glance first at the Hamlet-story in its undramatized form As freely rendered by Belleforest in his *Histoires Tragiques* 1571 (Bk V pp 197-302) from the Latin of *Saxo Grammaticus* it is a primitive tale of lust blood feuds and revenge It embraces the marriage of Horvvendille, governor of Diethmarsen with Geruthe daughter of the King of Denmark and the birth of their son Amleth the murder of Horvvendille by his brother Fengon and the latter's union with Geruthe whom he had previously seduced Amleth's pretence of madness to compass his revenge on his uncle his interview with his mother in a closet and the murder of an eaves-dropping councillor his dispatch by Fengon to England with secret instructions for his assassination his discovery of the plot and return followed by the execution of his long-delayed vengeance his ascent afterwards of the Danish throne his double marriage and his death in battle at the hands of his maternal uncle Wiglere

The dramatization of this story was doubtless prompted by the visit of English actors to the Court of Helsingør (Elsinore) in 1586 The troupe returned in the autumn of 1587 and it was probably in the latter part of this year or in 1588 that the piece ridiculed by Nash was written From his allusions we gather that this first Hamlet play was in Senecan style and that it contained elaborate tragical speeches and phrases like blood is a beggar which caught the popular ear In all these points its technique corresponded to that of *The Spanish Tragedie* One of its Senecan features was evidently the introduction of the Ghost of Hamlet's father—of whom Belleforest knows nothing

—for Lodge in his *Wits Misery* 1596 speaks of the ghost which cried so miserably at the Theator like an oyster wife *Hamlet reuenge*. The parallelism with the Ghost of Andrea is obvious but these bloodthirsty *Unbrae* haunt early Elizabethan Tragedy so assiduously that the presence of one of them does not count for much in deciding claims of authorship.

What is far more significant is the transformation in other more unique features which Belleforest's story seems to have undergone as soon as it was put upon the stage. For the First Quarto of the Shakespearean *Hamlet* whatever view be taken of the problems which it raises in other ways reproduces it may be reasonably inferred at least the broad outlines of the earlier play on the subject. And in it we find the original saga developed into a complex dramatic structure curiously analogous to *The Spanish Tragedie*. For as in that play the *Leitmotif* of Hieronimo's revenge is interwoven with a political intrigue and a love-romance so the First Quarto contains a tripartite plot on exactly parallel lines. Belleforest does not mention Norway except to say that Colere, its king was killed in a duel with Horvendille. But as in *The Spanish Tragedie* ambassadors pass to and fro between Spain and Portugal with articles relating to the Viceroy's son so in the First Quarto they come and go between Denmark and Norway with articles concerning the Norwegian king's nephew. Belleforest represents Hamlet before his coronation as indifferent to women. But as the Portuguese prince Balthazar has an ill starred love for Belimperia so Hamlet in the Quarto is found similarly circumstanced towards a lady Ofelia. And as Belimperia's father and brother lecture her in turn on her behaviour so Ofelia is treated in like manner by Leartes and Corambis. The parallel between the two brothers Leartes and Lorenzo is strikingly close and it is noticeable that the latter as well as the former is represented as having been for a time in Paris (*S*p IV 1 166-7). The contrast between Hamlet and Leartes in their pursuit of vengeance for a murdered father is akin to that between Hieronimo and Brizuto in their endeavours to obtain justice for a murdered son. Hamlet like Hieronimo makes use of a theatrical performance as a factor in his plan of revenge. This play-scene in the Quarto it is true does not as in *The Spanish Tragedie* bring about the catastrophe of the piece. But the final episode of the fencing

match between Hamlet and Leartes when (as the stage-direction puts it) they play before the King, Queen and Court and when an apparently harmless diversion turns abruptly into a tragic *mélee* involving performers and spectators in a common doom—does not all this of which there is no hint in *Belleforest* exactly reproduce the crowning situation at the close of *The Spanish Tragedie*?

Thus if the First Quarto of *Hamlet* preserves even the broadest outlines of the *Ur-Hamlet* the strong external evidence in favour of Kyd's authorship thereof is confirmed by practically irresistible internal tests. But can we go even further and find in the First Quarto or elsewhere something more than mere outlines—actual traces of the early play? In the German piece *Der Bestrafte Brudermord* known from a MS dated 1710 and first printed by Reichard in 1781 critics like Latham (*Two Dissertations on Hamlet* 1872) and Widgery (*Harness Prize Essay* 1880) have seen an adaptation of the *Ur-Hamlet* preserving features of it otherwise lost. But Tanger has I consider conclusively proved that this piece is nothing more than a version of the First Quarto with probably a few later additions due to actors familiar with Shakespeare's play in its later form. Its unique passages instead of being survivals from a vanished original are simply such accretions to the text as would naturally arise after its acclimatization on the German stage. Thus the poetical Prologue in which Night summons the Furies and dispatches them to their fell work might with little change be prefixed to any tragedy of lust and murder. Hamlet's anecdote (II iv) of the cavalier in Amion who at night found his seemingly lovely bride a mere patchwork of paint and false features is met with in other German plays of the period. His reproof to the actors (II vii) who call themselves *hochdeutsche Comödianten* exactly hits off the weak points in the German travelling companies of the time. His tale in the same Scene of the woman in Strassburg who after murdering her husband was moved to confess her crime by seeing a similar tragedy represented on the stage, is suggested by the lines

I ha e heard that guilty creatures att g t a play
Hath by the very cunning of the scene confess a murder

¹ Cf his article *Der best raffte Brude : ord d'r Prinz Ha let a Ddi on auk*
nd sein Verfallniss in Shakespeare's Hamlet in the Shakespeare Jahrbuch
xxiii 224 45

There is only one of his utterances that presents difficulty. When the King tells him (III 10) that he is going to send him to England he retorts Ja ja König schickt mich nur nach Portugall auf dass ich nimmer wieder komme das ist das beste. Latham has detected here an allusion retained from the *Ur-Hamlet* to the disastrous English expedition to Portugal in 1589. But apart from the fact that the *Ur-Hamlet* was written probably in 1587 or 1588 the words blurted out by the Prince in a dialogue, where he talks arrant nonsense throughout probably contain no historical reference whatever.

Thus if traces of the old play survive at all it is in the First Quarto only that they are to be found. It is needless to labour here the universally accepted conclusion that the text of this Quarto however mutilated and imperfect represents an earlier version of the tragedy than the definitive Quarto of 1604. The two Quartos diverge mainly in the later three Acts and Messrs Clark and Aldis Wright in their Clarendon Press edition of *Hamlet* (1871) conjectured that there was an old play in the story of Hamlet some portions of which are still preserved in the Quarto of 1603 that about the year 1603 Shakespeare took this and began to remodel it for the stage as he had done with other plays that the Quarto of 1603 represents the play after it had been retouched by him to a certain extent but before his alterations were complete and that in the Quarto of 1604 we have for the first time the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare. Since these words were written the existence of the old play has been proved beyond dispute and the evidences of Kyd's authorship of it have become practically conclusive. If then the First Quarto preserves portions of the *Ur-Hamlet* traces of Kyd's style should be found in it and this I hold is the case. The bulk of the blank verse in the three later Acts is in my opinion unmistakably pre-Shakespearean. The vocabulary and the rhythm are not those of the master dramatist at any stage of his career while in Kyd's works they may be frequently paralleled.¹

INTRODUCTION

Thus (First Quarto III 2) after the play-scene Hamlet cries

And f the King like not th tragedie
Why then beffke he likes it n t perdy

So (*Sp Tr IV 1 196-7*) shortly before the play scene Hieronimo cries

And if the world like not this Tragedie
H rd is the hap of olde *Hieronimo*

When Hamlet proposes to his mother to help him in his revenge, she answers (First Quarto III 4)

I vill co ce le offe t and doe my best
What st atagem soore tho shalt devise

Compare the dialogue in a similar situation between Bel imperia and Hieronimo

Bel Hieronimo I w ll consent concle
And ought that n y effect f r thine auale
Toynce with thee to euenge Horat os death

Hier On then whatz eu r I deul e
Let me entreat you grace my practises

After the King has sought to restrain Leartes rage at his father's death, the young nobleman declares (First Quarto IV 5)

You have preuailed my Lord a while Ille striue
To bury g ref within tombe of wrath

So when Horatio calms Bel imperia's agitation, she murmurrs (*Sp Tr II iv 20*)

Thou hast preuailde le c que my nisdoubt
And in thy l e and counsell d wne my f a c

The King later when proposing to Leartes the strategem of the fencing match tells him that Hamlet has often wished (First Quarto IV 7)

He might be o ce t sked for to try your cunning

Look you ow here your h shand I find nothing that looks pre Shakespearian nd I se much that is entirely unlike the wo k of Kyd. The general style f th *Hamlet* of 1603 s mch more like that of an ill reported play of that date th n like the tyle of a pl y of Kyd's and Marlowe's time. I may be o ersanguine in hoping th t the parallels which I proceed to quote m y lead Professor D wden t recons der his view b me of them have been instanced already by Sarrazin (*Twas Kyd &c pp 106-8*) but I have added larg ly to the r number nd I believe to their cogency. But whethe the hand of Kyd is is n t recognized in the First Quarto I mu t reaff m my conviction that the la t three Acts e almost entirely pre-Shakespear can an l that the Stratford d amateur found the *scena ro* of Hamlet fully sketched out for him by an earlie playwright.

When Hieronimo suggests to Bel imperia that she should act the part of Perseda in French she replies in almost identical words (*Sþ Tr IV i 178*)

You meane to try my cunning then Hieron mo

Leartes not understanding the purport of the King's suggestion asks And how for thus? and the latter begins his explanation with Marry Leartes thus. Precisely in the same way Lorenzo asks Hieronimo when he is leading up to the mention of his tragedy (*Sþ Tr IV i 74*) And how for that? to which the Marshal answers, Marrie my good Lord thus and then discloses his project And in either case at the end of the explanation there comes the applauding cry 'Tis excellent from Leartes and O excellent from Lorenzo

Immediately after Leartes ejaculation the Queen enters with the news of Ofelio's death by drowning whereupon her brother exclaims

Too much of wate hast thou Ofel
Therefore I wll not drownae thee in my teare,
Reueng t is m st ye ld this heart cleefe
For wo begets woe and gri fe ha gs on griefe

Hieronimo gazing upon his murdered son yearns to drown him with an ocean of his teares (*Sþ Tr II v 23*) and cries fiercely

To k ow the utho were some easse f gre fe
F r in 'euenge my ha t would find leife

And as Ofelia has A Dirge sung for her maiden soul (First Quarto V 1) so over Horatio his father says his dirge as singing fits not this case

Hamlet in the same Scene after asking Leartes why he wrongs him protests I never gave you cause Lorenzo uses exactly the same words to the Marshal (*Sþ Tr III xiv 148*) And as the King thereupon exclaims to Gertrude

Weal haue Le artes and our so e
Made friends and Louers befittes them both

so Castile cries to his son and to Hieronimo

But heere befo e Pri ce Balthaz and me
Embrace ea h ther d be pe fect freends

In both cases it may be added the scene of feigned reconciliation is the prelude to the final catastrophe

In Kyd's other works further parallels with the First Quarto occur. One of the most remarkable features of the plot in the Quarto as contrasted with Belleforest's story is the prominence given to the question of second marriage—a question in which Shakespeare nowhere else shows any interest. In the play scene especially the dialogue on the topic is striking (First Quarto III 2)

Duke Therefore save me in thy love
To I uen mi t I and I ave tl th wth y i
Duke O say not so lest that you kill my lat
When death takes you let life from me d part
Duke Content thy selfe who ended is my d t
Thon maist (perchance) ha e a more noble mate
Duke O speake no more for then I am accurst
None weds the a cond but she kills the first
A second fme I kill my Lord th t s dead
When second husband kisse me back
Duke I doe b leue yo sweet what ow you speake
But wh t we doe d terminie oft we bre k
Duke Both he and there pursue me lasti g strife
If once a widow er I be wil
Duke Tis deeply sworne sweete leane me here a while

With the thought and to a slighter degree the phraseology of this passage may be compared Cornelius's self reproaches for having taken a second husband (*Corn* II 31-54). The same topic is discussed in *The Householders Philosophie* p 253 12-37 where second marriage is permitted only as a concession to human weakness. So too the King of Denmark's moralizings to Hamlet on the loss of fathers as a general law of nature (First Quarto I 2) are paralleled by Cicero's similar reflections addressed to Cornelius (*Corn* II 214-6 and 252-7). And his outburst of remorse after the play scene (First Quarto III 3)

The earth doth st ll rie out pon my f t
P y me the murder f a brothe and a kn g

recalls *The Murder of John Brewen* p 287 7-11 where of the first fratricidal sin it is said Albeit there was none in the world to accuse Caine for so fowle a fact yet the blood of tfe just

Cornelia returns to the subject of second marriage from a different point of view in V 374 89. It notew rthy tht th line is the Quarto
Thou maist (perchance) ha e a mo e noble mate
is very simil r to *The Spanish Tragedie* II 1 26
I bit perh ps she hopes some nobler mate

Abel cried most shrill in the eares of the righteous God for vengeance and reuenge on the murderer

Even when we remember that Elizabethan writers were fond of ringing the changes on a stock of current phrases and that verbal coincidences here and there may be purely accidental the series of parallels quoted above point to the survival in the First Quarto of traces of Kyd's play. But it must be admitted on the other hand that we do not find in the Quarto some features of style characteristic of the author of *The Spanish Tragedie*. We miss the passages of semi lyrical dialogue the flights of rhetorical imagination the handfuls of tragical speeches which as we know from Nash must have been prominent in the *Ur Hamlet*.

For so complex a problem no short and simple solution is to be found. But the following theory of the evolution of the Hamlet tragedy is the one I would propose as covering most satisfactorily all the known *data*. The *Ur Hamlet* was written by Kyd probably in the latter part of 1587 and resembled *The Spanish Tragedie* in style and technique. It did not however become as popular as its sister play. There is no record of its having been printed and when it was revived by Henslowe on June 9 1594 at Newington Butts it brought in only eight shillings and was not repeated under his management. But Lodge's allusion quoted above suggests a performance of it at the

Theater in 1596 and it would appear to have been brought out again about 1602 at Paris Garden for Tucca in *Satyricon* exclaims My name's *Hamlet revenge* — thou hast been at Parris garden hast not?

We thus see the play keeping the stage in somewhat fitful fashion for fifteen years before Shakespeare began to handle it. During this period it probably underwent in manuscript form a certain amount of adaptation to suit the rapid changes of popular taste, or the circumstances of different companies. Thus when Sh^e speare possibly stirred to emulation by the extraordinary success of Ben Jonson's expanded version of *The Spanish Tragedie* began in 1602 to remodel the kindred *Ur-Hamlet* he would appear to have had as his basis, not Kyd's play in its primitive form but a popularized stage version of it — Shakespeare himself in his first

Such a g^reat old b^ook had something of the same relation to the *Ur Hamlet* as Ayer's German adaptⁿ of *The Spanish Tragedie* (printed in Appendix II) has to the original. In it we find the Senecan features of Kyd's

revision kept in the three last Acts considerable portions of this version. Evidences of Kyd's hand though partly overlaid are as I have tried to show scattered sufficiently through the text to vindicate his share in the creation of the modern world's most wonderful tragedy. Nor is there anything presumptuous or paradoxical in making such a claim on his behalf. Kyd be it repeated was not a great poet nor thinker but he was a brilliant playwright. The elaboration of a complicated plot, the invention of striking situations and effective dialogue, the portraiture of aristocratic social types—all were well within his range. In so far as *Hamlet* still fascinates us by virtue of these qualities the credit, I believe belongs primarily to him. But if untouched by Shakespeare it would have remained a well wrought stage play and nothing more. The master dramatist transformed what was probably a flamboyant presentation of the Prince of Denmark's irresolution into the subtle study of diseased emotion and palsied will with which the world is familiar. He filled in the outlines of the other figures at the Court of Elsinore till they formed a matchless picture of a corrupt artificial society. He replaced monotonous and lack lustre verse by dialogue both in prose and poetry so vivid and inexhaustibly suggestive that *Hamlet* in its final form holds its unique position less as a play in the strict sense than as a marvellous literary creation thrown into dramatic form. Generations of critics have sought to find a completely satisfying interpretation of the work. They have failed to do so—even the greatest of them—and failed inevitably. For the *Hamlet* that we know is not a homogeneous product of genius. It is—unless evidences external and internal combine to mislead us—a fusion with the intermediate stages in the process still partly recognizable of the inventive dramatic craftsmanship of Thomas Kyd and the majestic imagination penetrating psychology and rich verbal music of William Shakespeare.

V SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA

In the register of the Stationers' Company on November 22 1592 there is entered to Edward White vnder thef h[er]lades of the Bisshop of LONDON and master warden Styrropp | *the tragedye of*

play and it more poetic and imag native elements almost entirely absent while the theatrc lly effective and comic episodes have been elaborated

SALAMON and PERCEDA (Arber's *Transcript* II 622)
 The only dated copies however of the play that have come down
 to us bear the imprint 1599. There are two Quartos belonging
 to that year. Both have exactly the same title-page

THE | TRAGEDIE | OF *SOLIMON AND PERSEDA* |
Wherein is laide open Loues | constancie Fortune's incon | stancie
and Deaths | Triumphs | AT LONDON | Printed by Edward
Allde for | Edward White and are to be sold at | the little North
doore of Paules Church at the signe of the Gun. They have also the
same colophon Imprinted at Logdon for Edward | White and
are to be sold at his shop at the | little North doore of S Paules
Church | at the signe of the Gunne 1599

But the text of one of these Quartos represented by a single extant copy in the British Museum (11773 c 11) is printed in larger type than that of the other and varies from it in number of readings. The Quarto in smaller type is represented by two copies in the British Museum (besides others elsewhere) and one of these (161 b 4) inserts on the title page in very minute lettering under the word

Triumphs the phrase Newly corrected and amended. With what earlier edition is a contrast thus challenged? It can scarcely be the other Quarto of 1599 as the differences between the two impressions are comparatively slight. Is it then the undated Quarto in the British Museum (C 34 b 44)? This has the following title page

THE | TRAGEDYE OF | *SOLYMAN AND PERSEDA* | wherein is laide open Loues | constancy Fortune's incon | stancy and Deaths | Triumphs | AT LONDON | Printed by Edward Allde for | Edward Whit* and are to be sold at | the little North doores of Paules | Church at the signe of | the Gun. The colophon is identical with that of the 1599 Quartos but for the omission of the date. This edition contains one important corruption of the text peculiar to itself. It transfers III 1 34 from the top of fol E 3 to the top of fol E 2 and thus inserts it between II 11 75-6. Two passages are thereby rendered unintelligible and it may be to the correction of this blunder that the words on the 1599 copy call attention. An additional argument in favour of the undated Quarto being the earliest of those extant is that apart from this serious misprint it represents in the main the best text. It may possibly be a copy of the edition licensed to Edward White in 1592 but its similarity in the ornamental features of the title-page to the issues of 1599 suggests that it

appeared shortly before them. In any case the entry in the Stationers Register fixes November 1592 as the downward limit for the composition of the play. The attempt to settle its date more precisely involves a discussion of wider questions.

Soliman and Perseda is anonymous in all three editions and there is no external evidence to indicate its author. But there are weighty grounds for attributing it to Kyd and even if these are not accepted as conclusive it still stands in unique relation to his dramatic work. For the story of Soliman and Perseda is the subject of Hieronimo's play in Act IV of *The Spanish Tragedie*. It must therefore have deeply interested Kyd and been looked upon by him as suitable material for the stage. Could we be certain that the Marshal's words (*Sp Tr* IV 176-7)

When in *Toledo* there I studied
It w^s f y cha ce to write a *Tragedie*
Which long forgot I found this other daie

were thinly veiled autobiography we should conclude that Kyd while at one of the Universities had composed a piece on this pathetic theme. But this is a very doubtful assumption (cf p xvii) and even if the tragic interlude introduced into *The Spanish Tragedie* was a youthful production of Kyd's it was little more than a skilful *tour de force* in unknowne languages each of the characters speaking 1 different tongue. It is far more likely to have been written expressly for its function in *The Spanish Tragedie* as the plot of the tale is modified to suit the peculiar exigencies of the situation in the main play. Wotton's *Courtlie Controversie* (cf p xxiii) was probably the source of the Marshal's piece though in narrating its argument he cites the *Chronicles of Spaine* and calls Perseda an Italian Dame though Wotton speaks of her as borne in the Isle of Rhodes. But its *dénouement* is arranged to accomplish Hieronimo's purpose of revenge. Therefore Erastus (Lorenzo) instead of being beheaded on a false charge of treason (cf Wotton p 60) is stabbed by the Bashaw (Hieronimo) and Perseda (Bel imperia), instead of being slain by Turkish bullets (Wotton p 67) and buried by Soliman (Balthazar) in a magnificent tomb kills the Sultan and afterwards herself. The Bashaw too instead of being hanged by Soliman (Wotton p 72) is the last survivor because it was necessary for Hieronimo to address an *apologia* to the Court. Hence I cannot accept Sarrazin's theory that Kyd had written a youthful piece in

English on the subject of Soliman and Perseda before *The Spanish Tragedie* that he drew upon this for Hieronimo's play and that in a later revised form this is the drama licensed for the press in 1592 and known to us in the Quartos described above (cf. *Thomas Kyd und sein Kreis* pp. 43-5) Kyd is much more likely to have first introduced the story episodically into *The Spanish Tragedie* and afterwards to have elaborated it in an independent work. And the extant play in its metrical characteristics such as the comparative frequency of double endings and run on lines and in its proportion of blank verse to rhyme, is more akin to *Cornelia* than *The Spanish Tragedie*. It was we may conclude written between the two either towards the close of Kyd's chief dramatic period about 1588 or possibly a few years later when he had entered the service of his powerful patron (cf. pp. xxiv-xxv)

The play especially in the first three Acts follows the lines of Wotton's novel very closely at times borrowing even from its phraseology. But it makes additions and changes which recall the technique of *The Spanish Tragedie* and which coupled with Kyd's known interest in the story go far to prove his authorship of *Soliman and Perseda*. The introduction of a chorus consisting of the allegorical figures Fortune, Love and Death is not in itself very significant but it is noteworthy that the trio argue and quarrel at the end of each Act like the Ghost of Andrei and Revenge in *The Spanish Tragedie* and that when all is over the Ghost and Death respectively count up exultingly the numbers of the slain. Erastus' description to Perseda (I ii 53-61) of the combatants who have assembled for the tournament is closely akin to the similar enumeration of national types in *Cornelia* I 59-63 and IV ii 44-51 while the next Scene wherein the Prince of Cipris questions the knights about their exploits and mottoes and they reply in turns resembles *The Spanish Tragedie* I v 13-56 where the King questions Hieronimo concerning the knights with their scutchions introduced into his masque and he recounts the achievements of each of the three.

But more significant in its bearing on the problem of authorship is Act I sc. v to which there is nothing parallel in the novel. In this Scene Soliman is introduced with his two brothers Amurath and Hileb of whom the former kills the latter as a traitor for protesting against an attack on Rhodes and is slain in retribution by Soliman himself. The episode has little relation

to the main plot and serves mainly to keep a balance between the scenes at Constantinople and on the island of Rhodes. It thus is remarkably parallel to Act I sc iii of *The Spanish Tragedie* where on similar grounds the action is abruptly shifted from Spain to Portugal and the Viceroy appears between two lords one of whom by a charge of treachery nearly brings the other to his doom. As this Scene is followed by the first tender interview between Horatio and Belimperia so the similar one at Constantinople precedes the opening love dialogue between Lerdinando and Iucina which is also an invention of the playwrights. Here Lerdinando's greeting—

As fits the time so now well fit the place
To coole affection with our words and looks
If in our thoughts be semblant sympathie

recalls Horatio's address to his mistress (*Spt Tr* II ii 1-4)—

Now Madame since by faiur f you loue
O hddn make turned t o flame
And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts
(Two chiefe contents where more can ot be had)

And the dialogue between Erastus and Perseda (*Sol and Pers* II i 153-66) where the latter gives a mocking twist to her apparently faithless lover's pleadings is akin in spirit and structure to that in which Belimperia parries ironically the addresses of Balthazar (*Spt Tr* I iv 77-89). Perseda again displays her powers of repartee under graver circumstances in her first interview with Soliman (*Sol and Pers* IV i 91-110). The episode that follows where she is doomed to execution and delivered on the very stroke of death is not found in the novel but it has a counterpart in *The Spanish Tragedie* III i where Alexandro similarly makes ready for martyrdom upon the stage and is saved as if by miracle. The whole process too of Alexandro's condemnation on a false charge is paralleled by the arraignment of Erastus on perjured evidence of which the novel gives only the barest hint (*Sol and Pers* V ii). And the last interview between Soliman and Perseda where the heroine in man's disguise declares (V iv 31)

Then will I yeeld Perseda to thy hands,
If that thy strength shall ouermatch my right
To see as t thy king shall seeme be t

her death in single combat with the amorous Sultan and her

crafty revenge upon him by granting him a kiss from her poisoned lips—all this is in the mingled vein of tragic irony and of crude melodrama which marks the close of *The Spanish Tragedie*¹

It is in these final episodes that the play diverges chiefly from the novel—where Perseda as mentioned above is slain by a volley of shot and not by Soliman who survives to mourn her loss and bury her and Erastus in a magnificent tomb. This though appropriate in a sentimental tale would have been an anti-climax on the boards and is rightly altered by the dramatist. Nor are the differences between the finale here and in Hieronimo's play a proof of different authorship. For in the latter case the peculiar conditions made it inevitable that Perseda should kill Soliman and then take her own life and that the last survivor should be the Bashaw (Brusor) (cf p lvi). But in the independent drama the Sultan not Brusor is the dominant figure and the *dénouement* had to be so managed that he should be the last left of the personages in the story and utter the closing speech.

It has been objected however that the comic underplot of *Soliman and Perseda* introducing Piston and Basilisco is not in Kyd's manner. But the interweaving of humorous relief with the graver issues of the main theme is an essential feature of *The Spanish Tragedie* though less prominent than in the present play. Thus the grimly jocular episode of the trial and execution of Pedringano with its subordinate figures of the Hangman and the Boy is elaborated into almost an independent little comedy. In *Soliman and Perseda* Piston who like Pedringano is the servant of one of the principal characters is a leading comic figure and, though he is more of the conventional clown than his fellow in *The Spanish Tragedie* he might easily have been drawn by the same hand. Basilisco has no counterpart in Kyd's chief play but the type of *miles gloriosus* of which he is a notable variation must have been so familiar to a man of the dramatist's classical

I prefer to set them in argument for Kyd authorship of *Soliman and Perseda* on these similarities of plot between them and *The Spanish Tragedie* rather than on resemblances of plots which may be due to common tradition. But the little merous striking similarities in both plays (Thomas Kyd &c p 3) I question how ever whether he is right in finding in IV 1 77 83 imitation of a scene from Webster's play to that in *The Spanish Tragedie* II 10. The details of Perseda and of Webster's mistress are both examples of stock Romance and of female charms and they vary in a good many details (of Thomas Kyd &c p 6).

attainments that its introduction into one of his works would be in no way surprising. Bisilisco of whom Wotton's tale knows nothing owes his birth in a double sense to Latin comedy for with the coxcombry of the briggait he unites much of the inflated verbiage of the pedant.

The recognition of Kyd as the author of *Soliman and Perseda* would certainly give us a higher estimate of his humorous powers but to deny his claim as Schroer has done on the ground that it is a work of far greater merit than *The Spanish Tragedie* is strangely uncritical. Though with more of lyrical grace and charm and more even in workmanship it has not the same stamp of genius as the more popular play. It contains no such titanic figure as Hieronimo nor so strongly individualized a group of subordinate characters. It is less closely knit in structure and has nothing to rival the wonderful situation of tragic suspense which precedes the performance of the Marshal's interlude. Nevertheless it would be well worthy of Kyd. It transforms as has been already partly shown an over sentimental and diffuse love story into a well balanced drama of diversified interest and is particularly skilful in linking together the earlier and later episodes which in the novel are very loosely connected. Thus Brusor is introduced among the knights who take part in the tournament at Rhodes and are overthrown by Erastus (I iii). At the beginning of Act I v Soliman is eagerly expecting his return with the news how Rhodes is fenc'd and his account (III i 17-24) of Erastus' exploits on the tilting field fittingly preludes the Knight's sudden entrance as a fugitive from his native isle. From this point Brusor plays much the same part as in the novel but Lucina is made his accomplice in the betrayal of Erastus. Wotton only mentions her in the earlier part of the story as receiving from a gentleman of the town the lost chain which had been Perseda's gift to Erastus and thereby producing the breach between the heroine and her lover. After the death of her suitor in a duel with Erastus she disappears from the tale. But in the drama she is brought with Perseda a prisoner to Constantinople and for her share in Brusor's treachery towards the Rhodian knight his infuriated mistress stabs her dead. Thus her fortunes instead of being merely an episode are woven skilfully into the entire fabric of the plot.

See his *Über Titus Andronicus* pp 51-3

In the characterization of the principal figures less advance upon the novel is shown. In fact consistency is somewhat sacrificed for the sake of heightened effect. Erastus remains the type of chivalrous love and gallantry crushed by adverse fate. But a needless stain is thrown upon his honour by making him win back the chain from Lucina by the use of false dice (II, 201-43). Perseda is more markedly changed. In the novel she is a tender maiden sentimentally impulsive and quick to seek suicide as a refuge from her woes. In Acts I-III of the play she alters little but when she is transported to Constantinople she rises to tragic height. Instead of frantically attempting her own life, she faces with heroic calm and fortitude the doom with which Soliman threatens her. Better perhaps had she fallen beneath his stroke than than later for her hypocritical method of vengeance on him more repellent far than her stabbing of Lucina blurs disastrously at the close the fair image of her womanhood. Yet the Sultan's fate is the needful expiation of his crimes. For though the drama borrows from the novel some of its traits of quick sensibility and generous temper it reveals much more fully the barbarian nature underneath. Victim after victim beginning with his own brother falls by his order or by his hand. In his crowning outburst of homicidal fury he kills over Perseda's body Basilisco and Piston and sends his faithful henchman Brusor to the block. It is almost a repetition of the orgie of bloodshed that ends *The Spanish Tragedie* where Hieronimo extends his vengeance to his well-wisher the Duke of Castile. And though internal evidence alone cannot establish beyond dispute the authorship of an anonymous play it may be affirmed without doubt that *Soliman and Perseda* was either written by Kyd himself or—a less probable supposition—by some disciple who elaborated in the master's manner a theme already handled by him in brief upon the stage.¹

VI KYD'S TRANSLATIONS AND LAST YEARS

In 1588 Kyd appears to have given up at least temporarily his work for the stage and to have leapt into the new occupation of a translator from the Italian. It has already been pointed out (pp xx-xxi) that Nash's attack on him in this capacity was prompted by the publication in that year of the slim twopenie pamphlet entitled *The Householders Philosophie*. First written in Italian by that excellent orator and poet Signor Torquato Tasso and now translated by T K. A comparison between this version of the *Padre di Famiglia* and Kyd's *Cornelia* supports strongly the conclusion that they are from the same hand. The dedications in the one case to the worshipfull and vertuous gentleman Maister Thomas Reade in the other to the vertuously noble and rightly honoured lady the Countesse of Sussex are curiously alike in spirit and even in phraseology. This is all the more remarkable because the one is in verse the other in prose. The lines addressed to Reade run thus

Worth more then th s d gested thus in haste
Yet truely set according to the se ce
Plai e and vnpolished for making w ste
Of that which Ths ar pen so highly gracie
Thi worke I dedeat to yo def nce
Let oth rs ca pe t y r disc etion
That must relleue myne imperfection

In the opening words of his dedication to the Countess Kyd similarly apologizes for his hurried execution of a matter of this moment which both requireth cunning rest and oportunity. He applies to his work the epithets rough vnpolished practically identical with those used of the Italian translation above and in either case he asks his patron to make allowance for the loss of grace which the original has suffered under his hands. In both instances too he hints at detractors of his work who will either carpe at it or wonder at his undertaking it without the necessary qualifications.

But more striking and important are some parallels in the text of the translations themselves. The lines (*Corn* II, 132-5)—

When Isse Wi ter's past then come the Spri g
Whom Somme pride (with sultre heate) purs es
To whom mylde Autum e d th ca thi treasur e bring
The sweetest season that the wise can chuse.

are an expansion of Garnier's—

Apres l'Ilyue glacé le be u Pri temps fleuronne
L'Esté ch ud ent pres pres¹ Esté Auto ne

Why does Kyd thus emphasize the fruitfulness of Autumn and single it out as the sweetest season of the year? He evidently has in mind the discussion in *The Householders Philosophie* (pp 247-9) on the comparative merits of the four seasons where Autumn is declared to be the most noble and best because it most aboundeth in fruits Again in *Corn* I 133 the early Romans are spoken of as²—

Ignobly sauad from the Carte and Ploug!
where Garnier has—

Ignoblem t i s le grauds-p res champes e

Here Kyd's phraseology is suggested by the passage in *The Householders Philosophie* (p 279 l 6) where the Republican magistrates are spoken of as called from the Plough and Carte (*dall aratro* Tasso) Other unusual phrases are common to both translations as signiorize and its derivatives (*Corn* I 55 III 28 and *Hous Phil* 261 l 34) and champant (*Corn* V 176 and *Hous Phil* 270 l 17) Another rare word quadering (*Hous Phil* 269 l 20) occurs in Kyd's *Letter to Puckering* Throughout the two versions as a reference to the Notes will show Kyd displays a love of out of the way phrases He at times reminds us of Spenser in his usage of Middle English forms and even of words coined apparently by himself or to which he gives a unique meaning

But apart from similarities of vocabulary *The Householders Philosophie* resembles *Cornelia* in its relation to its original The claim in the dedication that it is truly set according to the sense is far from justified Kyd repeatedly mangles Tasso's meaning as he afterwards does that of Garnier Yet in spite of gross blunders the version in either case is spirited and vigorous The Italian prose and the French verse are both somewhat expanded in their English rendering The imagery becomes more concrete more of realistic detail is introduced Occasionally passages of some length are interpolated by the translator Hence *The Householders Philosophie* casts light on Kyd's views on certain subjects Thus his emphatic elaboration (p 256) of Tasso's protest against women painting their faces

shows that he shared Shakespeare's aversion to the practice. But even more impassioned is his indictment for which Tasso gives little more than the hint of the evils of usury is a corroborator of a Common wealth a disobeyer of the Lawes of God a Rebell and resister of all humaine orders (p 280 ll 34-5) Not content with reproducing Dante's condemnation of it quoted by Tasso he adds marginal references to Scripture and inserts in the text an argument on the subject from Aristotle. It is noteworthy that in the Induction to *The Spanish Tragedy* usurers are placed in the deepest hell where they are choakt with melting golde (I 1 67) and Kyd's detestation of their practices may well have been the fruit of bitter personal experience.

His translation of the *Padre di Famiglia* not improbably helped him to secure a position which improved his fortunes. From his *Letter to Fuckerling* we learn that from about the middle of 1590 to the early summer of 1593 he was in the service of a certain Lord (cf pp xxiv-v) who may have been pleased to give Kyd an opportunity of applying practically some of the maxims of *The Householders Philosophie*. We do not know what his appointment was but it would seem to have been one possibly of a tutorial kind which involved his attendance at the forme of devyne prayars vsed duelie in his Lordship's house. Who was his Lordship? He may have been Robert Radcliffe Lord Fitzwalter who became fifth Earl of Sussex on December 14 1593. It was to his wife that Kyd early in 1591 dedicated his translation of Garnier's *Cronicle* on the ground that he was well instructed in her noble and heroyck dispositions and perfectly assur'd of her honourable fauours past. We know at any rate of no other noble house with which Kyd can be connected. But there is no record of Fitzwalter having patronized Marlowe who wrote plays for Kyd's employer (cf pp xxiv-v). Possibly therefore, when speaking of the Countess honourable fauours past Kyd may be merely alluding to some tokens of good will which she extended to him as to other men of letters including Greene, who dedicated to her his *Phylomela*.

But whoever Kyd's lord may have been the fact of his holding a fixed appointment in his service makes his authorship of *The Murder of John Brewen* even more singular than it seemed before. It was plausibly conjectured that this sensational tract had been dashed off at a time when the dramatist was in sore need

of money. But on June 28 1592 the date of John Parker and Anne Brewen's execution for the murder and also of the licensing of the tract to the stationer John Kid (cf Arber's *Transcript* II. 289 b) its author had held for about two years a position where he was no longer merely a shifting companion dependent on literary hack work for a livelihood. Yet its genuineness cannot be questioned. In the unique copy at Lambeth Kyd's name is written in a contemporary hand at the foot of the title-page and at the close. The signatures are however probably not his own for they vary considerably from the autograph in the *Letter to Puckering*. The pamphlet hurriedly written to satisfy a debased popular taste is for the most part bare of literary ornament but here and there traces of Kyd's mannerisms may be found. His use of Lyly's transverse alliteration on p. 288 ll. 11-2 has been already noticed (cf p. xxiv) and his fondness for words rare in themselves or in their application is illustrated by his introduction in peculiar senses of checkt shadow confection and quibd (cf Notes p. 406).

In justice to Kyd it should be said that the rational though it be was probably intended as the opening and closing passages show to point a moral. The murder of the London goldsmith by his wife and her paramour had been successfully concealed for two years and a half yet at last it had been revealed and avenged. That murder cannot be hid is a doctrine which Kyd had emphasized in *The Spanish Tragedie* and of which this sordid criminal case was a striking confirmation in contemporary life. He pushes home the lesson of the story—a lesson prominent in his writings since the time when as is probable he had taxed Tychborne with the disastrous consequences of his treasonable attempt against the Queen. But this somewhat naïf belief in the infallible workings of justice upon earth was soon to receive a rude shock from a singular series of incidents which closely link Kyd's later fortunes with those of his most illustrious rival in pre-Shakespearean tragedy.

A full account of the relations personal and literary between Kyd and Marlowe would be of inestimable value to the historian of the drama but we have to take on trust Kyd's statements made in his *Letter to Puckering* (cf pp. cxviii-cx) after Marlowe's death and when it was of supreme moment to him to minimize the extent of their familiarity. Yet even this partial revelation is of the highest

interest and the broad outline of the facts some of which might have been checked from independent sources may be accepted as true

My first acquaintance writes Kyd to the Lord Kcepel with this Marlowe rose vpon his bearing name to serue my Lord although his Lordship never knewe his seruice, but in writing for his pluers The probable inference from this is that the two dramatists became associated in the latter part of 1590 soon after Kyd had entered his patron's household Marlowe had by that time been for three or four years in London and had taken the stage by storm with *Tamburlane* and *Doctor Faustus* The new playwright brought to the service of his art the splendours of a soaring imagination the enchantments of a golden speech to which Kyd could make no claim But he had much to learn from the author of *The Spanish Tragedie* in dramatic technique and plot construction The *Jew of Malta*, inferior in other ways to Marlowe's earlier works shows advance in this direction and it is noteworthy that it was written about the time when his acquaintance with Kyd began Yet if the latter's self righteous protestations are to be believed their intercourse was never close

That I shold loue or be familer frend with one so irreligious were verie rare besides he was intemperate and of a cruel hart, the verie contraries to which my greatest enemies will saie by me And without adopting Kyd's pharisaical standpoint, we can readily believe that his somewhat gloomy and rigid nature could never have been in full harmony with Marlowe's fiery and speculative temperament Yet they must have come at times into intimate relations for Kyd mentions to Puckering some occasion of our wrytinge in one chamber two years synce i e the summer of 1591 and declares that then some fragmentes of a disputation

affirmd by Marlowe to be his were shusled with some of myne (unknown to me) These fragmentes remained hidden among Kyd's papers till May 12 1593 on which day he was arrested on suspicion of being guilty of a libell that concernd the State A search was made by the authorities for compromising documents and amongst those waste and idle papers (which I carde not for) and whitch vnaught I did deliuere up was found the mutilated disputation (cf pp cx-cxii)

It is important to notice that Kyd in writing to Puckering, always distinguishes clearly between the libell that concernd

the State of which he was originally suspected and the further more heinous charge of Atheism in which he was involved by the discovery of the disputation in his possession. What this libell that concernd the State was we do not know for certain but it is probable that the following extract from the manuscript Register of the Privy Council bears on the matter —

At the Starr Chamber on F id y being the 11th of May 1593

Present

Lord Archbishop	Earl Derby
Lord Keper	Lord Buckhurst
Lord Threasorer	S ^t Robert Cecil
Sir John Fortescue	

A letter to S^t Richard Martin A t^e Aash y Mr Aldermⁿ B eckle &c
There ha^t bi^t f^{or} t^ed^e lewd nd m^t ou lib^{le} set up wⁱthi^t the citie
of Lord mo^t g the whi^t h there is some set upp th wⁱl of the D^r teh
Ch^{urch}ya d th t^e d^e xceed th rest i^t lewdnes, nd f^{or} tl^e discouerie of the
utho^t a d p^{re} bl she ther f^{or} h^e Male t^e s^t eas^t that som extrao dinari
p^{ro} n^d care be t^e ken by yo^t commiss^{ion} er pp^{re} ted by the Lord Mai^r
for theexamini^{ng} g^o ch pe o^t as mai b^{ut} th s^c e lew y u nected

Thens shallbe therfo^r to req^{ue} a d au^thorize you t^e make search and
aprehend e erie person so to be u nected a d fo^r th^t purpo^se to te^{nt} o^t
1 h uses and places where anie a ch male b^{ut} emayn g^o And ppon the^t
aprehencion to m^k elke search n^o ie the ch^m bers at dies chester o other
like places f^{or} l manner f^{or} wrtings o^t papers that may geue you light f^{or} the
disco^r se of the lib^{le} llers

And after you sh^{al} h^e ne examined the perso^s f^{or} y^e hal finde them dulle
to be suspected and they sh^{al} esu^e to c^{onf}esse the t^{ru}th y^e shal by u^tcho
ritie here f^{or} pit them^t the T^{re} eⁿ Bridewel d by t^e t^e m^t the eof^t
t^e be used at s^c ch times nd as ft n^s yo^t sh^{al} k^{ee} f^{or} draw them to
discoueri^{ng} thei^t knowl dge c^{onf}ern g^o the sa^{me} lib^{le} llers We pra^y you he ein to
se your uttermost trav^{el} d u^tdevon to thend th^t a^thor of these sedition^s
lib^{le} llers ma^t be know and they punished cordi^{ng} t^e the deserte And
this shalbe your s^{uff}icient warra^tnt

This warrant of the Privy Council to the Commissioners appointed by the Lord Mayor was issued on May 11 and it can scarcely be a mere coincidence that Kyd as we know from the official endorsement on the Atheistic pamphlet was arrested the following day. Moreover there is no entry in the minutes of the Council of an order for his apprehension individually as in the case a week later of Marlowe. He was therefore probably seized and imprisoned under a general warrant and if we compare the phraseology of his letter to Puckering with that of the above transcript the natural inference is that he was one of the victims of this Order of May 11.

The Council in their preamble speak of dueis lewd and mutinous libells and afterwards of these seditious libells. In almost identical terms the dramatist, in denying all responsibility for the libell laid unto my chardg alludes to it as that mutinous sedition toward the state. Again the passage in Kyd's letter in which he speaks of delivering up waste and idle papers tallies exactly with the Council's order to the Commissioners to make search for al manner of writings or papers that may geue you light for the discouerie of the libellers. Further the emphatic terms of the warrant illuminate only too vividly Kyd's brief reference to the paines afid undeserued tortures that he suffered after his arrest. He evidently refused to confesse the truth in the Council's sense of the words for the good reason apparently that he was guiltless of the libel. He was consequently put to the torture in Bridewell and underwent the extremities thereof at such times and as often as the Commissioners thought fit. To the depositions wrung from him under these circumstances he evidently alludes in his letter to the Lord Keeper when he asserts

Of my religion and life I haue alredie geuen some instance to the late commissioners and of my reuerend meaning to the state. The phrase late commissioners is significant. It proves that Kyd's examination did not take place before the Council itself or a permanent Board like the Court of High Commission but before a body appointed for a temporary purpose. The term would apply exactly to the Commission of Aldermen nominated by the Lord Mayor to investigate a particular series of offences.

It will be noticed that the Privy Council speaks of a libel set upon the wal of the Dutch Churchyard as exceeding the rest in lewdnes. This Dutch Church was in Austin Friars and was attended by the Flemish and other refugees who had settled in London. Now Strype in his *Annals of Church and State under Elizabeth*, quoting from MSS at that time in the possession of Charles Lord Halifax informs us that the rapid growth of the foreign colony in the City in the last decade of the sixteenth century aroused a strong feeling of hostility among the native traders who complained that the strangers "contented not them selves with manufactures and warehouses but would keep shops and retail all manner of goods." An inquiry was consequently made in May 1593 into the number of foreigners resident in the capital and while it was being held to incense the populace

against them various libels were set out. The one so severely censured by the Council was doubtless, what Strype describes as a rhyme set up upon the wall of the Dutch Churchyard Thursday May the 5th between eleven and twelve at night and there found by some of the inhabitants of that place and brought to the Constable and the rest of the Watch beginning—

Y Strangers th t l hab t in this land
Note this same writing do t u derstand
Conceive t well fo se guard of yo lives
Your g da your ch ld en and your dearest wives

The rhyme doubtless went on to threaten the foreigners with violence if they remained in the City and the Constable and his fellows knowing what belonged to a Witch must have handed over the placard to the higher authorities. It is evident that the Council feared a serious outbreak and strict disciplinary measures of which Strype gives details were taken to prevent this. But from the fact of the libel affixed to the churchyard wall and very possibly others being in verse it seems to have been concluded that the malcontents had enlisted literary aid. Hence the stringent instructions in the warrant to the Commissioners to take extraordinarie paines and cure for the discovery of the author and publisher of the libel and for this purpose to search in chambers studies chestes or other like places for al manner of writings or papers. The use of the word studies shows that it was not among the shopkeepers or their apprentices that the libellers were expected to be found.

It was therefore probably in the search for the original of the libel affixed to the Dutch Churchyard wall that Kyd's study was visited by the authorities. Some outcast Ismael to use his own phrase had evidently laid an information against him and as he belonged by birth and early association to the City he may plausibly enough have been suspected of sympathy with its grievances and of readiness to use his pen in its cause. He was however apparently guiltless in the matter and the official visitation failed in its immediate object. But the discovery among his papers of the fragmentary disputation involved him in a new and yet more formidable danger. He stood accused of the deadly thing Atheism.

It is remarkable that while Kyd in his letter to Puckering protests passionately his innocence of this charge he yet admits

that his possession of the treatise was naturally regarded as *prima facie* evidence against him. But the incriminating document is endorsed as *vile hereticall conceiptes denyeinge the deiry of Ihesus Christe our Sauour* and an examination of its contents proves that so far from being Atheistic it is a methodical defence based on scriptural texts of Theistic or Unitarian doctrines. The writer's attitude is summed up in the words I call that true religion which instructeth man's minde wth right faith and worthy opinions of God. And I call that right faith which doth credidt and beleue that of God which the Scripturis do testify.

Can the writer be identified? Kyd's words in their most natural interpretation suggest that it was Marlowe. He speaks of the fragments of the disputation as affirmed by Marlowe to be his. The possessive pronoun here seems to imply authorship and Vaughan in *The Golden Grove* 1600 mentions a report that about fourteen years ago the dramatist wrote a booke agunst the Trinitie. This may be an inaccurate reminiscence of the disputation, or of some longer work embodying the same views. On the other hand his may simply imply ownership and this interpretation is perhaps supported by the official endorsement on the treatise which he affirmethe that he had sfrom Marlowe. Internal evidence points more strongly in the same direction. From autobiographical details in the third fragment we learn that the writer was addressing in vehement and vnthought on perturbation of mind a brief compendium of his views to a Bishop who had on earlier occasions admitted him to disputation before many witnesses and then after to priuate and familiar talk. It is unlikely that Marlowe had gone through these experiences and the disputation is more probably from the pen of some heretical clergyman who was on the eve of suffering some drastic penalty for his opinions. The writer may possibly have been Francis Kett formerly a Fellow of Marlowe's college at Cambridge who was burnt to death at Norwich early in 1589. From the Articles of heretical pravity objected against him by Edward Scambler Bishop of Norwich we know that the creed for which he went to the stake was a species of Unitarianism mingled however with mystical doctrines to which there is no reference in the parts of the disputation that have been preserved.

But whoever the writer of the treatise may have been Marlowe would scarcely have cared to possess it, unless he had been

interested in the views that it set forth, and to some extent shared them. The inference is that his opinions though extremely heterodox and doubtless often expressed with the utmost licence of speech were not of the blasphemous and revolting nature afterwards laid to his charge. Nor were his chief associates whom Kyd enumerates in his letter to Puckering men of ribald and profane conversation. They included Harriott the distinguished mathematician who had long been in Sir Walter Raleigh's service. Warner probably, Walter Warner a mathematical friend of Harriott. Matthew Royden the poet and some stationers in Paules Churchyard. Of the latter Kyd had doubtless in mind chiefly Edward Blount who brought out Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* in 1598 with affectionate references to him in the dedication to Sir T. Walsingham and whose shop was in the Churchyard at the signe of the Blacke Beare. Kyd did not venture to introduce Raleigh's name into his letter but Sir Walter was a friend and patron of Marlowe and his circle. They doubtless belonged to that school of Atheism which in 1592 Raleigh was accused by a Jesuit pamphleteer of keeping at his house. Reference is manifestly made to the same school in the allegation somewhat later that Marlowe had read an Atheist lecture to Sir Walter Raleigh and others. How loosely the term Atheism was used has already been shown and a clue to the real character of the discussions in the school is now accessible as will be seen below.

If Kyd's words are to be trusted he was not himself a member of this circle. In somewhat unctuous fashion he states that he has merely been geuen to vnderstand who Marlowe's intimates were whom as he cautiously adds I in no sort can accuse nor will excuse by reson of his companie of whose consent if I had been no question but I also shold haue been of their consort. These assertions in his letter to Puckering are doubtless partly a recapitulation of his statements to the Commissioners under stress of paines and vndeserued tortures and it was in consequence probably of Kyd's allegations that on May 18 a week after his arrest the Privy Council issued a warrant to Henry Maunder one of the messengers of Her Majesty's Chamber to repair to the house of Mr T. Walsingham in Kent or to anie other place where he shall vnderstand Christopher Marlowe to be remayning and by virtue hereof to bring him to the Court in his

companie and in case of need to require ayd Munder must have executed the order at once for in the *MS Register of the Privy Council* there is the following entry on May 20. This day Ch Marley of London, gent being sent for by warrant from their Lordships hath entered his appearance accordinglie for his idemnity therem and is commanded to gue his duly attendance on their Lordships till he shull be licensed to the contrarie

The further proceedings against Marlowe and his associates do not bear directly upon Kyd's biography but a brief outline of them in the fuller light recently obtained is needed to carry the complicated story to its conclusion. On Whitsun Eve May 29 the Council received from Richard Baines a Note chrging Marlowe with the foulest blasphemies (cf pp cxiii-cxvi) What words may have passed the dramatist's lips when the wine was ied in the cup one cannot tell but against Baines allegations we may fully set the fragments of the treatise found amongst Kyd's papers as being quite as likely to approximate to Marlowe's real opinions. Kyd and Baines agree in naming Harriott as one of his associates but the informer further mentions one Richard Cholmeley as having confessed that he was perswaded by Marloes reasons to become an Atheist. An entry in the *MS Register of the Privy Council* proves that, on March 19 warrants had been issued agunst Chomeley and a certain Richard Strange. From a paper entitled Remembrances of wordes and matter against Richard Cholmeley (*Harl MS* 6848 fol 175) and from an unsigned letter by a Government spy (*Harl MS* 6848 fol 175) we learn that this Cholmeley had been at one time in the service of the Council, but had betrayed their trust. He had then organized a company of Atheists professing apparently the most blasphemous opinions and enter taining also revolutionary political designs. Marlowe my have been concerned in these for Baines accuses him of claiming as good right to coyne as the Queen of England. But this singular conspiracy came to naught. Marlowe while the Council were investigating his case was stabbed to death at Deptford on June 1 1593. Cholmeley as we learn from a letter of Justice Young to Puckering (*Harl MS.* 7002, fol. 10) was arrested on the twenty

I h ve reproduced the most important parts of these two documents and of Justice Young's letter ment oued below in the *Fortnightly Review* for February 1899 pp 223 224

eighth of the same month. The Government however were evidently much alarmed at the spread of Atheism and its possible consequences. Raleigh's connexion with the speculative side of the movement has been mentioned. He had been in London during the early months of 1593 attending the Session of Parliament but before the arrest of Kyd and Marlowe in May he had returned to Sherborne. He was however kept under surveillance and in consequence of reports that reached the ears of the authorities the Court of High Commission ordered examinations to be taken at Cerne in Dorsetshire on March 21 1594. The record of these examinations is preserved in *Harl. MS.* 6842 folis 183-190 and contains *inter alia* a relation by Ralph Ironside of a theological discussion between himself and Carew and Walter Raleigh at Sir George Trenchard's table in the summer of 1593. From Ironside's account it is plain that Raleigh's reputation for Atheism was gained by his keen and critical analysis of primary religious conceptions like God and the soul. These were doubtless the methods of controversy employed in his school and daring speculation on such lines may far more plausibly be attributed to Harriott and Marlowe than the crude profanities alleged by Baines. The examinations at Cerne do not seem to have been followed by any proceedings against Raleigh but the discovery that even his private table talk was not safe from espionage may well have helped to hasten him forth on his adventurous quest for an El Dorado across the southern main.

How long Kyd remained in custody after his arrest on May 12 we do not know. His letter to Puckering is not dated but expressions in it prove that it was written after Marlowe's death on June 1. Whether or not his innocence was as complete as he protests, his condition after his release was pitiable in the extreme. His lord though according to Kyd not believing in his guilt yet in his discreeter judgment feared to offend in his reteyning him in his service without the Lord Keeper's former priuitle (or in the more explicit statement that follows) he wold no wae by such action moue the leste suspicion of

¹ An account of these documents from different parts of few with a few selective extracts, has been given by M. J. M. Stone. *The Month* for June 1894 and by myself in *Literature* Nos. 147 and 148 before I knew of M. Stone's article.

his loues and cares both towardes hir sacred Mⁱuestie, (their) Lordships and the lawes Kyd thus found himself vtterlie vndon and sought a personal interview with Puckering to entreate some speaches on his behalf to his lord But the minister turned a deaf ear to the appeal and as a last resource the dramatist sent him the imploring letter which the caprice of Fortune has preserved to be his permanent *Apologia* Doubt less Puckering paid as little heed to it as to the previous verbal entreaties and Kyd found himself once more reduced to earning a livelihood by his pen Nor can this have been easy under the circumstances for his market as a dramatist had probably been injured by his imprisonment and disgrace It can scarcely be a mere coincidence that after January 22 1593 about three months before Kyd's arrest Henslowe records no performance of *The Spanish Tragdie* till January 7 1597 (cf p xi) He therefore turned again to the occupation of translator though now not from Italian but French The influence on him of Garnier's dramas has been already noted Their Senecan rhetoric appealed strongly to the fashionable literary taste of the day and the Countess of Pembroke had made an English version of the *Marc Antoine*, finished on November 26 1590 at Ramsbury but not published till 1592 Her rendering in spite of a few mistakes was accurate and close She added only a single couplet to the original, and showed remarkable skill and taste in her choice of strophe-forms to reproduce Garnier's Choruses Inspired by her example Kyd amidst the bitter times and priue broken passions that he was enduring devoted a winter's week at the close of 1593 or the beginning of 1594 to the translation of another of Garnier's Roman plays *Cornelia* It was licensed on January 26 1594 as a book called *Cornelia* Thomas Kydde being the author and appeared in the same year with the simple title-page, *Cornelia | At London | Printed by James Roberts for N(icholas) L(ing) and Iohn Busbie | 1594* It was thus at first published anonymously but the dedication to the Countess of Sussex was signed with Kyd's initials Of the terms of this dedication something has been already said (cf pp lxii and lxiv) and if the Countess of Sussex was the wife of Kyd's patron he may

See Ms Alice Luce' Introduction to her edition of Lady Pembroke's translation in *Literarhistorische Forschungen* 1 (1897)

have had a lingering hope that it would be a passport back into his former service His translation thus executed hurriedly with an ulterior motive and amidst afflictions of the mind than which the world affords no greater misery deserves partly his own strictures on it It is a rough vnpolished work in so far that its rendering of the original is (as shown in the Notes) often grossly inaccurate or obscure Kyd's blunders are at times ludicrous, and Garnier's Alexandrines lose as he confesses much of their grace by his defaulte Yet the vigour and swing of the versification are not unworthy of the author of *The Spanish Tragedie* In fact the blank verse metre with its considerably larger percentage of run on lines and feminine endings seems a more flexible instrument in his hands than in his period of independent dramatic activity His versions too of Garnier's Choruses though far from faithful to the original show much skill in the manipulation of varied strophe-forms Herein he resembles the Countess of Pembroke but unlike her he has left a number of Garnier's lines untranslated and has made some important additions of his own These include the first eighteen lines of Act III where he puts into the herone's mouth a mournful reference to—

Tyme past with me that am to teare conue ted
 Whose mour full passio dull the morni gs loyes
 Whose sweeter sleepes are t rad to fearefull dreame
 A d whose first fortunes, fild w th all l st esse
 Affo d o hope of fut i h ppnesse

The lines have the poignant ring of personal experience and the gloomy prophecy of the last verse was almost certainly fulfilled It is probable that the Countess did not appreciate the association of her name with the work of a writer who was still under a cloud and that this was why Kyd did not carry out his promise of dedicating to her his next Somers better trauell with Garnier's kindred drama of *Porcie* Moreover the reception given to *Cornelia* by the public was not encouraging though scholars commended it highly It is surprising to find its author after his recent experiences singled out in company with William Shakespeare as the fitting elegist of Lady Helen Bianch wife of the Lord Mayor who died on April 10 1594 An *Epicedium* was composed to her memory by W Har (possibly Sir William Herbert) who thus addresses the two dramatists —

You that haue writ of chaste *Lcretia*
 Whose death was witness of her potless life
 O pead the p ale of sad *Cornelia*
 Whose blameles name hath made her fame so fe
 As noble Pompeys most ren wned vfe
 H tler vato y hom d rect you eyes
 Whereas, vnthought on much more m tter lies

In the following year Willum Clerke author of *Polyamore* in an address to Oxford Cambridge and Lincoln's Inn pictures an epoch of literary regeneration Then he exclaims *inter alia* should not tragicke *Garnier* have his poore *Corneha* stand naked vpon every poste a work howsoeuer not respected yet excellently done by Th Kyd It was probably in the hope of getting it more widely respected that it was re-issued in 1595 with the more elaborate and alluring title page reproduced in the present volume wherein Kyd's name is the translator for the first time appears Its appearance in violation of his seemingly lifelong practice of anonymity was almost certainly due to the fact that he was now powerless to hinder this Schick's discovery in *The Archdeaconry of London Probate and Administration Act Book* of the document already mentioned (cf p xv) wherein Francis and Anna Kyd on December 30 1594 renounce the administration of the goods of their deceased son Thomas, of the parish of St Mary Colchurch proves beyond all reasonable doubt that the dramatist worn out by his bitter times and priuie broken passions had died towards the close of the year The document runs as follows

*Kydd Thome Administracionis
bonorum renunciatio*

Tricesimo die mensis Decembris Anno Domini 1594 in ecclesia Cathedrak Sancti Pauli Londonensis coram venerabilis viro Thoma Creak legum Doctore Domini Archidiaconi Londonensis officiale &c in praesencia mei Silvestri Hulett notarii publici Deputati Registrarii &c Comparuit personaliter Anna Kydd vxor Ifrancisci Kidd patris dicti Thome Kidd dum vixit parochie sancte Marie Colchurch, defuncti et nomine dicti mariti sui tanquam coniuncta persona, realiter exhibuit Inventarium bonorum dicti defuncti pro vero &c que hactenus &c idemque penes Registrarium dimisit &c Et pro diversis causis et consideracionibus Annunium dicti mariti sui (vt asseruit) in hac parte iuste moventibus onere Administracionis ac omni Iuri titulo et interesse dicti Mariti sui in bonis iuribus et creditis dicti defuncti competentibus seu in futurum competituris

nomine mariti sui (ut supra) penitus et expresse renuncavit et refutavit Et petuit eandem Renunciacionem admitti iusta iuris exigenciam Quam quidem Renunciacionem Dominus ad eius periculum admissit quatenus de Iure &c et quatenus bona rura et credita &c non extendant ultra sumptum xl s &c Et decreunt litteras testimoniales fieri

It would seem from this formal renunciation that Kyd's family were anxious to disassociate themselves completely from his memory and doubtless the 'causes and considerations which moved them thereto are to be found in the tragic record of his later days. This paternal repudiation after death forms a fittingly sombre climax to a career which seems to have been in the main that of a literary Ishmaelite. Whenever we have caught glimpses of him personally it has almost always been in an attitude of antagonism to his surroundings. Thomas Heywood indeed in his *Hierarchie of Blessed Angels* 1635 when illustrating the custom among playwrights of familiarly abbreviating one another's names in token of good fellowship tells us that Famous Kyd was called but Tom. The dedications too to *The Housholders Philosophie* and *Cornelia* prove that he was not without the power of making friends. Yet in both these dedications he hints at the existence of hostile critics and Nash's scurrilous attack shows to what lengths they were ready to go. Other enemies as we learn from his complaints to Puckering were found to do him still deadlier injury and that he could himself strike hard in self defence is plain from his indictment of the reprobate Marlowe. Yet he probably claimed justly not to be of a cruel hart. He seems rather to have been a man of sombre rigid temperament curiously untouched by some of the distinctive influences of the English Renaissance. Its intoxication with the wild joys of living, its prodigal instinct for beauty in nature and in man its ardent national feeling have left scarcely a trace upon his work. But it gave him quickened sensibility of vision into the darker phases of human character and destiny. Round graves and worms and epitaphs round deeds of treachery and blood his imagination played with morbidly fixed intensity. At the centre of the whirling of existence he saw the figure of Fortune cruel capricious yet exacting remorselessly the last doit of the penalties for sin. A nature gloomily absorbed in this spectacle and soured by early struggle and adversity stood inevitably somewhat apart from its

fellowes and over Kyd's personal career may not unfitly be written
the line used originally of his schoolfellow Spenser

Poorly—poore man—he liued poorly—poore man—he died

VII KYD'S INFLUENCE AND REPUTATION

The circumstances of Kyd's closing years forbade anything in the way of posthumous panegyric yet a few tributes to his fame from men of the succeeding generations have been preserved. Meres in his *Palaus Tama* 1598 mentions him twice. In his list of writers who are our best for Tragedie he names him between Watson and Shakespeare. In his parallel groups of six Italian and six English poets he places Kyd in the position corresponding to Tasso. Possibly he may have translated part of his verse beside the *Padre de Famiglia*. Bodenham in the preface to his poetical Miscellany *Belvedere* (1600) names him as one of the modern and extint poets from whom he quotes. Bedenham's extracts however are all anonymous and therefore those taken from Kyd's works cannot be identified. This is the more unfortunate as he chiefly selects pithy sententious passages in Kyd's favourite vein and his volume thus probably contains excerpts from lost or unrecognized writings of the dramatist. Robert Allott in his more elaborate anthology *England's Parnassus* published in the same year as the *Belvedere* differs from Bodenham in affixing the author's names to his extracts. Thus three fragments from otherwise unknown poems or plays of Kyd have been preserved (cf pp xxv and 294). But the bulk of his quotations are from the *Corneha* of which he evidently took as favourable a view as Clerke. Dekker in *A Knights Conuring* (1607) places industrious Kyd with learned Watson, ingenious Atchlow and others in the Elysian grove of bay trees to which none resort but the children of Phoebus.

But Kyd's true memorial is not to be found in these slender and detached references. We must look for it in the influence of his work upon his contemporaries and successors both at home and abroad. The most important and difficult section of this subject the relation of the *Ur Hamlet* to Shakespeare's play has already been discussed. Another of Shakespeare's works *Titus*

Andronicus has a unique affinity to Kyd's writings and was as early as 1614 coupled with *The Spanish Tragedie* by Ben Jonson as stock examples of a style which had already become *vieux jeu* (cf p xxviii) The two plays are akin in subject technique versification and vocabulary The *Léitmotif* of either is a father's revenge and in both there are variations on the main theme Thus in *Titus Andronicus* the Gothic Queen Tamora's resolve to have retribution upon the Roman general for his sacrifice of her son Alarbus is the starting point of the action Hence she urges her other two sons to their hideous outrage upon Titus daughter Lavinia and procures the execution of Martius and Quintus on a false charge The result is the madness of Titus though as with Hieronimo there is method in it his frenzied imagination plays round the project of revenge and he is shrewd enough to see through the disguise of Tamora and her sons and to turn their mummery to their own destruction much as the Marshal makes an engine against his enemies of the performance which they had themselves proposed Paternal feeling shows its power in even so loathsome a figure as Aaron the Moor who saves his new born babe from death though its hue betrays the Queen's dishonour and who to save it a second time unfolds to Lucius Titus son the full record of his and his confederates villainies

Besides these kindred variations on the main theme of paternal love and anguish *Titus Andronicus* and *The Spanish Tragedie* contain a number of parallel episodes The feigned reconciliation between Saturninus and Titus brought about by Tamora (I 2 365-98) to facilitate her scheme of revenge reminds us of the similarly hypocritical scene between Hieronimo and Lorenzo—as also between Hamlet and Leartes in the First Quarto When Titus arranges a hunt in honour of the Emperor's marriage (II 2) he is playing something of the same part as Schroer has pointed out (*Uber Tit And* p 85) as Hieronimo when he entertains the King and the Portuguese Ambassador with his Misque in Act I The scene in II 3 where Chiron and Demetrius in a forest murder Bassianus and drag off his bride Lavinia resembles that in which Lorenzo and Balthazar murder Horatio in the bower and drag off his mistress Belimperia¹ Even more strikingly similar

Chi on te upts Lav ia s p of sts with the o rds, Nay th Ille stop
you mo th so Lorenzo cuts short Bel imperia's cries fo help with Come
stop her mouth

are the lamentations of the two wronged fathers at the flight of justice from earth and their conviction that she must be sought for underground. Thus Titus cries (IV iii 11-16)

You must d g with m tt ck and with spade
 And pierce the dmo t centr of th ea th
 Then when you come t Pluto a region
 I pray you deliver h m this petit n
 Tell him t is f r ju tice and for d
 And that t comes from old Andronicu

and again (IV iii 43-4)

I'll div i to the burning lake below
 And pluck he out of Acheron by the heels

With these lines may be compared the passage where Hieronimo speaks of finding a judge near the lake where Hell doth stand who will do justice for his son's death (III xii 8-13) or the later scene where he exclaims (III xiii 107-9)*

Though n this earth just ce willi ot be found
 He downe to hell and in this passion
 Knock t the d small gate of Plutes Court

The similarities between the two plays in vocabulary have been often pointed out and need not be enlarged upon. Emil Ritsenfeldt for instance, has collected some of the most striking and his list might be considerably increased. The classical quotations strewn through *The Spanish Tragedie* may be paralleled in *Titus Andronicus* which contains fragments from Seneca, Horace and Ovid.

These considerations have led some modern critics including Mr Lee (*Life of Shakespeare* p 165) to regard with favour the theory that *Titus Andronicus* is a work of Kyd touched up by Shakespeare. Edward Ravenscroft in 1678 stated that he had been told by some anciently conversant with the stage that it was not originally Shakespeare's but bought by a private author to be acted and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters. This is of course, a late and vague tradition against which must be set the testimony of Meres in 1598 and the inclusion of *Titus Andronicus* in the First Folio. But with Shakespeare's fondness for refurbishing the work of other men there is no *a priori* improbability in Ravenscroft's state-

* See L's Dissert zu *Der G & auch des Pronomens Artikel und Verbs bei Thema Kyd Anhang* pp 69, 70

ment and we know from Henslowe's *Diary* (p 24) that a piece *titus and vespacia* i.e probably *Titus and Vespasian* was performed by Lord Strange's men on April 11 1592 This piece of which an early German version is still extant, may have formed the basis of the *Titus Andronicus* which Henslowe mentions as being acted for the first time by the Earl of Sussex's men on January 23 1593-4 and which was entered on the Stationers Register to Danter on February 6

But was this *Titus Andronicus* the play that we know? Ben Jonson's allusion in *Bartholomew Fair* suggests a date at least five years earlier and the internal evidence of style and versification supports this If Shakespeare really adapted the play as late as 1594 the master touches from his hand must have been slight indeed

But all this is very uncertain and in any case I cannot accept the theory that Kyd was the private author (whatever Ravenscroft's curious phrase may mean) whose work Shakespeare is supposed to have reedited To begin with, even accepting January 1594 as the date of the assumed adaptation Kyd was still alive and would scarcely have permitted this—still less the entry of the revised version for publication Secondly in spite of all the points of similarity between *Titus Andronicus* and *The Spanish Tragedie* there is a significant difference of atmosphere in the two plays Kyd's drama it must be repeated though full of deeds of violence does not except in the culminating episode obtrude physical horrors and never glances at the grosser side of sexual relationships The darker features of the plot are relieved by polished and witty dialogue by flashes of keen psychological insight and by the introduction of sustained tragic irony Of all this there is nothing in *Titus Andronicus* It is a long drawn tissue of horrors accentuating the most repulsive aspects of murder outrage and mutilation To speak of it being in the style of Kyd is to ignore the highest elements of his art and to do him an injury only second to saddling him with *The First Part of Ieronimo* Even the redeeming merits of *Titus Andronicus* consist of qualities absent from Kyd's works There are fresh first hand touches of natural description of which the Cockhey dramatist was incapable and the versification is more elastic and vigorous than that of *The Spanish Tragedie* The massively barbaric figure of Aaron the Moor—a more powerful creation than Titus—is outlined with an

untutored strength somewhat beyond the scope of Kyd. Thus internal evidence suggests one of two conclusions as to the authorship of the play. Either it was written by the prentice hand of Shakespeare fresh from Stratford copying with crude exaggeration the superficial features of *The Spanish Tragedie* but missing its finer spirit though adding some new and distinctive traits or if Ravenscroft's statement is to be trusted the private author responsible for the original piece perhaps the *titus and vespasian* mentioned by Henslowe was a clumsy follower of Kyd, to whose work Shakespeare may have added a few master touches as late as 1594.

The influence of Kyd on other early plays of Shakespeare is less definitely measurable, and parallels in expression and situation may be due to common literary tendencies of the age. Yet the scene where Hieronimo dips his napkin in the blood of the murdered Horatio may well have influenced the episode in *3 Henry VI* I iv where Queen Margaret offers to the Duke of York the napkin stained with the blood of his youthful son Rutland. And Margaret's lamentations in Act V v over the body of her own son Edward the sweet plant untimely cropped echo the Marshal's wail for his sweet louely Rose ill pluckt before his time. In *Richard III* she haunts the background of the action insatiate for revenge till at last (IV iv 62) she is cloyed with beholding it and like Andreas' Ghost counts with ghoulish glee the death roll of her foes. *King John* contains a direct reference to a comic episode in *Soliman and Perseda* (cf. Note on *Sol and Pers* I iii 169-71) and Falstaff's ruminations on death and honour at Shrewsbury fight (*i Henry IV* V i and 3) echo in part those of Basilisco at Rhodes (V iii 63-95). In *2 Henry IV* V ii 47-9, where the newly ascended Henry V reassures his frightened brothers with the words

This is th' I glish not the Tu kish court
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds
But Harry H'rry

there may well be an allusion to Act I v 76-80 of the same play where Amurath kills his brother Haleb and is slain in turn by his other brother Sultan Soliman. In the Roman history group traces

Ritzenholtz in his Dissertation mentioned above (p lxxxii) states a number of passages as imitated by Shakespeare from Kyd where the resemblance is merely coincidental.

of Kyd's influence may also perhaps be found in a hitherto unsuspected quarter. Shakespeare with his keen interest in the decline and fall of the Republic is likely to have read *Cornelia* and the dialogue in Act IV 1 of that piece between Cassius and Decimus Brutus anticipates curiously in general spirit and at times even in expression that between Cassius and Marcus Brutus in *Julius Caesar* I ii 25-177. The character of Cassius as revealed here and in the interview with Casca I iii 41-130—a character of which only the barest hints are suggested by Plutarch—has its exact prototype in the Cassius of Garnier Kyd fiery yet shrewd envious of Caesar, yet full of a genuinely patriotic passion for liberty. When we add that in *Venus and Adonis* 397 there is a reminiscence of Hieronimo's naked bed that Don Pedro in *Much Ado about Nothing* quotes *The Spanish Tragedie* II i 3 (cf Note on the line) and that the garden love-duets in *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Merchant of Venice* recall in glorified form the interview between Horatio and Belimperia in the pleasant bower we realize that though Shakespeare in *The Taming of the Shrew* ridicules some notorious passages in *The Spanish Tragedie* (cf Notes on II v 1-12 III xi 31 and III xiv 118) yet his debt to Kyd is scarcely if at all less than to Marlowe himself.

Ben Jonson probably recognized the kindred relation of the two dramatists to their great successor when in the verses pre-fixed to the First Folio he classed them together in a single line as far outshone by him. This is the only place where he mentions sporting Kyd by name but he repeatedly ridicules his style as altogether out of date. Even in *Every Man in his Humour* (1597-8) written within three or four years of Kyd's death he takes up this superior attitude towards *The Spanish Tragedie* representing it as the favourite reading of the coxcomb Bobadill and the Town Gull Master Matew (I iv)—

eyes but few stains fraight with teares / there a a co celt / for / tis fraight with teares / O life / i / fe bittely founre of dath / another O world so world but nasse / f publ que wrongs / a thrid C : f : ed and fillle wth murder a d misdeeds / a soule O the mases / i t not cellent? Is t ot simply tle best tl at eve you heard captai? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob This go d

Bobdill and Mathew's critical peer is the theatrical *habitué* mocked at in the Induction to *Cynthia's Revels* (1600)

Another whom it hath ple sed nature to furn h with m re beard than brain pr nes hi must eao lips and i ith some scor of aff cte l oath swears down all that st bout him That the old Her v w as t was first acted w s the only beat and j d iously penn d play of E ope

In *The Poetaster* (1601) several notable passages from *The Spanish Tragedie* are singled out for ridicule¹ and as late as 1614 Jonson returns to the attack in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair* in the declaration already quoted that whoever will swear Ieronimo or Andromucus are the beat plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here as a man whose judgment shows it is constant and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years If Dekker is fo to be trusted—and there seems no reason for his inventing the statement—Jonson's familiarity with *The Spanish Tragedie* must have been gained by acting the heros part in a company of strolling players In *Satiromastix* (1602) Tucca cries to Horace who represents Ben (*Dekker's Works* (1873) vol 1 p 203) I ha seene thy shoulders lapt in a Platiers old cast Cloake like a Slie Knave as thou art and when thou ranst mad for the death of Horatio thou borrowedst a gowne of Roscius the stager and sentest it home lowsie didst not? and similarly (p 229) Thou hast forgot how thou ambled st in a leather pilch by a play wagon in the high way and took st mad Ieronimoes part to get service among the mimicks Probably Jonson had this early experience in mind when in *The Alchemist* (1610) he makes Face advise Dragger (IV 4)

Thou must borrow
A Spanish suit hast thou no credit with the playe s?
Hiero lmos old cl ak ruff and hat will serve

See Notes on II i 12 II 1 67-75 and II v 1-12 Lises a d phrases from the play are introduced in other of Jonson's dramas. In *The Alchemist* III ii Dol cries in mock-heroic fash on to Face Say Lor' Gene all how fares our C mpe (I 1 1) In *A T le of a Tub* III v Hung q uotes In time the stately ox an inaccurate vers on of the first half of II i 3 In *The New J* II i Fly uses the notorious Go by Heronimo in its stock application as an expression of impatience (of Note on III xii 31)

Jonson's impersonation of the Marshal may have suggested to Henslowe the idea of getting him to make additions to Kyd's play. The transaction is recorded in his *Diary* (pp. 201 and 223) in two entries, referring apparently to earlier and later sets of additions:

Le t to M Ali yn the 25 of Septembr 1601 to le d into Bengemen Johnson nro h s wrt ge of hi d clions i Geronymo, the some of x xx⁴.

Lent u to bengemy Johnsone at the ap yntment of E Alley nd Wm Birde the 24 of June 1602 in earnest of b ocke called Richard crockbacke and for new dicyons for Iernymo the some f x¹

In the same year as this second entry an enlarged edition of *The Spanish Tragedie* appeared with the title page THE | Spanish Tragedie | containing the lament | tible end of *Don Horatio* and *Bel imperia* | with the pittifull death of olde | Hieronemo | Newly corrected amended and enlarged with | new additions of the Painters part and | others as it hath of late been | diuers times acted || Imprinted at London by W(illiam) W(hite) for | T Pauer and are to be sole at the | signe of the Catte and Parrats | neare the Exchange | 1602

The play in its revised form at once obtained a new lease of public favour and editions poured rapidly from the press. The 1602 quarto was soon followed by another with an identical title-page but with numerous variants in the text and with the colophon Imprinted by W W for T Pauer | 1603. The discrepancy in the dates of the title-page and colophon is probably due to the quarto having been begun almost at the close of 1602 and not finished till the early part of the following year.

A similar discrepancy occurs in the next issue. The title is THE | Spanish Tragedie | containing the lament | able end of *Don Horatio* and *Bel imperia* | with the pittifull death of old | Hieronemo | Newly corrected amended and enlarged with | new additions of the Painters part and | other *(sic)* as it hath of late been | divers times acted || Imprinted at London by W White 1610. The colophon runs, At London printed for Thomas Pauer | 1611. The discrepancy in this case seems to be due to the quarto having been printed in two sections at different times for sheets H and following from Act III xii 23 to the end of the play are distinguished by inferior type and paper.

By 1615 the copyright had changed hands, and the title page

of the issue in that year is for the first time embellished with a woodcut illustrating Horatios murder and runs in this somewhat modified form The Spanish Tragedie | OR | Hieronimo is mad againe | containing the lamentable end of *Don Horatio* and | *Belimperia* with the pittifull death of *Hieronimo* | Newly corrected amended and enlarged with new | Additions of the *Painters* part and others as | it hath of late been diuers times acted. | <Woodcut> LONDON | Printed by W White for I White and T Langley | and are to be sold at their Shop ouer against the | Sarazens head without New gate 1615

Another edition appeared in 1618 the only change in the title being the substitution of John for William White as the printer for T Langley In 1623 there was a further issue with two alternative title pages one stating that copies are Printed by *Augustine Mathewes* and are to bee sold by | *Thomas Langley* at his Shop ouer against the Sarazens head without Newgate 1623 the other that they are Printed by *Augustine Mathewes* and are to be sold by | *John Grismand* at his Shop in Pauls Alley at the Signe | of the Gunne 1623 The last of this long series of Quartos appeared in 1633 printed again by *Augustine Mathewes* but now for *Francis Grove* and to bee sold at his Shoppe neere the Sarazens Head | vpon Snow hill 1633¹

The only extant copy of the 1602 Quarto in the Bodleian Sheets M and M 2 (Act IV lv 186 to the end of the play) are missing and have been replaced by an exceedingly close MS imitation of type though not necessarily of the original text of this Q a to Of the 1602 3 Quarto there is also only one accessible copy in the Duke of Devonshire's Library at Chatsworth tho' mention is made of another copy not now discoverable wanting the title page and sheet F torn with the photograph of Owe Feltham Of the 1610 11 Quarto there are copies in the British Museum the Bodleian and at Chatsworth besides a fourth copy with the imprint cut off (cf Ha 1 tis *Bibl Collector and Notes* 3rd series p 134) Of the 1615 Quarto there are copies in the British Museum and at Chatsworth and another in the library of Trinity College Cambridge which for the imprint Printed by W White for I White and T Langley and are to be sold &c substitutes Printed by W White, and are to be sold by I White and T Langley &c Of the 1618 Quarto there are copies in the Bodleian at Chatsworth at South Kensington (Dyce Collection) and in the Town Library at Danzig Of Langley's issue of the 1623 Quarto there is a unique copy in M Alfred Huth's library and in Grismand's there are two, in the British Museum and at Chatsworth Of the 1633 Quarto there are numerous copies in the British Museum the Bodleian, and other libraries. For some of these details I am

This rapid succession of editions proves the popularity of the play in its revised form and Henslowe's entries seem decisive as to Ben Jonson's authorship of the interpolations. Yet this has been doubted on purely internal evidence. Charles Lamb who printed some of the Additions in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Writers* (1808) declared that they were the very salt of the old play. There is nothing, he continues in the undoubted plays of Jonson which would authorize us to suppose that he could have supplied the scenes in question. I should suspect the agency of some more potent spirit. Webster might have furnished them. They are full of that wild solemn preternatural cast of grief which bewilders us in *The Duchess of Malfi*. At a later date Edward Fitzgerald wrote in a similar strain. Nobody knows who wrote this one scene (III xi A) it was thought Ben Jonson who could no more have written it than I who read it for what else of his is it like? Whereas Webster one fancies might have done it. Coleridge looked to an even higher source when he declared (*Table Talk*, p. 191) that the parts pointed out in *Hieronimo* as Ben Jonson's bear no traces of his style but are very like Shakespeare's. That the Additions are unlike Jonson's other work cannot be denied and it is possible that having contracted with Henslowe to revise Kyd's play he may have sub let the task to some fellow dramatist. Yet his reiterated and spleenetic attacks upon the style of *The Spanish Tragedie* as it was first acted suggest a personal motive for belittling it which his authorship of the Additions would supply. And as J. A. Symonds has pointed out (*Ben Jonson* (1886) p. 15) the scenes may have been written before Jonson had settled down to his distinctively classical manner.

They consist of II v 46-97 III ii 65-74 III xi 2-50 III 12 A IV iv 168-217 and whoever they are by they fully deserved their great popularity. But to call them as Lamb has done the very salt of the play is to apply a fundamentally wrong canon of criticism to a dramatic work. The salt of *The Spanish Tragedie* is not to be found in specimen passages but in

indebted to Schick's list in his *preface to The Spanish Tragedy* pp. xx xxx and to W. W. Greg's *A List of English Plays* pp. 60-1 (1900).

Letter of Edward Fitzgerald to George Keble (1895) p. 63. Quoted by Dr. A. W. Ward in his *History of English Drama* (2nd edition 1899) p. 305 note.

the evolution of its elaborate and admirably devised plot. Hence the Additions, striking as they are in themselves, are excrescences on an organic structure. Thus the lines inserted in Act II which represent Hieronimo as going mad immediately after he finds his son's murdered body are a sop to a debased theatrical taste. Kyd shows a finer instinct when he makes the Marshal's frenzy the result of his long drawn agony and baffled yearning for revenge. In III ii Hieronimo's answer to Lorenzo's proffer of service

In t oth my lord ¶ i a th ng of nothing
The m rder of son or so—
A thing of oshng my lord

is a fine piece of irony—though entirely unlike the Sophoclean irony of Kyd—but it is dramatically inappropriate as the Marshal's scheme of vengeance would be frustrated by any such premature revelation of his suspicions to his arch foe. Even in III xi his outburst to the two Portugals is a barefaced interpolation unlike his original riot of sombre fancy in the same Scene concerning Lorenzo's abode in Hell which is directly prompted by the stranger's inquiry as to his whereabouts. Yet in itself this Addition is perhaps the most masterly abstract of a prodigal son's progress ever penned against which Horatio's model career stands out in luminous relief. But it was in Scene xi A of this Act that the reviser whether Jonson or another reached his highest level. The peculiar imaginative irony of which he has the secret is here used with consummate art. We see Hieronimo at midnight revisiting the fatal bower with attendant torch bearers whom yet he rates for not lighting their torches—

At the m d of noone
When as the Sun God rides n all his glorie
Night is mu derou slut
That wold not haue her treaso to be seene

We hear him tell his wife that he is 'very merry very merry beside the tree which he set of a kernel and sprinkled with fountain water so that—

It grew and g ew and bore and bore
Till at the length
It grew a gallows and did ha our son:
It bore thy fruit and mine

Then comes the climax in the dialogue with the Painter which

figures in all the seventeenth century title-pages as a particular attraction. Yet this dialogue is in conception a replica of that between the Marshal and old Bazulto in the next Scene and the latter episode has far greater dramatic plausibility. For while Bazulto comes with other petitioners to Hieronimo's house to beg for justice on his son's murderers the Painter Bazardo is grotesquely introduced on a similar errand at midnight in the blood stained bower.¹ But all this is forgotten as we read Hieronimo's instructions to his visitor for the painting of Horatio's murder and its discovery by himself. In the design for this unparalleled night-piece Elizabethan romantic art achieves one of its supreme triumphs. And Kyd must so far share the glory of it with his reviser that the details are plainly inspired by memories of the murder scene itself upon the stage. It is hard to believe that the same hand was responsible for this magnificent interpolation and for the very inferior Additions in Act IV iv where Hieronimo at the close of his long Apologia instead of preserving harmless silence flings undignified and heartless taunts at his foes.

Apart from his relation to the two protagonists of Elizabethan drama abundant traces remain of the familiarity of playwrights great and small with Kyd's writings. The first among these to show incontestable evidence of his influence is the anonymous author of *Arden of Feversham* printed in 1592 the same year as Kyd's *Murder of John Brewen* which deals with a not dissimilar bourgeois tragedy. This fact, and the similarity of certain lines and phrases in the play and in *The Spanish Tragedie* have even suggested the conjecture that *Arden of Feversham* is from Kyd's pen. Such a theory would need far more convincing arguments than these for its support and the piece is as a whole too nakedly realistic too free as the Epilogue claims from filed points to be in his distinctive vein. Yet in the cadence and diction of many passages and in the combination of lyrically

The writer in *The Atheneum* mentioned above (p xxvii note) finds in the inclusion of both these interviews proof that the 1602 and later Quartos add very slight editorial care if any. It is certain that both should not be given but they are there. The play thus becomes in a intelligent mingle-mangle. Of the mingle-mangle there is no doubt but as the Additions were intended chiefly to satisfy the popular craving to see more of Hieronimo in his lunacy I have little doubt that both Scenes were acted.

elaborate verse-structure with colloquial directness of speech *Arden of Feversham* recalls the manner of Kyd far more nearly than that of Shakespeare to whom it has been often groundlessly attributed. And one episode in it at least is palpably inspired by *The Spanish Tragedie*. When Michael Arden's servant is waiting at night to betray his master to the villains Black Will and Shakebag he is overcome by horrible anticipations of how they will murder himself as well and he suddenly shrieks (III i 85-6)

Ah M ster Frankl n help!
Call on the ne ghlours, or we are but dead
_o

Thereupon Franklin and Arden who have been abed rush in

Frank What dismal out ry calls me from my rest?
Arden What hath occasi ned such a fearf l cry?
Spe k Michael hath any inju ed thee?

The imitation here of *The Spanish Tragedie* II iv 62-3 and v 1-4 is so transparent that it is almost sufficient of itself to prove that Kyd could not have written the anonymous play.

In the Induction to another piece of the same genre *A Warning for Faire Women* (1599) there is a satirical catalogue of the stock incidents in dramas of Kyd's semi-Senecan type

How some damn l tyrant to obta e a c owne
St bs hange mp ys ons, smothers, cutteth throats
A d then Chorus t o comes howli g in
A d tells s of the w rryng of a cat.
Then a fith e whining ghost
Lapt in some f yle sheete or a leather pilch
Comes skre ming like paggio halfe stickt
And cries *Vindicta! reuenge! uenge!*

A species rather than a single play is ridiculed here but the lines would fit the *Ur-Hamlet* where as we know from Lodge the Ghost cried reuenge. Possibly however there is a confused reminiscence of *The Spanish Tragedie* where the Ghost never cries *Vindicta* nor even reuenge but where Hieronimo uses the Latin phrase (III xii 1) Ben Jonson perhaps intentionally commits the same error in *The Poetaster* where when burlesquing a number of passages in *The Spanish Tragedie* he makes Tucca order the two Pyrgos to act the Ghost 'whereupon they cry alternately *Vindicta! Timoria! Vindicta! Timoria!* And oddly enough Jonson's enemy Dekker carries on the mistake when in his tract *The Seven Deadly Sinnen of London* (1606) he speaks of the

'Ghost in *Ieronimo* crying Reuenge Dekker's mention of industrious Kyd in another tract *A Knight's Conuring* has already been noticed and also his allusions in *Satiromastix* to Jonson's performance of Hieronimo. This play contains some other interesting references to Kyd's works. Tucca (*Dekker's Works* 1873 vol 1 p 218) calls Widow Miniver my smug Bel imperia and later (p 229) he almost certainly alludes to the *Ur Hamlet* when he says My name's *Hamlet Revenge* thou hast been at Parris garden hast not? Horace answers Yes Captaine I ha plaid Zulziman there a reference as Ward points out (*English Dram Lit* vol 1 p 311 note) to *Soliman and Perseda*. A more unmistakeable reference occurs later when Tucca salutes the king as great Sultane Soliman. Some instances of the way in which Dekker uses the catchwords Go by Hieronimo are given in the Note on *The Spanish Tragedie* III xi 31. Other Notes illustrate the familiarity of Beaumont and Fletcher Nathaniel Field Thomas Heywood and James Shirley with notable passages in the play (cf Notes on I 1-5 II 1 1-10 II v 1-12 and III ii 24-5). Less conspicuous Jacobean dramatists show equal readiness to make theatrical capital by travestying or imitating episodes in Kyd's masterpiece. Thus Frederick Barry in *Ram Alley* (1611) v 1 weaves into his plot a grotesque reproduction of the famous scene at the close of the second Act. A disappointed suitor Boutcher hearing that the rich widow Taffata is to marry his rival Sir Oliver Small-Shanks hangs himself up outside her door. His true-love Constantia who is with him in a page's disguise calls help help murther murther! Hereupon William Small Shanks, Sir Oliver's son rushes out with ll 1 and 4 of *The Spanish Tragedie* II v on his lips. He then quotes ll 9-12 garbled as follows

Wh t s here?
A man ha ged vp and all the mu therers gone
And t my door to lay th guilt me
11 place was made to please e tizens wiues
A d t to hang vp lonest gentlemen

When Taffata comes forth he addresses her with ll 36-7 and on Constantia calling out that Boutcher stirs and wants breath he cries

Is there yet lfe Horatio my dea boy?

and continues with a slightly adapted version of ll 28-9

Other situations from *The Spanish Tragedie* are reproduced in W. Smith's *The Hector of Germanie* (1613) though here incidents rather than dialogue are borrowed. Thus in imitation of 'II i 40 ff' old Fitzwaters bids his steward reveal with whom his son is in love and when he hesitates offers to kill him. He then learns that it is Florimell Lord Clynton's daughter whom he wishes to win himself. Afterwards there is a dialogue between the lovers in a garden and the two fathers steal in and overhear them. This is a blending of features from Act II Scenes 1 and 4 while young Fitzwaters on discovering the intruders echoes Belimperia's cry (II iv 50) in the words 'Sweet we are betray'd.'

Besides London playwrights and playgoers there was another section of society in which Kyd's works attracted special attention. Some wit reared at Cambridge was responsible for *The First Part of Jeronimo* (cf. Note on II iii 9) and a few years earlier a resident member of that University a humorist of rare gifts had parodied Kyd's mannerisms in the happiest style. In the Hall of St John's College at dates ranging from 1598 to 1603 was produced in successive parts the *Parnassus Trilogy* a comical satire on contemporary academic and literary life woven round the main thread of the adventures of the scholars Philomusus and Studioso on their way to and from Parnassus Hill. The two pilgrims discourse chiefly in verse and the utterances of Studioso are throughout in the distinctively sententious *larmoyant* vein of Kyd and his school. Sarrazin to whom belongs the credit of first emphasizing the importance of the *Parnassus Trilogy* in its relation to Kyd has collected a large number of parallels between Studioso's speeches and passages in the dramatist's works (cf. *Th. Kyd und sein Kreis* pp. 89-91); additions might be made to his list. Thus in Part II of the Trilogy II i 783 (Macray's edition 1886) when ragged pedants haue their passports sealde is a partial echo of *The Spanish Tragedie* I i 54 as is IV i 1373 'Come let us caste our cards before wee goe of *The Spanish Tragedie*' I ii 140. Nor could Kyd's platinarian strain of moralizing be more skilfully travestied than in II i 620 ff.

Phil What shall wee doe in this adversitie?

Stud We must make profit of necessarie

Phil When thinkest thou better fortune will begin?

Stud I ne're sawe winter but a springe came in

VII KYD'S INFLUENCE AND REPUTATION xciii

Phil G t I my pence by digg ge of the carthe?
Stud Ey! so the planets raignd at thy birthe

Phil I faith Studioso, th s dull patience of thine angers mee! Why can a man be g lde by povetie f ee spirits subjected to base fo tu e and put it up like a Stoick?

It is thus highly fitting that when in Part III IV in 1842 ff Burbage is testing Studioso's capacities for the stage he should tell him I think your voice would serue for *Hieronimo* obserue how I act it and then imitate mee Whereupon the scholar begins

Who calls *Hieronimo* from his naked bed?

and is told he will do well after a while But while thus recognizing Studioso as a mouthpiece of Kyd's distinctive ideas and style we may stop considerably short of identifying him as Sarrazin has done (*The Kyd* &c p 92) with the dramatist himself His chief argument in favour of this besides the points mentioned above is the striking similarity between some speeches of Studioso and portions of Nash's attack on the author of the *Ur Hamlet* Thus Nash's sneer at Seneca's famisht followers who if intreated fair in a frostie morning will supply hand fulls of tragical speeches seems echoed in Studioso's lament (Part II I 1 89 ff)

Fie coosning arts! is this the meede you yelde
 T y ur leane followers your pal ed gho ts
 We fool sh wee ha e sacrificed o youth
 At youre couldie ltars verie wnters morne
 Our ba eki g tomack h had slender f re

Nash's further flout at the candle-stuff of these worthies may similarly be responsible for Studioso's lament (Part III IV in 1930 ff) that so many activeable wits —

S ts now immur'd within their pri ate cells
 Drinking long lank watching candles smoke
 Spend g the marrow of thei flowring ge
 In f uitless port g o some w me ate le fe

Again in Part I v 643-5 Ingenioso who as Professor Hales was the first to point out (*The Academy* 1887 I p 193), often talks in phrases drawn from Nash's works counsels the pilgrims thus

T me home agai t les you mea e to be vacu v atores an l to e rse y
 wittles! ades n you e oulde age fo taking themselv s to no better t ades in
 there yonthe.

Here again there might well be a reminiscence of Nash's gibe at the companions that runne through every vt and thrue by none who leauie the trade of *Nouerint* whereto they were borne and busie themselves with the indeuors of art Studioso in fact says of himself and his friend in Nash's words that they run 'through every trade yet thrue by none' (Part III II 1 567) The expression is however proverbial and recurs later on the lips of Philomusus (V iv 2132) When again Studioso says of Fortune Part II (IV 1 1294) that she hath more whips in store for him he may be merely using another phrase that had become current but its source is almost certainly the *Ur-Hamlet* (cf *Sq Tr* III ii 43 Note) Finally when Studioso cries (Part III I iv 404)

Ile scorne the world that scorneth me againe
and Philomusus retorts

Thy lame revenging power the world well weenes
the sarcasm seems aimed at the creator of Hamlet or Hieronimo

All this is certainly remarkable and may count as one of the many links in the chain of evidence that connects Kyd with the authorship of the *Ur-Hamlet* But it is far from warranting the actual identification of Studioso with Kyd or the attempt to extract from the *Parnassus* Trilogy materials for his biography There is no evidence that he had ever been at Cambridge much less at Rome or Rhodes (Part III I iv 398) and the closing episodes of his career which were unknown when Sarrazin worked out his able argument make personal references to him in these Christmas toys in the highest degree improbable

If the author of the *Parnassus* Trilogy used his intimate knowledge of Kyd's writings to give a skilful burlesque of his style another contemporary Cambridge playwright paid him the less equivocal tribute of lavish and undisguised imitation For *Wily Beguiled* printed in 1606 but written some years earlier is evidently the work of an enthusiastic Cantab and was primarily addressed to an academic audience Its hero Sophos is a breezy representative of a type dear to the University imagination—the poor scholar who defeats a wealthy rival in the struggle for a maiden's hand and heart The two dramatists for whom the author had evidently a whole-hearted admiration were Shakespeare and Kyd He imitates closely episodes and

speeches in *The Merchant of Venice* and *Romeo and Juliet* while the influence of *The Spanish Tragedie* is patent on every page of the work. Once only does he seek to parody a passage from Kyd's play. It is in Robin Goodfellow's account of his mother's experiences—a counterpart to those of Andrea—in the underworld (Dodsley Hazlitt's *Old Plays* IX p. 308)

As she liv'd t length she likewise died
And so her good deeds went unto the d ill
But hell not wont to h rbour such a gret
Her fellow fiends do d illy make complaint
Unt grim Pl to a d his lady queen
Of her unruly misb h vnu
Entreating that p report might be drawn
To h to nder till the d y of doom
O eath g n t the mnd f me
T this tent he pas po t stra ght w s draw

With this exception Kyd's play is not travestied but is used as a quarry for dialogue and plot by his admirer. A number of these borrowings are illustrated by Sarrazin (*Thomas Kyd, &c.*, pp. 76-7) and the list might be increased. But the noticeable point is that they come chiefly from the sentimental not the tragic scenes of the earlier piece. The wooing of Sophos and Leila with its nocturnal elopement is closely modelled on that of Horatio and Belimperia though here it is necessary for Sophos to take the part of Balthazar as eavesdropper at an interview between his mistress and a rival suitor Churms. Thus *Wily Beguiled* like *The Hector of Germanie* suggests that the popularity of *The Spanish Tragedie* was due more to the love intrigue in the earlier Acts than has been hitherto recognized.

A later University playwright to make capital out of Kyd's play though merely in the way of parody was J. Tomkis author of *Alburnazar* a comedy performed before James I at Cambridge on March 9 1614-5 by the gentlemen of Trinity College. One of his allusions gives the names of the London theatres at one or both of which *The Spanish Tragedie* was to be seen. For Trincalo a farmer about to plead for the favour of the maid Armellina declares (II i.)

I will conf and her with complements drawn from the pl ie I see at the
F o t e and Red Bull wh re I le e all the words I speake and understand
not

He then after some high flown phrases of compliment recites (cf. *Sp Tr* III ii. 1-3)

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O lips, no lips, but leaves besmear'd with mel-dew
 O dew o dew but d ops of Honey combs
 O combes, o combe b t fountaines f ll of te res

Later in the piece when Trincalo to serve his landlord's purposes has adopted the disguise of Don Antonio and therein gone through various adventures he adds another to the copious parodies of the Ghost's opening lines (*Alburnasor* V 6)

When this transformed substance of my carcass
 Dill e imp lsond in a wanton hogh ad
 My n me w s Dan Aiton o and th t title
 Preserud my life and cha g'd my s it of clothes

And that fifteen years afterwards another famous episode in *The Spanish Tragedie* was familiar to Cambridge audiences is plain from Randolph's allusion in his *Conceited Pedlar* (cf *Sp Tr* II v 1-12 note) which forms part of a University show

But it is not only in plays whether by professional or amateur dramatists that signs of Kyd's influence are to be found. There is extant a singular poem printed in 1604 *The Vnmasking of a feminine Machiavell* by one Thomas Andrewe who relates his own experiences under the thin disguise of hapless Andrea. In one part of his long lament he describes a battle at Nauport on January 22 1600 between the Duke of Brabant's forces and the Dutch. This contest in which he took part is narrated in phrases borrowed in the main from the Lord General's speech in *The Spanish Tragedie* I ii 22-84. Compare, for instance, with ll 22-5 the following lines

When now b th armes o the even sand
 W re come in sight and pro dly took thei stands
 Then all the Reginne ts of eithe side
 Wer ng d n order neere the su ly tide
 B th furnisht well both rich in the array

or with ll 57-8 and 63-4

So ldiers some sl ne outright s me deadly torme
 From the thick prease confusedly are borne
 In th Armies both w s hope whilst unto neyther
 P ou d Victory endin d bit f uo r'd eyther
 With v ro s fortu es f ll three bloudy howers
 Endur'de the stern ge of these warlike powers

In a later part of the work he introduces a picture of the underworld for which he borrows suggestions from the Induction to the play

A humbler poetic effort inspired by *The Spanish Tragedie* is the ballad reprinted as Appendix II to the present volume. At least seven editions of it appeared between 1599 and 1638 (cf. Mr Lee's Article on Kyd in *Dict of Nat Biography* xxxi p 350) The edition of which copies remain is undated but as it is illustrated by the woodcut which figures for the first time on the title page of the 1615 quarto it was doubtless printed later than this. So bald a production even when sung to the tune of Queen Dido can scarcely one imagines have worked on its hearers so powerfully as the performances referred to in 1620 by Thomas May in the opening scene of *The Heir* (cf. Dodsley Hazlitt's *Old Plays* xi p 514)

Roscio Ha not y u lordship seen
A player pe son to Hieronimo?
Ply st By th m ss t a t ne I h e seen the kn e pa t g lef
I such a v ly colour that for f ls
And acted p ssi le h s drawn true tea s
From the spectators Ladies i the boxes
Kept t me with sigh and tears t h sad ceants
As he had tr ly been the man h seemed

It must have been one of these ladies a person of good rank concerning whom Braithwaite in his *English Gentlewoman* (1631) tells the shocking anecdote that on her deathbed she refused all spiritual consolations and kept crying out Hieronimo Hieronimo O let me see Hieronimo acted! Such a scandalous example of unregeneracy *in extremis* was not wasted on Prynne who retailed the story with unctuousness in *Histrionastix* (1633) fol 556 a But that Prynne's warnings fell on deaf ears is plain from the familiarity with the play presupposed by Thomas Rawlins in *The Rebellion* (1640) v 1 where in a scene perhaps inspired by *A Midsummer Night's Dream* four tailors discuss what play to act before the King of Spain

- 1 Wh t y y u t ir Spanish B lbo?
- 3 Who? Ie o m ?
- 1 I
- 3 That he w s m d sc ll to st b himself
- 7 But sh ll wee act him?
- 2 I let us d h m
- 3 Doe ga ne h
- 2 No no let us act him
- 3 I am c nte t

- 1 Who sh ll act the Ghost?
 3 Why marry that will I—I Virmine
 1 Thou dost ot looke like Ghost
 3 A little Players deceite *(a d)* flower will doe't M ke me 'Ca
 rehearse m ke me rehe rse some
 When this eternall substance of the soule
 Did hue impr so d in my wanton flesh
 I was Tayler in the Cou t of Sp ine
 2 Courtier Virmine in the Co rt of Spa ne
 3 I there's a great many Courtiers Virmi e i deed those are they beg
 poore mens ill ngs. But I say Tayler Vermine is a Court Tayler
 2 Who shall act Ieronimo?
 3 That w ll I Marke if I doe not gape wider than the widest mouth d
 Fowler of them all hang me
 Who calls Jeromimo f om his naked bed? haugh!
 Now for the p assionate p rt—
 Al s it is my sonne Horatio!
 1 Very fine but who shall act Horatio?
 2 I who shall doe you're sonne?
 3 What doe doe againe? Well I will act Horatio
 2 Why you are h s fathre
 3 Pay who is f tie to act the so o than the f ther that begot l m
 1 Who sh ll act Pr os Belthazar and the Ki g?
 3 I will doe P ino Belthazar too and for the King who but I? which of
 you all h s such a face for a King or such a leg to trip up the heels of
 a Trayte ?
 2 Y u will doe all I thi ke
 3 Yes marry will I wh but Virmine? yet I will leue all to pl y the
 King P sse by Ieronimo
 2 Then you ar for the King?
 3 I truly I
 1 Lets g e seek our fellowes and to this geere
 3 Come on then

How odd to find Bottom translated afresh into the shape of Vermine, ready with Protean genius to play every part in *The Spanish Tragedie* king and prince, father and son! And the last of the many links between Kyd and Shakespeare is found in the same year 1640, in some verses by Richard Goodridge which run

Were thy tory f as much direful woe
 As that of Juliet and Ieronimo
 Here's that would cure you

But in the November of this year the Long Parliament met and amidst the stern realities of the political and later the armed, conflict men forgot for a time the woes of heroes and heroines of

the stage. And with a new Stuart king came new literary and dramatic ideals and the generation that found it needful to adapt Shakespeare forgot almost the very names of Marlowe and of Kyd.

Yet here and there even in the Restoration age, there were critics of antiquated taste who could proclaim like Charles Cotton in the Prologue to his *The Scoffer Scroffed* (1675)

Old tales a d songs and a old j st
Our stomach easily digest
And of all 11 ys Hieronymo s the best.

But Edward Phillips Milton's nephew who in the same year published his *Theatrum Poetarum* did not know that Kyd was author of the play which he ascribed to an imaginary William (really Wentworth) Smith. Of Kyd himself he writes somewhat vaguely (*Theatrum Poetarum* vol. 1 edited by Sir Egerton Brydges 1800 pp 205–6) that he seems to have been of pretty good esteem for versifying in former times. There is particularly remembered his tragedy *Cornelia*. William Winstanley in his *Lives of the English Poets* (1687) repeated the views of Phillips and Langbaine though he speaks of Phillips and Winstanley as mistaken in ascribing *Hieronymo* to Smith it being an anonymous play (*Dramatick Poets* 1691 p 489) only refers to it briefly (p 535) as having been divers times acted and a source of quotations to several authors. He calls Kyd (p 316) an Ancient writer or rather Translator in the time of Queen Elizabeth who wrote *Cornelia* of which he gives a brief account.

But it was the peculiar fortune of *The Spanish Tragedie* that when banished from its native stage it retained its popularity undiminished in other lands. Within a few years of its production in London it had been carried across the seas by the travelling companies of English actors. We hear of a performance of the *erschreckliche Spanische Tragoedia* at Frankfurt on the Main in 1601 (cf. *Angha*, 1883 II p 15). At Dresden on June 6 and 19 1626 an English company played a *Comoedia vom König in Spanien und dem Viceroy in Portugal* (i.e. probably a lost fore-piece to *The Spanish Tragedie* or the extant *First Part of Hieronimo*) and on June 28 a *Tragoedia von Hieronimo Marschall in Spanien*. In 1651 in the répertoire of the Court Company at Prague was included a piece *Von dem jämmerlichen und niemals*

INTRODUCTION

erhorten Mord in Hispania and at Luneburg (1660) we hear of one called *Von Don Hieronimo Marschall in Spanien* On another list of plays belonging to the first years of the eighteenth century is found *Der tolle marschalk aus Spanien* (cf Creizenach *Die Schauspiele der Englischen Komodianten* pp xxxv ff)

One of the earliest copies of the play brought to Germany must have fallen into the hands of Jacob Ayrer of Nurnberg whose dramatic activity extends from 1593 till his death in 1605 It was probably about midway between these dates that Ayrer wrote his adaptation of *The Spanish Tragedie* the *Tragoedia von dem Griegischen Keyser zu Constantinopel und seiner Tochter Pelimperia mit dem gehengten Horatio* which is printed as Appendix III to this volume It was at any rate based upon the unrevised text of the play without the Additions and perhaps the higher qualities of Kyd's art are most fully revealed by a comparison of the adaptation with its original For in Ayrer's version while the melodramatic episodes of *The Spanish Tragedie* are refined the skilful portraiture the poetic embellishment the pathos, the irony all disappear The Seneca machinery of Andrea's Ghost and Revenge is summarily swept away as is also the narrative speech of the Lord General who however as Ernestus der Hauptman winds up the play with a moralizing Epilogue The venue of the action is shifted to Constantinople perhaps as has been suggested not to implicate the Spanish Court so closely related to the House of Hapsburg in such sanguinity proceedings Yet with frank inconsistency the incidents of the Portuguese war are retained though the 'Vice Roy and the scenes at his Court disappear The Duke of Castile too necessarily vanishes and thus Laurentius and Pelimperia become the children of the Keyser or (as he is called throughout the play) König Amuratus Pelimperia is given a *confidante* in Philomena and the relative importance of the princely actors in the story is greatly increased Thus the Marshal Malignus, as he is rechristened is thrust into a subordinate place and in the first three of the six short Acts in Ayrer's version his appearances are few and short while his wife Isabella vanishes altogether Even in the later Acts his frenzied agony is so feebly rendered that he is scarcely recognizable as the hero of Kyd's tragedy The conversations that precede the performance of the Marshal's play are narrowly curtailed and shorn

of all their ironic significance. But the play itself is elaborated and modified. Balthazar is still the Turkish Soldan and Laurentius the Knight of Rhodes but Pelimperia becomes the Soldan's sister and the Marshal the König aus Babylonia. The King wants to marry the Soldan's sister who is wooed also by the Knight. The royal suitor stabs his rival and then lends the lady his dagger to use against her brother who has thwarted her plans of marriage. All this is worked out on somewhat independent lines and there are other parts of the play in which Ayrer shows some inventive faculty as in the introduction of Jahn der Narr and of some novel details in the episodes of the Watch and of the drey Supplicanten. But not even the harshest critic of Kyd is likely to dissent from a modern German scholar's verdict
Wie ein schales Puppenspiel steht Ayrer's Tragodie neben der englischen

A later German version of *The Spanish Tragedie* is Kaspar Stieler's *Bellempere* printed at Jena in 1680. It is in prose except the Choruses at the end of the Acts in one of which the figures of Venus, Alekto, Tisifone and Megara appear. Comic Scenes are interpolated introducing the figures of Skaramutra and Gillette. There is an Epilogue, with Nemesis as the Schluss Sangerin. Stieler's piece, however, is of minor interest as it is not adapted from *The Spanish Tragedie* direct but from a Dutch version of the play for in Holland Kyd's drama gained a popularity even greater than in Germany and more enduring than in the very land of its birth.

The earliest manifestation of this must be counted amongst the most remarkable of the curiosities of literature. In 1615 there was published at Antwerp by one Everaert Syceram of Brussels a translation in *ottava rima* of the first twenty three Cantos of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. But Syceram as he tells his readers omitted certain portions not likely to interest them and replaced them by something of his own in which elocative phrase he included a narrative version of the main part of *The Spanish Tragedie*. It is interpolated in sections of which the first begins at stanza 31 of Canto III and occupies about thirty stanzas which cover the incidents of Act I scenes i-iv. The later sections occur in Canto VII stanzas 51-7 XIII 60-74 XIV 3-37 XV 18-36 XIX 107-124 XXI 69-94. They carry on the story of the plot till the opening of Act III sc x and further sections seem to

have been included in a second unpublished part of Syceram's work

Six years later appeared the first Dutch dramatic version of Kyd's play written by Adriaen van den Bergh and published under the title of *Jeronimo* at Utrecht on May 6 1621. Van den Bergh who also adapted the kindred piece *Titus Andronicus* must have had before him one of the enlarged Quarts of *The Spanish Tragedie* as he introduces the dialogue between Hieronimo and the Painter Like Ayrer he uses rhymed couplets and like him he omits the Induction and the Lord General's speech. On the other hand he introduces a novel Senecan feature of his own in the shape of Horatio's ghost which appears in Act III. A different addition is an interlude containing the Flemish figures of Marr Slot-toffels and Kees Achterlam.

But Van den Bergh's piece was supplanted in popular favour by a later anonymous version of *The Spanish Tragedie* entitled *Don Jeronimo Marschalk von Spanye* of which the first edition dates from 1638.⁶ Its author must have known Van den Bergh's play for he follows him in altering Lorenzo's name to Don Pedro though he complicates matters by calling the Prince of Portugal Don Iorenzo instead of Baithazar. He also like his predecessor omits the Induction² and the Lord General's speech and brings in the ghost of Horatio of which he ingeniously makes use to get round the weakest point in Kyd's plot construction. For in *The Spanish Tragedie* III ii 23 there is no explanation of how the imprisoned Bel-imperia contrives to send to Hieronimo the letter written with her own blood. But in the Dutch play Horatio's ghost appears to her while she is writing receives the letter and afterwards drops it beside the Marshal while he is asleep. On waking, Hieronimo finds the letter reads it and utters a long soliloquy. In the length and frequency of such soliloquies

See J A Worp's interesting article *Das Fabel der Spanish Tragedy : eine niederländische Übersetzung des Orlando Furioso (1615)* in the *Staatsbibliothek* Jahrg 1 xix xx pp 183-191. He points out that as Syceram speaks of gaten an Ho he must have used the undated Quart which contains this in print I i 83 (or I may add the 1594 Quart which also contains it). The slight variations in place between this version and the origin I scarcely warrant I think Worp's suggestion that Syceram may have also had before him the source of the play.

Wraech (Revenge) is however introduced later with another allegorical figure *Bodrog* (Fraud).

VIII MODERN EDITIONS OF KYD'S WORKS ciii

Don Ieronimo exceeds even its original but it is loyal to its main outlines and in the murder scene it even puts into Isabella's mouth the words—

Ieron mo help help help help help, Ieronimo.

Thus in mangled form one of Kyd's own lines (III iv 62) was to sound in Dutch ears for a century to come for so popular was the anonymous play that no less than nine editions were called for of which the last appeared in 1729¹. These editions almost completely bridge over the interval of more than a hundred years between the publication of the final Quarto of *The Spanish Tragedie* in 1633 and its reprint for the first time in modern form.

VIII MODERN EDITIONS AND CRITICISM OF KYD'S WORKS

In 1744 Robert Dodsley issued *A Select Collection of Old English Plays* in twelve volumes of which the second included *The Spanish Tragedie*. In a short introduction he says I know not who was the Author of this Play nor exactly what Age it is. He mentions the conjecture of Phillips and Winstanley that it was the work of William Smith but rejects it on the ground that its Style and Manner differ from those of *The Hector of Germany*. Dodsley knew only the 1633 Quarto so that he reprinted this in modernized spelling with some ingenious conjectural emendations of his own but with no notes of any kind. How little was thought of the play at this time is plain from an incidental criticism of it by Peter Whalley in *An Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare* (1748) who dismisses it curtly as little else but a continued String of Quibbles and Concerts even in the most passionate and affecting Parts though he excepts II ii 45-51 as about six good Lines, describing the time of an Assignment appointed by two Lovers which are tender and natural enough. Dodsley also included in the eleventh volume of his collection the first reprint of *Cornelia* since the Quarto of 1595.

For list of these editions, and of the extant copies of them in the Libraries of Holland and elsewhere see Schick's Preface to his edition of *The Spanish Tragedie* (Temple Dramatist) p. xvi. This is the joint compilation of Prof. Schick and Herr R. Schöd with the latter of whom is bringing out critical edition of the Dutch versions of the play.

In 1773 Thomas Hawkins published *The Origin of the English Drama* in three volumes which were intended to supplement Dodsley's series. But he could not, he tells us consistently with his plan omit *The Spanish Tragedy* which as it stands in vol ii of the present collection, cleared of the many gross errors in the former edition appears almost a different work. The claim is excessive but is so far justified that Hawkins based his text upon the earliest extant Quarto that printed by Alde instead of the latest. He added footnotes giving the variants in Quartos 1618 1623 and 1633 and thus produced the first critical edition of the play though it was marred by many inaccuracies. He proved from an allusion by Thomas Heywood (cf. *Spt Tr* IV 1. 86-8 Note) that Kyd was the author but thought that the Additions had been foisted in by the players and printed them at the foot of the page. Hawkins included in the same volume a reprint of *Soliman and Perseda* from a copy of the amended Quarto of 1599 and assigned it conjecturally to Kyd.

In 1780 Isaac Reed reissued Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays* reprinting however *The Spanish Tragedie* not from Dodsley's text but from that of Hawkins with some slight changes. Reed besides reprinting Hawkins' textual notes the accuracy of which he exaggerated added a number of explanatory notes in verbal and other difficulties. He added similar notes to the reprint of *Corneha* and included in the reissue *The First Part of Ieronimo* reproduced in a somewhat shipshod way from the Quarto of 1605.

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CONTEMPORARY DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE
CHARGES OF ATHEISM AGAINST KYD
AND MARLOWE

I LETTER OF THOMAS KYD TO SIR JOHN PUCKERING
THE LORD KEEPER

(THIS Letter in Kyd's autograph forms ff 218-9 of *Harleian*
MSS 6849 and is reproduced in the frontispiece to the present
volume It is addressed on f 219 b

To the R honorable Sr John
Puckering Knight Lord Keeper of
the great seale of Englande

The circumstances under which it was written are explained
in Section VI of the *Introduction* pp lxv-lxxiv >

[fol 218] At my last being wth yo L^p to entreat some speaches
from you in my favor to my Lorde whoe (though I thinke he rest
not doubtfull of myne inocence) hith yet in his discreeter judgnt
feared to offend in his reteyning me wthout yo^r hono^{rable} former
pryvitie So is it nowe R(ight) Ho(nourable) that the denyall
of that favo (to my thought resonable) hath movde me to con-
lecture some suspicion that yo L^p holds me in concerning
Atheisme a deadlie thing wh^{ch} I was vndeserved chargd wthall
and therfore have I thought it requisite aswell in duetie to
yo L^p and the lawes as also in the feare of god and freedom
of my conscience therein to satisfie the world and you

The first and most (thoughe insufficient) surmize that euer
(as) therein might be raisde of me grewe thus When I was
first suspected for that libell that concern'd the state amongst
those waste and idle papers (wh^{ch} I carde not for) & wh^{ch} vnaskt
I did deliuer vp were founde some fragments of a disputation
touching that opinion affirm'd by Marlowe to be his and shufled
wth some of myne (vnknown to me) by some occasion of a
wrytinge in one chamber twoe yeares sincē

My first acquaintance wth this Marlowe rose vpon his bearing

name to serve my Lo although his LP never knewe his service
but in writing for his plaiers ffor never cold my L endure his
name or sight when he had heard of his conditions nor wold
indeed the forme of devyne praiers vsed duele in his LD^s house
haue quadred wth such reprobates

That I shold loue or be familer frend wth one so irreligious
were verie rare when *Tullie saith Digni sunt amicitia quib^d in
ipsis inest causa cur diligentur* wth neither was in him for
p(er)son qualitites or honestie besides he was intemp(er)ate
& of a cruel hart the verie contraries to wth my greatest enemies
will saie by me

It is not to be nombred amongst the best conditions of men
to taxe or to opbraide the deade *Quia mortui non mordent* But
thus muche haue I (wth yo L^s favo) dared in the greatest cause
wth is to cleere my self of being thought an *Atheist* which some
will sweare he was

ffor more assurance that I was not of that vile opinion Lett
it but please yo LP to enquire of such as he conversd wthall
that is (as I am geven to vnderstand) wth *Harriot Warner
Royden* and some stationers in Paules churchyard whom I in
no sort can accuse nor will excuse by reson of his companie
of whose consent if I had been no question but I also shold
haue been of their consort for *ex minimo vestigio artifex agnoscit
artificem*

Of my religion & life I haue alredie geven some instance to
the late comission^rs & of my reverend meaning to the state
although p(er)haps my paines and vndeserved tortures felt by
some wold haue engendred more impatience when lesse by farr
hath dryven so manye *imo extra causas* wth it shall never do
wth me

But whatsoeu^r I haue felt R^(ight) Ho^(nourable) this is my
request not for reward but in regard of my trewe innocence
that it wold please yo Lⁱ so t^(o) s the same &
me as I mre still reteyne the favo^d of my Lord whom I haue
servd almost theis ij yeres nowe in credit vntill nowe &
nowe am vtterlie vndon wthout herein be somewhat donn for
my recoverie ffor I do knowe his LP holdes yo hon^rs &
the state in that dewe reverence as he wold no wae move
the leste suspicion of his loves and cares both towards hir

cx KYDS LETTER TO SIR J PUCKERING

sacred Mat^e yo^r L^p and the lawes wherof when tyme shall serve I shall geue greater instance wth I haue observd

As for the libel laide vnto my chardg I am resolued wth receyving of y sacram^t to satisfie yo^r L^p & the world that I was neither agent nor consenting thervnto [fol 218 b] Howbeit if some outcast *Ismael* for want or of his owne dispose to lewdnes haue wth pretext of duetie or religion or to reduce himself to that he was not borne vnto by enie waine incensd yo^r L^p to suspect me I shall besech in all humillitie & in the feare of god that it will please yo^r L^p not to censure me as I shall prove my self and to repute them as they ar in deed *Cum totus iniustitia nulla capitahor sit quam eoru qui tum cum maxime fallunt id agunt ut viri boni esse videant?* ffor doubtles even then yo^r L^p shalbe sure to breake (thro)¹ their lewde designes and see into the truthe when but their lyues that herein haue accused me shalbe examined & rypped vp effectually soe maie I chaunce wth Paul to lue & shake the vyper of my hand into the fier for wth the ignorant suspect me guiltie of the former shipwrack And thus (for nowe I feare me I growe teadious) assuring yo^r good L^p that if I knewe eny whom I cold iustifie accuse of that damnable offence to the awefull Mat^t of god or of that other mutinous sedition towrd the state I wold as willinglie reveale them as I wold request yo^r L^p better thoughts of me that never haue offended you

Yo^r L^p most humble in all duties

TH KYDDE

II FRAGMENTS OF THE THEOLOGICAL DISPUTATION REFERRED
TO IN THE ABOVE LETTER

(These fragments form fol 187-9 of *Harleian MSS* 6848
On fol 189 b there is this endorsement

12 May 1593
vile heretical Concep^tes
denyinge the deity of Jhesus
Christe of Savio fownd
emongest the pap^s of Thos
Kydd prisoner

A word erased in MS

to which is added in differently coloured ink, apparently on a later occasion

w^{ch} he affirmethe that he
had from Marlowe >

[fol 187] for how may it be thought tru religion which vniteh in one subiect contraries as visibilitie & invisibilitie mortallitie & immortallitie &c cet?

It is lawfull by many wayes to se the infirmite of Jhesus Christ whom Paul in the last chapter to the Corinthians of the second Epistle denieth not to be crucified through infirmite And the whole course & consent of the Euangelicall history doth make him subiect to the passions of man as hunger thirst weariness & fear To the same end ar swete anxietie continuall praier the consolation of the Angell again spitting whipping rebukes or checks His corps wrapt in the linen cloth vnburied And to beleue forsooth that this nature subiect to their infirmities & passions is God or any part o^r the diuine essence what is^t other but to make God mightie & of power of thone part weak & impotent of thother part which thing to think it wer madness and follie To persuade others impieties

The Nature diuine is single communicable to no creature comprehendible of no creat vnderstanding explicable w^t no speche But as Paul saith in the first of the Romans by the visible structure of the world we deprehend the inuisible power sapience & goodness of God wher it is by the Scriptures euident That ther is one God As in the sixt of Deut yo^r God is one God yet the vocable is transferred to other & therfore it is written in the eightenth Psalme of Dauid God stood in the sinagog of Gods which place Christ in the tenth of John declareth to agree to the Prophetts whiles he studieth to auoid the crime of Blasphemie for that the calling of God Father had signified himselfe to be the Sonn of God And Paul the first to the Corinthians 8 Chapter And though there be which are called Gods whether in heauen or in earth as there be Gods many and Lords many yet vnto me ther is but one God which is the father of whom ar all things and we in him and saith Paul ther be to whom their belie is God But to many Idols According to that saying all the Gods of gentils Idols And Paul in the second to the Corinthians fourth Cap doth call Satan the God of this world To men it is apthed but

seldom yet sometime it is And then we vnderstand it as a name of mean power & not of the euerlasting power. Exodus two & twentie Thow shalt not detract the Gods And Moisēs be he a God to Pharao. Again Paul to the Romains Ninth calleth Christ God blessed foreuer, And in the Gospell of John Chap: twentie Thomas Didimus doth acknowledge him God thorough the feling of the wound. Many times that I remember I do not finde . . .

[fol. 188] . . . will say throughly to one and the same perpetuall tenor & consent.

What the scriptures do witness of God it is clere & manifest innogh for first Paul to the Romains declareth that he is euerlasting And to Timothi immortal & inuisible To the Thessalonians liuing & true. James teacheth also that he is incomutable which things in the old law and prophets likewise are thought infixed inculcate so often that they cannot escape the Reader. And yf we think the epithetons not vainly put but truly & profitably adiect And that they agree to God And that we must not beleue him to be God to whom the same agree not we therfor call God which onlie is worthie this name &c appellation, Euerlasting, Inuisible, Incomutable Incomprehensible Immortall &c.

What the Scriptures do witness of God it is clere & manifest inough & so forth as is aboue rehearsed.

And if Jhesus Christ euen he which was borne of Marie was God so shall he be a visible God comprehensible & mortall which is not compted God w^t me quoth great Athanasius of Alexendariae &c.

. For yf we be not able to comprehend nor the Angels nor our own sowles which ar things creat To wrongfully then & absurdly we mak the creator of them comprehensible especiallie contrary to so manifest testimonies of the Scriptures & cet.

[fol. 189] Albeit in this vehemēt &c vnthought on perturbation of mind reuerend father w^t hen¹ Labour is odious writing difficult & hard comentatiō vnpleasant & grieuos vnto me yet in the defence of my caus being required to write for the reuerence I owe to your Lordshipp Aboue other I haue purposed brefely & compendiosly to comit in writing what I think touching Tharticles.

¹ The word partly illegible in MS.

W^{ch} thine opinion by the communication before had wt your Lordshipp might haue bēn euident inough & sufficiently known withowt writing for first at the beginning when yo^r Lordshipp admitted me to disputation before many witnesses And then after to priuate & familiere talk I did plainly say all that then came into my mind verilie I haue not dissembled my opinion which I got not or borrowed owt of Sarcerius Conradus Pelican & such garbages or rather sinks or gutters but owt of the sacred fountain. *

To w^{ch} sacred fountain iust and right faith ought to cleave & lean in all contiouersies touching religion cheifly in this point w^{ch} seemeth to be the piller & stay of our religion. Wher it is called in question concerning the inuocation of sainctes or expiation of sowles A man may err without great danger in this point being the ground & foundation of our faith we may not err without damage to owr religion. I call that true religion which instructeth mans minde wt right faith & worthy opinion of God And I call that right faith which doth creditt & beleue that of God w^{ch} the scriptures do testify not in a few places & the same depraued & detort to wrong sense B(ut) . . .

III. RICHARD BAINES' NOTE ACCUSING MARLOWE OF BLASPHEMY.

(This document forms fols. 185-6 of *Harleian* MSS. 6846. I have included here such portions of it as it is possible to reproduce, as the contrast between the above 'disputation' which passed to Kyd from Marlowe, and the blasphemies here alleged against the latter, is striking. Moreover, the Note proves how comprehensive the allegations under the head of 'Atheism' might be, and why Kyd was so eager to repudiate the charge.

This Note is here printed for the first time from the original document, the endorsement of which is partly illegible, but which appears to be

' Baynes Marley
of his blasphemeyes '

Its contents, however, have been long known from f. 320 of *Harleian* MSS. 6853, which is the official replica laid before Queen Elizabeth, as is proved by the endorsement:

'Copye of Marloes blasphemeyes
as sent to her H(ighness)

This copy, however, contains a number of slight variants from the original, which (excepting mere differences of spelling) I give in footnotes marked '*C.*'

[fol. 185]

A NOTE

Containing the opinion of on Christopher Marly, concerning his damnable iudgment¹ of religion and scorn of Gods word².

That the Indians and many Authors of antiquity haue assuredly writen of aboue 16 thowsande yeers agone, wheras³ Adam is proued to haue lived within 6 thowsand yeares.

He affirmeth⁴ that Moyses was but a Iugler, and that one Heriots being Sir W. Raleighs man⁵, can do more than he.

That Moyses made the Iewes to travell xl yeers in the wildernes (which iorney might haue bin don in lesse then one yeare) ere they came to the promised lande, to thintent that those who were privy to most of his subtillties might perish and so an everlastinge superstition remain in the hartes of the people.

That the first beginning of Religionn was only to keep men in awe.

That it was an easy matter for Moyses being broght vp in all the artes of the Egiptians, to abuse the Iewes being a rude and grosse people.

That *(Christ)* was the sohne of a carpenter, and that, yf the Iewes amonge whome he was borne did crucify him, theie best knew him and whence he came.

That Christ deserved better to dy than Barrabas, and that the Jewes made a good choise, though Barrabas were both a theif and a murtherer.

That if ther be any God or good Religion then it is the Papistes, because the service of God is performed wth more ceremonies, as

¹ opinions and iudgment *C*

² In the Copy this title is scored through and altered to A Note deliuern on Whitsun eve last of the most horrible blasphemies utteryd by Cristofer Marly who within 111 dayes after came to a soden and fearfull end of his life.

³ wher *C*

⁴ He affirmeth scored through in *C*

⁵ being Sir W. Raleighs man omitted in *C*

elevation of the masse, organs, singing men, shaven crownes¹, &c.
That all protestantes are Hypocriticall asses.

• That if he were put to write a new religion, he would vndertake
both a more exellent and Admirable² methode. . . .

That the woman of Samaria and her sister³ . . .
[fol. 185 b]

That all thei that loue not Tobacco . . . were⁴ fooles⁵.

That all the apostles were fishermen and base fellowes, neyther
of wit nor worth, that Paull only had witt, but⁶ he was a timerous
fellow in biddinge men to be subiect to magistrates against his
conscience.

That he had as good right to coine as the Queen of Englande,
and that he was aquainted with one Poole, a prisoner in newgate,
who hath great skill in mixture of mettalls, and hauing learned
some⁷ thinges of him, he ment, through help of a cunninge stamp-
maker to coin French crownes, pistolets, and English shillinges⁸.

That if Christ would haue⁹ instituted the Sacrament¹⁰ with
more cerymoniall reverence, it would haue bin had in more
admiration

•
That on Ric(hard) Chomeley¹¹ hath confessed that he was per-
swaded by Marloes reasons to become an Atheist.

These things, with many other, shall by good and honest witnes¹²
be aproved¹³ to be his opinions and comon speeches and that this
Marlow doth not only hould them himself, but almost into¹⁴
every company he cometh he¹⁵ perswadeth men to Atheism wilfing
them not to be afraed¹⁶ of bugbeares and hobgoblines and
vtterly scorning both God and his ministers as I Richard Baines¹⁷
will Iustify and approue¹⁸ both by mine¹⁹ oth and the testimony of
many honest men, and almost al men with whome he hath con-
versed any tyme will testify the same, and as I think, all men in

¹ shaven crownes scored out in C

² more admirable C

³ That the women of Samaria C

⁴ are C

⁵ That . . . fooles scored out in C

⁸ This paragraph scored through in C

⁶ that C ⁷ such C

⁹ had C

¹⁰ Sacramentes C

¹¹ In the margin of C, opposite Chomeley's name, is written in a different hand
he is layd for.

¹² men C

¹³ proved C

¹⁴ in C

¹⁵ he omitted in C

¹⁶ affrayed C

¹⁷ Bome C

¹⁸ and approue omitted in C

¹⁹ my C

cxvi RICHARD BAINES' NOTE AGAINST MARLOWE

christianity ought to indevor that the mouth of [fol. 186] so dangerous a member may be stopped.

He saith likewise¹ that he hath quoted² a number of contrarieties oute of the Scriptures which he hath giuen to some great men who in convenient time shalbe named. When these thinges shalbe called in question, the witness³ shalbe produced⁴.

RICHARD BAINES⁵.

¹ moreover C

² coated C

³ witnesses C

⁴ This and the preceding paragraph are scored through in C

⁵ Bame C

The Spanish Tragedie: OR, Hieronimo is mad againe.

Containing the lamentable end of *Dan Horatio*, and
Belimperia; with the pitifull death of Hieronimo.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged wth new
Additions of the Painters part, and others, as
it hath of late been diuers times acted.



LONDON,
Printed by W. White, for I. White and T. Langley,
and are to be sold at their Shop ouer against the
Sarazens head without New-gate. 1615.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE text adopted is that of the undated Quarto in the British Museum (C. 34 d. 7), printed by Edward Allde for Edward White, which internal evidence, in my opinion, proves to be the earliest extant edition, and which has certainly the best text. The adoption of any reading other than that of this Quarto is indicated in the footnotes. I give all variants from the Quartos of 1594, -99, 1602 (Bodleian copy), 1602, with colophon 1603 (Duke of Devonshire's copy), 1610, -15, -18, -23, -33.

In the 'Additions' the text is that of the Bodleian Quarto of 1602; but after Act IV, Scene iv, 186, where MS. replaces in this copy the missing leaves of print, it is that of the Duke of Devonshire's Quarto. I have aimed at indicating more clearly than has hitherto been done the relation of these Additions to Kyd's text. Dodsley, the first editor, having seen only the Quarto of 1633, did not know that they were not in the original play. Hawkins, who collated the undated Quarto and the Quartos of 1618, -23, -33, placed the Additions in his notes; but his arrangement, though more consistent than that of any of his successors, does not make the complicated changes in Act IV, Scene iv, 167 ff sufficiently clear. Reed and Collier printed the Additions, distinguished by italics, in the text; and in Act III, Scene ii, and Act IV, Scene iv, where these Additions replace parts of the original, they transferred Kyd's lines to the notes. Hazlitt printed the Additions, except in Act III, Scene ii, in the text, distinguished merely by square brackets; which, however, he omitted in Act III, Scene xii A, while in Act IV, Scene iv, he gave a 'contamination' of the original and the revised versions. Schick, by printing the Additions in Act II, Scene v, and Act III, Scenes xi and xii A, in the text, while in Act III, Scene ii, he transfers them wholly, and in Act IV, Scene iv, partly, to the foot of the page, produces a numbering of the lines which is neither that of Kyd nor of the reviser. I have therefore printed all the Additions in the text, distinguished by smaller type and special numbering, and have further used a double numbering to mark the contrast between the Scenes in their original and their extended form.

The references in the notes are:—

Allde = undated Quarto printed by Allde

1594 -99 = Quartos of 1594 and 1599

1602 = Bodleian Quarto of 1602

1602 A = Duke of Devonshire's Quarto of 1602-3 { covered, when in agree-

ment, by single figure, 1602

1610 -15 -18 -23 -33 = Quartos of 1610, 1615, 1618, 1623, and 1633

Dodsley = R. Dodsley's edition in *Old Plays*, vol. ii (1744)

Hawkins = T. Hawkins' edition in *The Origin of the British Drama*, vol. ii (1773)

Reed = I. Reed's edition in his reissue of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iii (1780)

Collier = J. P. Collier's ed. in reissue of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iii (1825)

Fleischer = G. Fleischer's *Bemerkungen ub. T. Kyd's Spanish Tragedy* (1896)

Schick = Professor J. Schick's edition in the *Temple Dramatists* (1898)

Details about the Quartos and the later editions are given in the *Introduction*.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE¹

Ghost of Andrea, a Spanish Courtier} In Induction and Chorus.
Revenge

King of Spain.

Don Cyprian, Duke of Castile, *his brother*.

Lorenzo, *the Duke's son*.

Bel-imperia, *Lorenzo's sister*.

Pedringano, *Bel-imperia's servant*.

Lorenzo's Page.

Viceroy of Portugal.

Don Pedro, *his brother*.

Balthazar, *the Viceroy's son*

Serberine, *Balthazar's servant*

Hieronimo, *Marshal of Spain*.

Isabella, *his wife*.

Horatio, *their son*.

Isabella's maid.

Spanish General.

Deputy.

Portugese Ambassador.

Alexandro } *Portugese Noblemen*.
Viluppo }

Bazulto, *an old man*.

Christophil, *Bel-imperia's Janitor*.

Hangman.

Messenger.

Three Watchmen.

Two Portugese.

Soliman, Sultan of Turkey (*by Balthazar*)

Erastus, Knight of Rhodes (*by Lorenzo*)

The Bashaw (*by Hieronimo*)

Persedo (*by Bel-imperia*)

Three Kings

Three Knights } In First Dumb Show.

Hymen

Two Torch Bearers } In Second Dumb Show.

Bazardo, *a Painter*

Pedro }

Jacques } *Hieronimo's servants* } In the Additions to the play.

Army, Royal Suites, Nobles, Officers, Halberdiers, Servants, &c.)

¹ No early Quarto contains *Dramatis Personae*. Dodsley's list of 1744 was copied by later editors till Schick, from whose list the above varies in some details, and in adding the characters in Hieronimo's play.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDIE

ACTVS PRIMVS.

SCENE I : INDUCTION. >

Enter the Ghoast of Andrea, and with him Revenge.

Ghoast. When this eternall substance of my soule
Did liue imprisond in my wanton flesh,
Ech in their function seruing others need,
I was a Courtier in the Spanish Court.
My name was *Don Andrea*; my dissent, 5
Though not ignoble, yet inferiour fai
To gratiouse fortunes of my tender youth:
For there in prime and pride of all my yeeres,
By duteous seruice and deseruing love,
In secret I possest a worthy dame, 10
Which hight sweet *Bel-imperia* by name.
But in the haruest of my sommer ioyes,
Deaths winter nipt the blossomes of my blisse,
Forcing diuorce betwixt my loue and me.
For in the late conflict with Portingale 15
My valour drew me into dangers mouth,
Till life to death made passage through my wounds.
When I was slaine, my soule descended straight,
To passe the flowing streme of Acheron;

² wanton] wonted 1615-18-28-33 ³ other 1628-33 ⁸ For *om.*,
1628-33 in the prime and pride 1628. in the pride and prime 1628.
¹² summers 1628-33

- But churlish *Charon*, only boatman there,
Said that my rites of buriall not performde,
I might not sit amongst his passengers.
- Ere *Sol* had slept three nights in *Thetis* lap,
And slakte his smoaking charriot in her floud,
By *Don Horatio*, our Knight Marshals sonne,
- My funeralls and obsequies were done.
- Then was the Feriman of Hell content
To passe me ouer to the slimie strand
That leades to fell *Auernus* ougly waues.
- There, pleasing *Cerberus* with honied speech,
- I past the perils of the formost porch.
Not farre from hence, amidst ten thousand soules,
Sate *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadamant*,
- To whome no sooner gan I make approch,
To craue a pasport for my wandring Ghost,
- But *Minos*, in grauen leaues of Lotterie,
- Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
This Knight (quoth he) both liu'd and died in loue,
And for his loue tried fortune of the warres,
And, by warres fortune, lost both loue and life.
- Why then, said *Eacus*, conuay him hence,
To walke with louers in our fieldes of loue,
And spend the course of euerlasting time
Vnder greene mirtle trees and Cipresse shades.
- No, no, said *Rhadamant*, it were not well
With louing soules to place a Martialist :
He died in warre, and must to Martiiall fields,
Where wounded *Hector* liues in lasting paine,
And *Achilles* Mermedons do scourre the plaine.
- Then *Minos*, mildest censor of the three,
- Made this deuice to end the difference :
Send him (quoth he) to our infernall King,
To dome him as best seemes his Maiestie.
To this effect my pasport straight was drawne.
- In keeping on my way to *Plutos* Court,

24 slackt 1610 -15 -18 30 homed 1599, 1610 -15 -23 -33 33 *Minos*,
Eacus 1602 A 35 wondring 1610 44 Cypress 1594, 1623 -33 : Cypers
 . 1599, 1602 -10 -15 -18 49 do] to 1599 50 censoret 1610 -15 : censor
 1618: censurer 1623 -33 54 straight] strange 1610

Through dreadfull shades of euer glooming night,
 I saw more sights then thousand tongues can tell,
 Or pennes can write, or mortall harts can think.
 Three waies there were: that on the right hand side
 Was ready way unto the foresaid fields, 6c
 Where louers liue and bloudie Martialists;
 But either sort containd within his bounds
 The left hand path, declining fearefully,
 Was ready dounfall to the deepest hell,
 Where bloudie furies shakē their whips of steele, 65
 And poore *Ixion* turnes an endles wheele;
 Where vsurers are choakt with melting golde,
 And wantons are imbraste with ouglie Snakes,
 And murderers grone with neuer killing wounds,
 And periurde wightes scalded in boyling lead, 70
 And all foule sinnes with torments ouerwhelmd.
 Twixt these two waies I trod the middle path,
 Which brought me to the faire Elizian greene,
 In midst whereof there standes a stately Towre,
 The walles of brasse, the gates of adamant 75
 Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
 I shewed my passport humbled on my knee;
 Wherat faire *Proserpine* began to smile,
 And begd that onely she might give my doome.
Pluto was please, and sealde it with a kisse. 80
 Forthwith, *Revenge*, she rounded thee in th' eare,
 And bad thee lead me through the gates of Horn,
 Where dreames haue passage in the silent night.
 No sooner had she spoke, but we were heere,
 I wot not how, in twinkling of an eye. 85
Revenge. Then know, *Andrea*, that thou art ariu'd
 Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the Prince of *Portingale*,
 Depriu'd of life by *Bel-imperia*.

56 shapes of euer-blooming 1615-18: shades of euer blooming 1623-83
 60 field 1615 -18 -28 -83 64 fall downe 1618 -28 -83 69 grone]
 greeue 1594 -99, 1602 -10 -15 -18 : greene 1623 -83 euerkilling 1599, 1602
 -10 -15 -18 -28 -83 : euerstillng 1602 A 79 And] I 1615 -18 -28 -83 my]
 me 1602 A 82 Horn *Hawkins and later editors*: Hor *Allde*, 1594: *Hoiror*
 1599, 1602 -10 -28 -83 : Horroure 1615 -18

Heere sit we downe to see the misterie,
And serue for *Chorus* in this Tragedie.

90

(SCENE II.)

Enter Spanish King, Generall, Castile, Hieronimo

King. Now say, L^{ord} Generall, how fares our Campe?

Gen. All wel, my soueraigne Liege, except some few
That are deceast by fortune of the warre.

King. But what portends thy cheerful countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in hast?

5

Speak, man, hath fortune giuen vs victorie?

Gen. Victorie, my Liege, and that with little losse.

King. Our Portingals will pay vs tribute then?

Gen. Tribute and wonted homage therewithall.

King. Then blest be heauen, and guidē of the heauens,
From whose faire influence such iustice flowes.

10

Cast.. O multum dilecta Deo, tibi militat aether,

Et coniuratae curuato poplite gentes

Succumbunt: recti soror est Victoria iuris.

King. Thanks to my louing brother of Castile.

15

But, Generall, vnfolde in breefe discourse
Your forme of battell, and your warres successe,
That, adding all the pleasure of thy newes
Vnto the height of former happines,
With deeper wage and greater dignitie,
We may reward thy blissfull chualtrie.

20

Gen. Where Spaine and Portingale do ioyntly knit
Their frontiers, leaning on each qthers bound,
There met our armies in their proud aray:
Both furnisht well, both full of hope and feare,
Both menacing alike with daring showes,
Both vaunting sundry colours of deuice,
Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes,
Both raising dreadfull clamors to the skie,
That vallies, hills, and riuers made rebound,
And heauen it selfe was frighted with the sound

25

30

4 pretends 1618 -23 -33

10 be] the 1615

12 *dilecta* 1618

aethur

• 1615 -18 -23 -33

13 *poplite* Qq. exc. 1683

14 *succumbant*

1615 -18

-23 -33

21 may]

will 1633

23 bounds 1628 -33

29

skies 1633

Our battels both were pitcht in squadron forme,
 Each corner strongly fenst with wings of shot;
 But ere we ioynd and came to push of Pike,
 I brought a squadron of our readiest shot
 From out our rearward, to begin the fight:
 They brought another wing to incouter us.

Meane-while, our Ordinance plaied on either side,
 And Captaines stroue to haue their valours tride.

Don Pedro, their chiefe Horsemens Corlonell,
 Did with his Cornet brauely make attempt

To breake the order of our battell rankes:

But *Don Rogero*, worthy man of warre,
 Marcht forth against him with our Musketiers,
 And stopt the malice of his fell approch.

Whise they maintaine hot skirmish too and fro,
 Both battailes ioyne and fall to handie blowes,
 Their violent shot resembling th' oceans rage,
 When, roaring lowde, and with a swelling tide,
 It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks,

And gapes to swallow neighbour bounding landes.
 Now while *Bellona* rageth heere and there,

Thicke stormes of bullets ran like winters haile,
 And shiuered Launces darke the troubled aire.

Pede pes et cuspide cuspis,

Arma sonant armis vir petiturque viro.

On euyer side drop Captaines to the ground,
 And Souldiers, some ill maimde, some slaine outright:

Heere falles a body scindred from his head,
 There legs and armes lye bleeding on the grasse,
 Mingled with weapons and vnboweld steedes,
 That scattering ouer spread the purple plaine.

In all this turmoyle, three long houres and more,
 The victory to neither part inclinde,

35 our] the 1618-28-88 37 t' 1628-88 39 valour 1618-28-88 40 Colonell
 1594-99 : Coronell 1602-10-15-18-28-88 41 Coronet 1602-15-18-28-88
 44 Musketires 1594-99 : Muskatires 1610-15-18 45 stops 1618-18-28-88
 50 rawpiers 1610: rampires 1602 A -15-18-28-88 52 while] when 1618-28-88
 54 darkt 1594-99, 1602-10 : dark'd 1618-28-88 56 *Arma sonant armis 1688:*
Anni sonant annis other Qq 57 dropt 1618-28-88 58 souldiers lie
 maimde 1602-10-15-18-28-88 59 sundered 1602-15-18: sundedered 1610: .
 sundred 1628-88 61 vnbowed Qq. exc. Allde

Till *Don Andrea* with his braue Launciers
 In their maine battell made so great a breach
 That, halfe dismaid, the multitude retirde:
 But *Balthazar*, the Portingales young Prince,
 Brought rescue and encouragde them to stay.
 Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewd,
 And in that conflict was *Andrea* slaine,
 Braue man at armes, but weake to *Balthazar*.
 Yet while the Prince, insulting ouer him,
 Breathd out proud vauntes, sounding to our reproch,
 Friendship and hardie valour, ioynd in one,
 Prickt forth *Horatio*, our Knight-Marshals sonne,
 To challenge forth that Prince in single fight:
 Not long betweene these twaine the fight indurde,
 But straight the Prince was beaten from his horse,
 And forst to yeelde him prisoner to his foe.
 When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
 And our Carbines pursued them to the death,
 Till, *Phoebus* wauing to the western deepe,
 Our Trumpeters were chargde to sound retreat.
King. Thanks, good L_(ord) Generall for these good newes; 85
 And for some argument of more to come,
 Take this, and weare it for thy Soueraignes sake.

Give him his Chaine.

But tell me now, hast thou confirm'd a peace?
Gen. No peace, my Liege, but peace conditionall,
 That, if with homage tribute be well paide,
 The fury of your forces wil be staide:
 And to this peace their *Vice-roy* hath subscribde,

Give the King a paper.

And made a solemne vow that, during life,
 His tribute shal be truly paide to Spaine.
King. These words, these deeds, become thy person well. 95
 But now, Knight Marshall, frolickie with thy King,
 For tis thy Sonne that winnes this battels prize.

66 their] this 1615-18 76 pickt 1618 77 in] to 1594, 1602-10-15
 -28-88 82 the om 1615-18-28-88 87 it om. 1628-88 90 tribute
 may be payde 1615-18-28-88 91 your] our 1615-18-28-88 92 this] that
 1615-18-28-88 94 His] This 1618-28-88 96 frolicks 1602 thy] the
 Qg. exc. Allde 97 this] that 1594-99, 1602-10-15-18-28: the 1602 A-88

Hier. Long may he liue to serue my Soureraigne liege,
And soone decay unlesse he serue my liege.

A tucket a farre off.

King. Nor thou nor he shall dye without reward : 100
What meanes this warning of this trumpets sound ?

Gen. This tels me that your graces men of warre,
Such as warres fortune hath reseru'd from death,
Come marching on towards your royll seate,
To shew themselues before your Majestie ; 105
For so I gaue in charge at my depart.
Whereby by demonstration shall appeare,
That all (except three hundred or few more)
Are safe returnd, and by their foes inricht.

The Armie enters ; Balthazar, betweene Lorenzo and Horatio, captive.

King. A gladsome sight : I long to see them heere. 110

They enter and passe by.

Was that the war-like Prince of *Portingale*
That by our Nephew was in triumph led ?

Gen. It was, my Liege, the Prince of *Portingale*.

King. But what was he that on the other side
Held him by th' arme, as partner of the prize ? 115

Hier. That was my sonne, my gratious soueraigne ;
Of whome, though from his tender infancie
My louing thoughts did neuer hope but well,
He neuer pleaseid his fathers eyes till now,
Nor fild my hart with ouercloying ioyes. 120

King. Goe, let them march once more about these walles,
That, staying them, we may conferre and talke
With our braue prisoner and his double guard.

Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth vs
That in our victorie thou haue a share, 125
By vertue of thy worthy sonnes exploit.

Enter againe.

Bring hether the young Prince of *Portingale* :
The rest martz on, but ere they be dismist,

98 my om. 1618 S.D. Trumpet 1599, 1602-10-15-18-28-33
Trumpet 1602-10 : the Trumpet 1615-18 the Trumpets 1622-33
them 1602-10-15-18-28-33 : in 1602 A 107 by om. 1602 A 101 this
enters] meetes 1615-18-28-33 106 in] S.D.

We will bestow on euery souldier
 Two duckets and on euery leader ten,
 That they may know our largesse welcomes them.

Exeunt all but Bal., Lor., Hor.

Welcome *Don Balthazar*; welcome Nephew;
 And thou, *Horatio*, thou art welcome too.
 Young prince, although thy fathers hard misdeedes,
 In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
 Deserue but euill measure at our hands,
 Yet shalt thou know that Spaine is honorable.

Bal. The trespassse that my father made in peace
 Is now controlde by fortune of the warres;
 And cards once dealt, it bootes not aske, why so?
 His men are slaine, a weakening to his Realme;
 His colours ceaz'd, a blot unto his name;
 His Sonne distrest, a corsiue to his hart:
 These punishments may cleare his late offence

King. I., *Balthazar*, if he obserue this truce,
 Our peace will grow the stronger for these warres
 Meane while liue thou, though not in libertie,
 Yet free from bearing any seruile yoake;
 For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
 And in our sight thy selfe art gratioues.

Bal. And I shall studie to deserue this grace
King. But tell me (for their holding makes me doubt)
 To which of these twaine art thou prisoner?

Lor. To me, my Liege.

Hor. To me, my Soueraigne.
Lor. This hand first tooke his courser by the raines.

Hor. But first my launce did put him from his horse.

Lor. I ceaz'd his weapon and enjoyde it first.

Hor. But first I forc'd him lay his weapons downe.

King. Let goe his arme, vpon our priuiledge.

Let him goe.

129-131 We... duckets | And... know | Our... them Qq
 welcome 1618 141 to his] to the 1610-15-18-23-33 131
 Qq. exc. Allde 147 though] as though 1599, 1602-10-15-18 145 observes
 • om. 1594-99, 1602-10-15-18 154 Liege] lord 1618-23-33 148 free
 the Qq exc. Allde 155 his]

Say, worthy Prince, to whether didst thou yield?

160

Bal. To him in curtesie, to this perforse:

He spake me faie, this other gaue me strokes;

He promisde life, this other threatned death;

He wan my loue, this other conquered me:

And truth to say, I yeeld myselfe to both.

165

Hier. But that I know your grace for just and wise,

And might seeme partiall in this difference,

Inforct by nature and by law of armes

My tongue should plead for young *Horatios* right.

He hunted well that was a Lyons death,

170

Not he that in a garment wore his skin:

So Hares may pull dead Lyons by the beard.

King. Content thee, Marshall, thou shalt haue no wrong;

And, for thy sake, thy Sonne shall want no right.

Will both abide the censure of my doome?

175

Lor. I craue no better then your grace awards.

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

King. Then by my iudgement thus your strife shall end:

You both deserue, and both shall haue reward.

Nephew, thou tookst his weapon and his horse:

180

His weapons and his horse are thy reward.

Horatio, thou didst force him first to yeeld:

His ransome therefore is thy valours fee;

Appoint the sum, as you shall both agree.

But, Nephew, thou shalt haue the Prince in guard,

185

For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.

Horatios house were small for all his traine;

Yet, in regarde thy substance passeth his,

And that just guerdon may befall desert,

To him we yeeld the armour of the Prince.

190

How likes *Don Balthazar* of this deuice?

Bal. Right well, my Liege, if this prouizo were,

That *Don Horatio* bearre us company,

Whome I admire and loue for chualrie.

King. *Horatio*, leauue him not that loues thee so.

195

Now let us hence to see our souldiers paide,

And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest.

Exeunt.

160 Say] So Qg. exc. Alde
-18-28-88 183 fee] feet 1599

166 knew Alde

180 weapons 1615

〈SCENE III.〉

Enter Viceroy, Alexandio, Villuppo.

Vice. Is our embassadour dispatcht for Spaine?

Alex. Two daies, my Liege, are past since his depart.

Vice. And tribute painment gone along with him?

Alex. I, my good Lord.

Vice. Then rest we heere a while in our unrest,

And feed our sorrowes with some inward sighes,

For deepest cares break neuer into teares.

But wherefore sit I in a Regall throne?

This better fits a wretches endles moane:

Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,

And therefore better then my state deserues.

5

10

Falles to the ground.

I, I, this earth, Image of mellancholly,

Seeks him whome fates adiuge to miserie.

Heere let me lye; now am I at the lowest.

Qui iacet in terra non habet unde cadat

In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo,

15

Nil superstet ut iam possit obesse magis.

Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my Crowne.

Heere, take it now; let Fortune doe her worst,

She will not rob me of this sable weed.

20

O no, she enuies none but pleasant things.

Such is the folly of dispightfull chance

Fortune is blinde, and sees not my deserts,

So is she deafe, and heares not my lamentes;

And could she heare, yet is she wilfull mad,

And therefore will not pittie my distresse.

25

Suppose that she could pittie me, what then?

What helpe can be expected at her hands,

Whose foote *(is)* standing on a rowling stone.

And minde more mutable then fickle windes?

30

Why waile I then, wheres hope of no redresse?

O yes, complaining makes my greefe seeme lesse.

³ Vice. om. 1594

⁸ a om. 1594-99, 1603-10-15: this 1618-23-33

⁹ This]

*It 1618

S.D. Falles . . .

ground after 9, 1628-33

13 adiuged

Qg. exc.

Allde

14 I am 1638

17 Nihil 1638

29 is add. Dodsley

My late ambition hath distaind my faith ;
 My breach of faith occasiond bloudie warres ;
 Those bloudie warres haue spent my treasure ;
 And with my treasure my peoples blood ;
 And with their blood, fny ioy and best beloued,
 My best beloued, my sweete and onely Sonne.
 O wherefore went I not to warre my selfe ?
 The cause was mine ; I might haue died for both :
 My yeeres were mellow, his but young and greene,
 My death were naturall, but his was forced.

Alex. No doubt, my Liege, but still the prince suruiues.

Vice. Suruiues ? I, where ?

Alex. In Spaine, a prisoner by mischance of warre.

Vice. Then they haue slaine him for his fathers fault.

Alex. That were a breach to common law of armes.

Vice. They recke no lawes that meditate reuenge.

Alex. His ransomes worth will stay from foule reuenge.

Vice. No ; if he liued the newes would soone be heere.

Alex. Nay, euill newes flie faster still than good.

Vice. Tell me no more of newes, for he is dead.

Vill. My Soueraign, pardon the author of ill newes,

And Ile bewray the fortune of thy Sonne.

Vice. Speak on. Ile guerdon thee what ere it be :

Mine eare is readie to receiue ill newes,

My hart growne hard ganst mischiefes battery.

Stand vp, I say, and tell thy tale at large.

**Vill.* Then heare that truth which these mine eyes haue seene.

When both the armies were in battell ioynd,

Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troupes,

To winne renowne did wondrous feats of armes :

Amongst the rest I saw him, hand to hand,

In single fight with their Lord Generall ;

Till *Alexandro*, that here counterfeits

Vnder the colour of a duteous friend,

Discharged his Pistoll at the Princes back,

As though he would haue slaine their Generall :

And therewithall *Don Balthazar* fell doune ;

35 These 1623-33
where 1615-18-28-33
1602-10-15-18

hath 1602 A

41 but his 1623-33

44 I but

51 will flie Qg. exc Alde
59 that] the Qg exc. Alde

57 Mine 1594,

And when he fell, then we began to fie:
But, had he liued, the day had sure bene ours.
Alex. O wicked forgerie: O traiterous miscreant.
Vice. Holde thou thy peace. But now, *Villuppo*, say,
Where then became the carkasse of my Sonne?
Vill. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.
Vice. I, I, my nightly dreames haue tolde me this.
Thou false, unkinde, unthankfull, traiterous beast,
Wherein had *Balthazar* offended thee,
That thou shouldest thus betraye him to our foes?
Wast Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes,
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
Perchance, because thou art *Terseraes* Lord,
Thou hadst some hope to weere this Diadome,
If first my Sonne and then my selfe were slaine.
But thy ambitious thought shall breake thy necke.
I, this was it that made thee spill his bloud,

Take the crowne and put it on againe.

But Ile now weare it till thy bloud be spilt.
Alex. Vouchsafe, dread Soueraigne, to heare me speake.
Vice. Away with him; his sight is second hell.
Keefe him till we determine of his death:
If *Balthazar* be dead, he shall not liue.
Villuppo, follow us for thy reward.

Exit Vice.

Vill. Thus haue I with an eniuious, forged tale
Deceiued the King, betrayd mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villany.

95

Exit.

〈SCENE IV.〉

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

Bel. Signior *Horatio*, this is the place and houre,
Wherein I must intreat thee to relate
The circumstance of *Don Andreas* death,

70 began we 1594-99, 1602
87 now Ile 1615 -18-28-38
Vice. om. 1602-10-15-18-28-38

83 hast 1628-39 85 thoughts 1618-28-38
88 dread] deare 1618-28-38 S.D. *Exit*

Who, liuing, was my garlands sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

5

Hor. For loue of him, and seruice to your selfe,
I nill refuse this heauie dolefull charge;
Yet teares and sighes, I feare, will hinder me.
When both our Armies were enioynd in fight,
Your worthy chualier amidst the thikst,
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by yong *Don Balthazar*
Encountred hand to hand; their fight was long,
Their harts were great, their clamours menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous.
But wrathfull *Nemesis*, that wicked power,
Enuying at *Andreas* praise and worth,
Cut short his life to end his praise and woorth.
She, she her selfe, disguisde in armours maske,
(As *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus*)
Brought in a fresh supply of Halberdiers,
Which pauncht his horse and dingd him to the ground.
Then yong *Don Balthazar* with ruthles rage,
Taking aduantage of his foes distresse,
Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,
And left not till *Andreas* life was done.
Then, though too late, incenst with iust remorse,
I with my hand set foorth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

20

25

30

Bel. Would thou hadst slaine him that so slew my loue.
But then was *Don Andreas* carkasse lost?

Hor. No, that was it for which I cheefly stroue,
Nor stept I back till I recouerd him:
I tooke him up, and wound him in mine armes;
And welding him unto my priuate tent,
There laid him downe, and dewd him with my teares,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a freend.

35

4 sweetest] chiefest 1628-33 7 I nil 1594: I will 1602: Ile not 1610-15-18
-28-33 dolefull, heauy 1618-23-33 8 sightes, 1610 9 in] to
1618-23-33 10 chauillier 1594-99, 1602 A : chauiller 1602 : chauillire
1610-15 : chauiliere 1618 . caualier 1628-33 thickest, 1610-15-18-28-33
21 a om. 1594-99, 1602-10-15-18-23 30 so om. 1610-15-18-28-33
34 my 1602-10-15 35 wilding 1602 A

But neither freendly sorrow, sighes, nor teares,
Could win pale death from his vsurped right.

Yet this I did, and lesse I could not doe:

I saw him honoured with due funerall.

This scarfe I pluckt from off his lueles arme,
And weare it in remembrance of my freend.

Bel. I know the scarfe: would he had kept it still;

For had he liued he would haue kept it still,

And worne it for his *Bel-imperias* sake:

For twas my fauour at his last depart.

But now weare thou it both for him and me,
For after him thou hast deserued it best.

But for thy kindnes in his life and death,

Be sure while *Bel-imperias* life endures,

She will be *Don Horatios* thankfull freend.

Hor. And (Madame) *Don Horatio* will not slacke
Humbly to serue faire *Bel-imperia*.

But now, if your good liking stand thereto,

Ile craue your pardon to goe seeke the Prince,

For so the Duke, your father, gaue me charge.

50

55

55

60

65

70

72

off

Exit.

Bel. I, goe, *Horatio*, leaue me heere alone,
For sollitude best fits my cheereles mood
Yet what auailles to waile *Andreas* death,
From whence *Horatio* proues my second loue?
Had he not loued *Andrea* as he did,
He could not sit in *Bel-imperias* thoughts.
But how can loue find harbour in my brest,
Till I reuenge the death of my beloued?
Yes, second loue shall further my reuenge:
Ile loue *Horatio*, my *Andreas* freend,
The more to spight the Prince that wrought his end.
And where *Don Balthazar* that slew my loue,
Himselfe now pleades for fauour at my hands,
He shall, in rigour of my iust disdaigne,
Reape long repentance for his murderous deed:

38 sorrowes 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -38 42 I om. Qq. exc. Allde
from Qq. exc. Allde 48 thou om. 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -38 72 for] of Qq.
exc. Allde

For what wast els but murderous cowardise,
 So many to oppresse one valiant knight,
 Without respect of honour in the fight?
 And heere he comes that murdred my delight.

75

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. Sister, what meanes this melancholie walke?

Bel. That for a while I wish no company.

Lor. But heere the Prince is come to visite you.

Bel. That argues that he liues in libertie.

80

Bal. No, Madame, but in pleasing seruitude.

Bel. Your prison then, behke, is your conceit.

Bal. I, by conceit my freedome is enthralte.

Bel. Then with conceite enlarge your selfe againe.

Bal. What, if conceite haue laid my hart to gage?

85

Bel. Pay that you borrowed and recouer it.

Bal. I die, if it returne from whence it lyes.

Bel. A hartles man and liue? A miracle.

Bal. I, Lady, loue can worke such miracles.

Lor. Tush, tush, my Lord, let goe these ambages,

90

And in plaine tearmes acquaint her with your loue.

Bel. What bootes complaint, when thers no remedy?

Bal. Yes, to your gratiouse selfe must I complaine,

In whose faire answere lyes my remedy;

95

On whose perfection all my thoughts attend;

On whose aspect mine eyes finde beauties bowre;

In whose translucent brest my hart is lodgde.

Bel. Alas, my Lord, these are but words of course,

And but deuise to drite me from this place.

*She in going in, lets fall her glove which Horatio
coming out takes up.*

Hor. Madame, your Gloue.

100

Bel. Thanks, good *Horatio*, take it for thy paines.

Bal. Signior *Horatio* stoopt in happie time.

Hor. I reapt more grace then I deseru'd or hop'd.

Lor. My Lord, be not dismaid for what is past;

You know that women oft are humerous:

105

80 in] at 1615-18-28-88
 1602-10-15-18-28-88
 going 1599, 1602-10-15-28-88

88 lives 1602-10-15-28-88
 99 deuiside 1599, 1602-10-15-28-88
 takes it up 1618-28-88

97 brestes
 S.D. She

These clouds will ouerblow with litle winde;
 Let me alone, Ile scatter them my selfe.
 Meanwhile let vs deuise to spend the time
 In some delightfull sports and reuellings.

Hor. The King, my Lords, is comming hither straight,
 To feast the Portingall Embassadour ;
 Things were in readines before I came.

Bal. Then heere it fits vs to attend the King,
 To welcome hither our Embassadour,
 And learne my Father and my Countries health.

110

115

〈SCENE V.〉

Enter the banquet, Trumpets, the King, and Embassadour.

King. See, Lord Embassadour, how Spaine intreats
 Their prisoner *Balthazar*, thy Viceroyes sonne :
 We pleasure more in kindenes then in warres.

Emb. Sad is our King, and Portingale laments,
 Supposing that *Don Balthazar* is slaine.

5

Bal. So am I slaine, by beauties tirannie.
 You see, my Lord, how *Balthazar* is slaine :
 I frolike with the Duke of *Castiles* Sonne,
 Wrapt euery houre in pleasures of the Court,
 And graste with fauours of his Maiestie.

King. Put off your greetings, till our feast be done ;
 Now come and sit with vs, and taste our cheere.

10

Sit to the Banquet

Sit downe, young Prince, you are our second guest :
 Brother, sit downe ; and, Nephew, take your place.

Signior *Horatio*, waite thou vpon our Cup,
 For well thou hast deserued to be honored.

Now, Lordings, fall too ; Spaine is Portugall
 And Portugall is Spaine ; we both are frends ;
 Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.

But where is olde *Hieronimo*, our Marshall ?
 He promised vs, in honor of our guest,
 To grace our banquet with some pompous iest.

15

20

* 109 delightsome 1610 -15 -18 -28 -38
 1599, 1602 -10 -15 -28 -38

reuellings 1618 -28 -38

110 Lord

Enter Hieronimo with a Drum, three Knightes, each his Scutchin: then he fetches three Kinges, they take their Crownes and them captive

Hieronimo, this maske contentes mine eye,

Although I sound not well the misterie.

Hier. The first arm'd knight that hung his Scutchin vp, 25

He takes the Scutchin, and gives it to the King.

Was English *Robert*, Earle of Gloster,

Who, when King *Stephen* bore sway in Albion,

Arriued with fие and twenty thousand men

In Portingale, and by successe of warre

Enforced the King, then but a Sarasin,

To beare the yoake of the English Monarchie. 30

King. My Lord of Portingale, by this you see

That which may comfort both your King and you,

And make your late discomfort seeme the lesse.

But say, *Hieronimo*, what was the next? 35

Hier. The second knight that hung his Scutchin vp,

He doth as he did before.

Was *Edmund*, Earle of Kent in Albion,

When English *Richard* wore the Diadem.

He came likewise, and razed Lisbon walles,

And tooke the King of Portingale in fight;

For which, and other such like seruice done,

He after was created Duke of Yorke. 40

King. This is another speciaall argument,

That Portingale may daine to beare our yoake,

When it by little England hath been yoakt:

But now, *Hieronimo*, what were the last? 45

Hier. The third and last, not least in our account,

Dooing as before.

Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,

Braue *John of Gaunt*, the Duke of Lancaster,

As by his Scutchin plainly may appeare. 50

He with a puissant armie came to Spaine,

And tooke our King of Castile prisoner.

Emb. This is an argument for our Viceroy

That Spaine may not insult for her successe,

Since English warriours likewise conquered Spaine,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

55

King. Hieronimo, I drinke to thee for this deuise,
Which hath pleasede both the Embassador and me.
Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou loue the King.

Takes the Cup of Horatio.

My Lord, I feare we sit but ouer long,
Unless our dainties were more delicate :
But welcome are you to the best we haue.
Now let vs in, that you may be dispatcht :
I think our councell is already set.

60

Exeunt omnes.

(SCENE VI.)

Andrea. Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,
To see him feast that gaue me my deaths wound ?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soule :
Nothing but league, and loue and banqueting.

Revenge. Be still, *Andrea*; ere we go from hence,
Ile turne their freendship into fell despight ;
Their loue to mortall hate, their day to night ,
Their hope into dispaire, their peace to warre ;
Their ioyes to paine, their blisse to miserie.

5

ACTVS SECUNDVS.

(SCENE I.)

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. My Lord, though *Bel-imperia* seeme thus coy ,
Let reason holde you in your wanted ioy :
In time the sauauge Bull sustaines the yoake,
In time all haggard Hawkes will stoope to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest Oake,
In time the Flint is pearst with softest shower,
And she in time will fall from her disdaine,
And rue the sufferance of your frendly paine.

5

59 the] thy Schick
lent 1610-15-18-23-33
difference 1602 A

63 you] we 1610-15-18-23-33
8 rue] rule 1610-15-18-23-33

II. 6 the hardest
sufferance]

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withall,
 Then beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.
 But wherefore blot I *Bel-imperias* name?
 It is my fault, not she that merites blame.
 My feature is not to content her sight,
 My wordes are rude, and worke her no delight.
 The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
 Such as doe drop from *Pan* and *Marsias* quill.
 My presents are not of sufficient cost,
 And being worthles, all my labours lost.
 Yet might she loue me for my valiancie.
 I, but thats slaundred by captiuitie.
 Yet might she loue me to content her sire :
 I, but her reason masters his desire.
 Yet might she loue me as her brother's freend :
 I, but her hopes aime at some other end.
 Yet might she loue me to upreare her state :
 I, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
 Yet might she loue me as her beauties thrall :
 I, but I feare she cannot loue at all.

Lor. My Lord, for my sake leauue this extasie,
 And doubt not but wee finde some remedie.
 Some cause there is that lets you not be loued :
 First that must needs be knowne, and then remoued.
 What, if my Sister loue some other Knight?

Bal. My sommers day will turne to winters night.

Lor. I have already found a stratageme,
 To sound the bottome of this doubtfull theame.
 My Lord, for once you shall be rulde by me ;
 Hinder me not what ere you heare or see.
 By force, or faire meanes will I cast about,
 To finde the truth of all this question out.

Ho, *Pedringano.*

Ped. *Sigñior.*

Lor. *Vien qui presto*

Enter Pedringano.

Ped. Hath your Lordship any seruice to command me ?

22 his] her 1602 A, 1610-15-18-28-33 26 hopes] loues 1623-33 27
 beauteous *Allde*, 1594-99, 1602-10 29 this extasie *Schick*: these extasies Qq. .
 S.D. *Enter Ped.* after Ho, *Pedringano* 1615-18-28-33

Lor. I, *Pedringano*, seruice of import:

And not to spend the time in trifling words,
Thus stands the case: it is not long, thou knowst,
Since I did shield thee from my fathers wrath, 45
For thy conueiance in *Andreas* loue,
For which thou wert adiudg'd to punishment:
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment;
And since, thou knowest how I haue fauoured thee. 50
Now to these fauours will I adde reward,
Not with faire words, but stonē of golden coyne,
And lands and liuing ioynd with dignities,
If thou but satisfie my iust demaund:
Tell truth, and haue me for thy lasting freend. 55

Ped. What ere it be your Lordship shall demaund,
My bounden duety bids me tell the truthe,
If case it lye in me to tell the truth.

Lor Then, *Pedringano*, this is my demaund:
Whome loues my sister *Bel-imperia*? 60
For she reposeth all her trust in thee.
Speake, man, and gaine both freindship and reward:
I meane, whome loues she in *Andreas* place?

Ped. Alas, my Lord, since *Don Andreas* death,
I haue no credit with her as before, 65
And therefore know not if she loue or no.

Lor Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe,

Drawes his sword.

And feare shall force what freindship cannot winne:
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceales;
Thou dyest for more esteeming her then me. 70

Ped. Oh stay, my Lord.

Lor. Yet speake the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from what euer can ensue,
And will conceale what ere proceeds from thee;
But if thou dally once againe, thou diest. 75

Ped. If Madame *Bel-imperia* be in loue—

Lor. What, Villaine, ifs and ands? *Offer to kill him.*

45 knowest Qq. ext. Alde 53 liuings 1602 -10 -15 -23 -33 58 it lies in mee
• 1610: in me it lies 1615 -18 -23 -33 S.D. *Drawes his sword add.* 1602 -10
-15 -18 -23 -33 S.D. *Offer . . . him. add.* 1602 -10

Ped. Oh stay, my Lord, she loues *Horatio*.

Balthazar starts back.

Lor. What, *Don Horatio*, our Knight Marshals sonne?

Ped. Euen him, my Lord.

80

Lor. Now say but how knowest thou he is her loue,

And thou shalt finde me kinde and liberall.

Stand up, I say, and feareles tell the truth.

Ped. She sent him letters which my selfe perusde,

Full fraught with lines and arguments of loue,

85

Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar*.

Lor. Sweare on this crosse that what thou saiest is true,

And that thou wilt conceale what thou hast tolde.

Ped. I sweare to both, by him that made us all.

Lor. In hope thine oath is true, heeres thy reward:

90

But if I prooue thee periurde and uniust,

This very sword whereon thou tookst thine oath,

Shall be the worker of thy tragedie.

Ped. What I have said is true, and shall, for me,

Be still conceald from *Bel-imperia*.

95

Besides, your Honors liberalitie

Deserues my duteous seruice, euen till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt doe for me:

Be watchfull when and where these louers meeet,

And giue me notice in some secret sort.

100

Ped. I will, my Lord.

Lor. Then shalt thou finde that I am liberall:

Thou knowst that I can more aduance thy state

Then she; be therefore wise, and faile me not.

Goe and attend her, as thy custome is,

105

Least absence make her thinke thou dost amisse.

Exit Pedringano.

Why so: *Tam armis quam ingenio*:

Where words preuaile not, violence preuailes;

But golde doth more then either of them both.

How likes Prince *Balthazar* this stratageme?

110

Bal. Both well and ill: it makes me glad and sad:

Glad, that I know the hinderer of my loue;

Sad, that I feare she hates me whome I loue :
Glad, that I know on whom to be reueng'd ;
Sad, that sheele flie me, if I take reuenge.
115
Yet must I take reuenge, or dye my selfe,
For loue resisted growes impatient:
I thinke *Horatio* be my destinde plague :
First, in his hand he brandished a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely waged warre,
And in that warre he gaue me dangerous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yeeld,
And by my yeelding I became his slaye :
Now, in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing wordes doe harbour sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limde with sli deceits,
Which sli deceits smooth *Bel-imperias* eares,
And through her eares due downe into her hart,
And in her hart set him where I should stand.
Thus hath he tane my body by his force,
And now by sleight would captiuate my soule :
But in his fall ile tempt the destinies,
And either loose my life, or winne my loue.
130
Lor. Lets goe, my Lord ; your staying staies reuenge.
Doe you but follow me, and gaine your loue :
Her fauour must be wonne by his remooue.
135

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

Hor. Now, Madame, since by fauour of your loue
Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame,
And that with lookes and words we feed our thoughts
(Two chiefe contents, where more cannot be had);
Thus in the midst of loues faire blandishments,
Why shew you signe of inward languishments?

Pedringano sheweth all to the Prince and Lorenzo, placing them in secret.

126 om 1615-18-23-33
29 sets 1615-18-23-33

127 slie deceits] sweete conceits 1615 -18-23-33
134 your] our 1688

Bel. My hart (sweet freend) is like a ship at sea:
 She wisheth port, where riding all at ease
 She may repaire what stormie times haue worne,
 And leaning on the shore may sing with ioy 10
 That pleasure followes paine, and blisse annoy.
 Possession of thy loue is th' onely port,
 Wherein my hart, with feares and hopes long tost,
 Each howre doth wish and long to make resort,
 There to repaire the ioyes that it hath lost, 15
 And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupids Quire
 That sweetest blisse is crowne of loues desire.

Balthazar and Lorenzo above.

Bal. O sleepe, mine eyes, see not my loue prophande ;
 Be deafe, my eares, heare not my discontent ;
 Dye, hart : another ioyes what thou deseruest. 20
Lor. Watch still, mine eyes, to see this loue disioynd ;
 Heare still, mine eares, to heare them both lament ;
 Liue, hart, to ioy at fond Horatios fall.
Bel. Why stands Horatio speecheles all this while ?
Hor. The lesse I speak, the more I meditate. 25
Bel. But whereon doost thou chiefly meditate ?
Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.
Bal. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.
Bel. What dangers, and what pleasures doost thou mean ?
Hor. Dangers of warre, and pleasures of our loue. 30
Lor. Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.
Bel. Let dangers goe, thy warre shall be with me,
 But such a warre, as breakes no bond of peace.
 Speak thou faire words, ile crosse them with faire words ;
 Send thou sweet looks, ile meeet them with sweete lookes ,
 Write louing lines, ile answere louing lines ; 36
 Giue me a kisse, ile counterchecke thy kisse :
 Be this our warring peace, or peacefull warre

9 may 1602 and later Qg.: mad Alde : made 1594 -99 11 follow 1599,
 1602 -10 -15 -18 -23 12 the 1615 -18 -28 -88 15 thereon Qg. exc. Alde
 S.D. Balthazar above Alde, 1594 -99, 1602 : Balthazar and Lorenzo alone
 1610 -15 -18 -28 -88 : Balthazar and Lorenzo aside Doddsley, Hawkins, Reed,
 Collier, Hazlitt; See Note 19 mine 1615 -18 -28 -88 21 this] the Qg.
 exc. Alde 23 Leauie 1599, 1602 -10 -15 -18 -23 -88 26 chiefly doest
 thou 1615 -18 -28 -88 27 pleasure 1594 -99 28 pleasure 1602 -10 -
 pleasures 1602 A 31 at o'm. 1602, but in 1602 A 33 warre Schick,
 warring Qg.

Hor. But, gratiouse Madame, then appoint the field,
Where triall of this warre shall first be made.

Bal. Ambitious villaine, how his boldenes growes.

Bel. Then be thy fathers pleasant bower the field,
Where first we vowd a mutuall amitie:

The Court were dangerous, that place is safe.

Our howre shall be when *Vesper* ginnen to rise,
That summons home distresfull trauellers.

There none shall heare us but the harmeless birds ;
Happelie the gentle Nightingale.

Shall carroll us asleepe, ere we be ware,
And, singing with the prickle at her breast,
Tell our delight and mirthfull dalliance :

Till then each houre will seeme a yeere and more.

Hor. But, honie sweet and honorable loue,
Returne we now into your fathers sight :
Dangerous suspition waits on our delight.

Lor. I, danger mixt with iealous disperte
Shall send thy soule into eternall night.

40

45

50

55

Exeunt.

⟨SCENE III.⟩

Enter King of Spaine, Portingale Embassadour, Don Ciprian, &c.

King. Brother of Castile, to the Princes loue
What saies your daughter *Bel-imperia*?

Cip. Although she coy it as becomes her kinde,
And yet dissemble that she loues the Prince,
I doubt not, I, but she will stoope in time.
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet heerein shall she follow my aduice,
Which is to loue him, or forgoe my loue.

King. Then, Lord Embassadour of Portingale,
Aduise thy King to make this marriage vp,
For strengthening of our late confirmed league ;
I know no better meanes to make vs freends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberall :

5

10

* 42 be] by Qq. exc. Allde
tressised 1623 -33

43 a] our 1602 -10 -15 -18 -23 -33
travailers 1623 -33

46 dis-
51 sportfull 1623 -33

Besides that she is daughter and halfe heire
 Vnto our brother heere, *Don Ciprian*,
 And shall enjoy the moitie of his land,
 Ile grace her marriage with an vncckles gift ;
 And this it is : in case the match goe forward,
 The tribute which you pay shall be releast,
 And if by *Balthazar* she haue a Sonne,
 He shall enjoy the kingdome after vs.

15

Emb. Ile make the motion to my soueraigne liege,
 And worke it if my counsaile may preuaile.

King. Doe so, my Lord, and if he giue consent,
 I hope his presence heere will honour vs,
 In celebration of the nuptiall day ;
 And let himselfe determine of the time.

25

Emb. Wilt please your grace command me ought beside ?

King. Command me to the king, and so farewell.

But wheres Prince *Balthazar* to take his leauue ?

30

Emb. That is perfourmd alreadie, my good Lord.

King. Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,
 The Princes raunsome must not be forgot :

Thats none of mine, but his that tooke him prisoner,
 And well his forwardnes deserues reward.

35

It was *Horatio*, our Knight Marshals Sonne.

Emb. Between us theres a price already pitcht,
 And shall be sent with all conuenient speed.

King. Then once againe farewell, my Lord.

Emb. Farewell, my Lord of Castile, and the rest.

40

King. Now, brother, you must take some little paines
 To winne faire *Bel-imperia* from her will :
 Yong virgins must be ruled by their freends.
 The Prince is amiable and loues her well ; •
 If she neglect him and forgoe his loue,
 She both will wrong her owne estate and ours.
 Therefore, whiles I doe entertaine the Prince
 With greatest pleasure that our Court affords,

45

²² my] our 1599, 1602-10-15-18 ²⁷ him 1688 ²⁸ to command 1594
 -99, 1602-10-15-18 ³⁰ where 1594 ³⁹ againe om. 1602 A ⁴¹ paine 1602
 -10-15-18-28-88 ⁴⁷ while 1615-18-28-88 ⁴⁸ pleasures 1602-10-15-18-28-88

Endeauour you to winne your daughters thought :
If she giue back, all this will come to naught.

50

Exeunt.

(SCENE IV.)

Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable wings
To ouer-cloud the brightnes of the Sunne,
And that in darkenes pleasures may be done,
Come, *Bel-imperia*, let vs to the bower,
And there in safetie passe a pleasant hower.

5

Bel. I follow thee, my loue, and will not backe,
Although my fainting hart controles my soule.

Hor. Why, make you doubt of *Pedringanos* faith?

Bel. No, he is as trustie as my second selfe.
Goe, *Pedringano*, watch without the gate,

10

And let vs know if any make approch.

Ped. In stead of watching, ile deserue more golde
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match.

Exit Ped.

Hor. What meanes my loue?

Bel. I know not what my selfe:
And yet my hart foretels me some mischaunce.

15

Hor. Sweet, say not so; faire fortune is our freend,
And heauens haue shut vp day to pleasure vs.
The starres, thou seest, hold backe their twinkling shine,
And *Luna* hides her selfe to pleasure vs.

Bel. Thou hast preualide; ile conquer my misdoubt,
And in thy loue and councell drowne my feare:
I feare no more; loue now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.

20

Hor. The more thou sitst within these leauy bowers,
The more will *Flora* decke it with her flowers.

25

Bel. I, but if *Flora* spie *Horatio* heere,
Her iealous eye will thinke I sit too neere.

Hor. Harke, Madame, how the birds record by night,
For ioy that *Bel-imperia* sits in sight.

* 49 thoughts *Allde*, 1594-99, 1602-10
hath 1618-23-88 24 sits 1610

ii reproch 1602-15

17 heauen

Bel. No, *Cupid* counterfeits the Nightingale,

30

To frame sweet musick to *Horatios* tale.

Hor. If *Cupid* sing, then *Venus* is not farre;

I, thou art *Venus*, or some fairer starre.

Bel. If I be *Venus*, thōu must needs be *Mars*;

And where *Mars* raigneth there must needs be warres. 35

Hor. Then thus begin our wars: put forth thy hand,

That it may combate with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.

Hor. But first my lookes shal combat against thine.

Bel. Then ward thy selfe: I dart this kisse at thee. 40

Hor. Thus I retort the dart thou threwst at me.

Bel. Nay then, to gaine the glory of the field,

My twining armes shall yoake and make thee yeeld.

Hor. Nay then, my armes are large and strong withall:

Thus Elmes by vines are compast till they fall. 45

Bel. O let me goe, for in my troubled eyes

Now maist thou read that life in passion dies.

Hor. O stay a while, and I will die with thee;

So shalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquerd me.

Bel. Whose there, *Pedringano*? We are betraide. 50

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberine, Pedringano disguised.

Lor. My Lord away with her, take her aside.

O sir, forbear: your valour is already tride.

Quickly dispatch, my maisters.

They hang him in the Arbor.

Hor. What, will you murder me?

Lor. I thus, and thus: these are the fruits of loue. 55

55

They stab him.

Bel. O, sauе his life, and let me dye for him.

O, sauе him, brother; sauе him, *Balthazar*:

I loued *Horatio*, but he loued not me.

Bal. But *Balthazar* loues *Bel-imperia*.

35 warre *Og.*

36 warre 1610 41 returne 1602 *A*, 1615 -18 -28 -38

44 mine 1628 -38 50 Who's there? *Ped.*? *Haslitt*: Who's there? *Ped.*!

Schick 51 take her aside as *Stage-direction* in 1602 *A*, 1610 -15 -18 -28 -38

54 ye 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -38

Lor. Although his life were still ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

Bel. Murder, murder : helpe, *Hieronimo*, helpe.
Lor. Come, stop her mouth ; away with her.

Exeunt.

〈SCENE V.〉

Enter Hieronimo in his shirt, &c.

Hier. What out-cries pluck me from my naked bed,
And chill my throbbing hart with trembling feare,
Which neuer danger yet could daunt before?
Who cals *Hieronimo*? speak, heere I am.
I did not slumber; therefore twas no dreame.
No, no, it was some woman cride for helpe,
And heere within this garden did she crie,
And in this garden must I rescue her.
But stay, what murdrous spectacle is this?
A man hangd vp and all the murderers gone:
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me.
This place was made for pleasure, not for death.

5

10

15

20

25

He cuts him downe.

Those garments that he weares I oft haue seen :
Alas, it is *Horatio*, my sweet sonne.
O no, but he that whilome was my sonne.
O was it thou that call'dst me from my bed ?
O speak, if any sparke of life remaine.
I am thy Father ; who hath slaine my sonne ?
What sauadge monster, not of humane kinde,
Hath heere beene glutted with thy harmeles blood,
And left thy bloudie corpes dishonoured heere,
For me amidst these darke and deathfull shades,
To drowne thee with an ocean of my teares ?
O heauens, why made you night to couer sinne ?
By day this deede of darkenes had not beene.
O earth, why didst thou not in time deuoure

60 still om. Qq. exc. Allde S.D &c. om. 1602-10-15-18-23-33
crys cal 1602-10-15-18-23-33 2 chils 1602 A, 1610-15-18-23-33
the 1599, 1602-10-15-18-23-33 15 that] that who 1615-18
hath Qq. exc. Allde 22 these] this Qq.

1 out-

7 this]

20 eere

The vilde prophaner of this sacred bower?
 O poore *Horatio*, what hadst thou misdonne,
 To leese thy life ere life was new begun?
 O wicked butcher, what so ere thou wert,
 How could thou strangle vertue and desert?
 Ay me most wretched, that haue lost my ioy,
 In leesing my *Horatio*, my sweet boy.

30

Enter Isabella.

Isa. My husbands absence makes my heart to throb :—
Hieronimo.

35

Hier. Heere, *Isabella*, helpe me to lament;
 For sighes are stopt, and all my teares are spent.

Isa. What world of griefe; my sonne *Horatio*!
 O, wheres the author of this endles woe?

Hier. To know the author were some ease of greife,
 For in reuenge my hart would find releife

40

Isa. Then is he gone? and is my sonne gone too?
 O, gush out teares, fountaines and flouds of teares;
 Blow sighes, and raise an euerlasting storme;
 For outrage fits our cursed wretchednes.

45

〈FIRST PASSAGE OF ADDITIONS.〉

Aye me, *Hieronimo*, sweet husband, speake.

Hier. He supt with us to-night, frolick and mery,
 And said he would goe visit *Balthazar*
 At the Dukes Palace: there the Prince doth lodge.

He had no custome to stay out so late:
 He may be in his chamber; some go see.

(50)

Roderigo, ho.

Enter Pedro and Iaques.

Isa. Aye me, he raues, sweet *Hieronimo*.

Hier. True, all *Spaine* takes note of it.

Besides, he is so generally beloued;
 His Maiestie the other day did grace him
 With waiting on his cup: these be fauours
 Which doe assure me he cannot be short liued.

(55)

Isa. Sweet *Hieronimo*.

27 vile 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -88
 -15 -18 -28 -88

29 loose 1628 -88

31 could'st 1602 -10
 he cannot 1602 A : he om. 1602 -10 : that he cannot
 1618 -28 -88

Hier. I wonder how this fellow got his clothes : (60)

Syrha, sirha, Ile know the trueth of all:

Iaques, runne to the Duke of Castiles presently,

And bid my sonne *Horatio* to come home.

I and his mother haue had strange dreames to night.

Doe ye heare me, sir?

Iaques. I, sir.

Hier. Well sir, begon. (65)

Pedro, come hither; knowest thou who this is?

Ped. Too well, sir.

Hier. Too well, who? who is it? *Peace, Isabella:*

Nay, blush not, man.

Ped. It is my Lord *Horatio*.

Hier. Ha, ha, Saint *James*, but this doth make me laugh, (70)

That there are more deluded then my selfe.

Ped. Deluded?

Hier. I:

I would haue sworne my selfe, within this houre,

That this had beeene my soone *Horatio*:

His garments are so like. Ha, are they not great perswasions?

Isa. O would to God it were not so. (75)

Hier. Were not, *Isabella*? doest thou dreame it is?

Can thy soft bosome intertwaine a thought,

That such a blacke deede of mischiefe should be done

On one so pure and spotles as our sonne?

Away, I am ashamed.

Isa. Deare *Hieronimo*,

Cast a more serious eye vpon thy grieve:

Weake apprehension giues but weake beleife.

Hier. It was a man, sure, that was hanged vp here;

A youth, as I remember. I cut him downe. (85)

If it should prooue my sonne now after all.

Say you? say you? Light, lend me a Taper;

Let me looke againe. O God,

Confusion, mischiefe, torment, death and hell,

Drop all your stinges at once in my cold bosome,

That now is stiffe with horior; kill me quickely:

Be gracious to me, thou infective night,

And drop this deede of muider downe on me;

Gird in my wast of grieve with thy large darkenesse,

And let me not suruiae, to see the light (95)

65 you 1618-28-83 me, sir] me, sira 1610 65-67 Doe ... sir | I sir|
Well . . . hither | Knowest . . . sir Qq 72 I beg. 73 Qq. 80 pure] poore
1602-10 8x Deare Hieronimo beg 8x Qq. 88 O God beg
89 Qq.

May put me in the minde I had a sonne.
Isa. O sweet *Horatio*, O my dearest sonne.
Hier. How strangely had I lost my way to grieve.

Hier. Sweet louely Rose,⁷ ill pluckt before thy time; 47 (99)

Faire worthy sonne, not conquerd, but betraid;
 Ile kisse thee now, for words with teares are staide.

Isa. And ile close vp the glasses of his sight, 50 (102)
 For once these eyes were onely my delight.

Hier. Seest thou this handkercher besmerd with blood?
 It shall not from me, till I take reuenge.

Seest thou those wounds that yet⁸ are bleeding fresh?
 Ile not intombe them, till I haue reueng'd.

Then will I ioy amidst my discontent; 55 (107)
 Till then my sorrow neuer shalbe spent.

Isa. The heauens are iust, murder cannot be hid:
 Time is the author both of truth and right,
 And time will bring this trecherie to light.

Hier. Meane while, good *Isabella*, cease thy plaints,
 Or, at the least, dissemble them awhile:
 So shall we sooner finde the practise out,
 And learne by whom all this was brought about.
 Come *Isabell*, now let us take him vp,

60 (112)

65 (117)

They take him vp.

And beare him in from out this cursed place.

Ile say his drige, singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,

Hieronimo sets his brest unto his sword.

Misceat, & nostro detur medicina dolori:

Aut si qui faciunt annorum obliuia, succos 70 (122)

Prebeat; ipse metam magnum quaecunque per orbem

Gramina Sol pulchras effert in luminis oras;

Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,

49 staide 1602 A -10 -15 -18 -28 -88 · stainde *Allde*, 1594 -99, 1602
 chiefly 1628 -88 54 these 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -88 55 reuenge
 1628 -88 57 sorrowes 1618 -28 -88 65 *Isabella* 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28
 -88 lets 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -88 68 var *Allde* educet *Allde*, 1594 -99,
 1602 -10 69 medicina 1599, 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 70 annum oblmia Qq.
 71 metum Qq. magnam *Allde*, 1628 -88 72 effert .. oras Schick~
 efficit ... oras Qq.: eicit lucis in oras Hawkins, Reed, Collier, Hazlitt

*Quicquid & herbarum vi caeca nenia necit:
 Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis
 Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus.
 Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo,
 Et tua perpetuus sepeliuit lumina somnus?
 Emoriar tecum: sic, sic iuuat ire sub umbras.
 At tamen absistam properato cedere letho,
 Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur.*

Here he throwes it from him and beares the body away.

⟨SCENE VI.⟩

Andrea. Broughtst thou me hether to encrease my paine?

I lookt that *Balthazar* should haue beeene slaine:
 But tis my freend *Horatio* that is slaine,
 And they abuse fair *Bel-imperia*,
 On whom I doted more then all the world,
 Because she lou'd me more then all the world.

5

Reuenge. Thou talkest of haruest, when the corne is greene:

The end is crowne of euery worke well done;
 The Sickle comes not, till the corne be ripe.
 Be still; and ere I lead thee from this place;
 Ile shew thee *Balthazar* in heauy case.

10

74 *herbarum . . . nenia* Schick. *irrarum . . . nenia* Hawkins, Reed, Collier,
 Haslitt *irraui euecaeca memia* Qq 76 *pectora* Alde, 1594 79 *Emor-*

ira 1610 -15-28-88 *ruua* 1615 -18-28-88 80 *credere* 1610 81 *vindicta*

1610 *tam* Qq, Schick: *tum* other editors *galla* 1594, 1602 -10-15-18-28 83

5 Or *Alde* 7 the haruest 1618 -28-88 8 *growne* 1599, 1602 -10-15-18-28-83

ACTVS TERCIVS.

{SCENE I.}

Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro, Villuppo.

- Vice.* Infortunate condition of Kings,
 Seated amidst so many helpeles doubts.
 First we are plast vpon extreamest height,
 And oft supplanted with exceeding hate ;
 But euer subiect to the wheele of chance ;
 And at our highest neuer ioy we so,
 As we both doubt and dread our ouerthrow.
 So striueth not the waues with sundry winds,
 As Fortune toyleth, in the affaires of Kings,
 That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued,
 Sith feare or loue to Kings is flatterie :
 For instance, Lordings, look vpon your King,
 By hate deprived of his dearest sonne,
 The onely hope of our successiue line.
- Nob.* I had not thought that *Alexandros* hart
 Had beene enuenomde with such extreame hate :
 But now I see that words haue seuerall workes,
 And theres no credit in the countenance.
- Vill.* No ; for, my Lord, had you behelde the traine,
 That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
 When he in Campe consorted *Balthazar*,
 Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
 That howerly coastes the center of the earth,
 Then *Alexandros* purpose to the Prince.
- Vice.* No more, *Villuppo*, thou hast said enough,
 And with thy words thou staiest our wounded thoughts ;
 Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
 Procrastinating *Alexandros* death :
 Goe, some of you, and fetch the traitor forth,
 That, as he is condemned, he may dye.

Enter Alexandro with a Noble man and Halberts.

Nob. In such extremes will nought but patience serue.

² among 1628-88 ⁴ hate 1599 and later Qg. : heat Alde, 1594
 liue 1602 : line 1602 A : liues 1610-15-18-23-38

Alex. But in extreames what patience shall I vse?
 Nor discontents it me to leaue the world,
 With whome there nothing can preuaile but wrong.

Nob. Yet hope the best.

Alex. Tis heauen^{*} is my hope. 35

As for the earth, it is too much infect
 To yield me hope of any of her mould.

Vice. Why linger ye? bring forth that daring feend,
 And let him die for his accursed deed.

Alex. Not that I feare the extremitie of death, 40

(For Nobles cannot stoop to seruile feare)

Doo I (O King) thus discontented hue.

But this, O this, tormentes my labouring soule,

That thus I die suspected of a sinne,

Whereof, as heauens haue knowne my secret thoughts, 45

So am I free from this suggestion.

Vice. No more, I say: to the tortures, when!

Binde him, and burne his body in those flames,

They binde him to the stake.

That shall prefigure those vnquenched fiers,
 Of Phlegiton prepared for his soule.

Alex. My guiltles death will be aueng'd on thee,
 On thee, *Villuppo*, that hath maliside thus,
 Or for thy meed hast falsely me accusde.

Vill. Nay, *Alexandro*, if thou menace me,
 Ile lend a hand to send thee to the lake,
 Where those thy words shall perish with thy workes:
 Iniurious traytour, monstrous homicide. 55.

Enter Embassadour.

Emb. Stay, hold a while,
 And here, with pardon of his Maiestie,
 Lay handes vpon *Villuppo*.

Vice. Embassadour,
 What news hath vrg'd this

³⁶ infected 1610 -15 -18 -28 -38 ³⁸ frnd 1594:
 -15 47 when] with him *Dodsley, Reed, Collier, Hasl.*
Phlegiton 1594: *Phlegton* 1599, 1602. *Peligon* 1602 A : F
 *-28 -38 53 for] of 1615 -18 -28 -38 60 Stay . . . !
 Embassadour, . . . entrance one line, Qg.

Emb. Know, Soueraigne L^{ord}, that *Balthazar* doth liue.

Vice. What saiest thou? liueth *Balthazar* our sonne?

Emb. Your highnes sonne, L^{ord} *Balthazar* doth liue;

And, well intreated in the Court of Spaine,

65

Humbly commends him to your Maiestie.

These eies beheld, and these my followers;

With these, the letters of the Kings commends

Gives him Letters.

Are happie witnesses of his highnes health.

The King lookes on the Letters, and proceeds.

Vice. Thy sonne doth liue, your tribute is receiu'd,

70

Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied.

The rest resolute upon as things proposde

For both our honors and thy benefite.

Emb. These are his highnes farther articles.

He gives him more Letters.

Vice. Accursed wretch, to intimate these ills

75

Against the life and reputation

Of noble *Alexandro*. Come, my Lord, vnbinde him.

Let him vnbinde thee that is bound to death,

To make a quittall for thy discontent.

They vnbinde him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindnes you could do no lesse,

80

Vpon report of such a damned fact:

But thus we see our innocence hath sau'd

The hopeles life which thou, *Villuppo*, sought

By thy suggestions to have massacred.

Vice. Say, false *Villuppo*, wherefore didst thou thus

85

Falsly betray Lord *Alexandros* life?

Him, whom thou knowest that no vnkindnes els,

But euen the slaughter of our deerest sonne,

Could once haue moued vs to haue misconceaued.

Alex. Say, trecherous *Villuppo*, tell the King:

90

Wherein hath *Alexandro* vsed thee ill?

Vill. Rent with remembrance of so foule a deed,

62 Soueraigne I 1599, 1602 -10: Souveraine: I 1615 -18: my Souveraigne 1628
 -83 68 commende 1599, 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -83 69 witness 1618, and
 editors exc. Schick 74 further 1610 -15 -18 -28 -83 82 innocencie 1599,
 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -83 86 betrayd 1618 89 Could never once moued
 1688 91 Wherein *Haslit*: Or wherein *Og*.

My guiltie soule submits me to thy doome
 For not for *Alexandros* iniuries,
 But for reward and hope to be preferd,
 Thus haue I shamelessly hazarded his life. 95
Vice. Which, villaine, shalbe ransomed with thy deeth,
 And not so meane a torment as we heere
 Deuiside for him, who thou saidst slew our Sonne,
 But with the bitterest torments and extreames 100
 That may be yet inuented for thine end.

Alexandro seemes to intreate.

Intreate me not ; go, take the traytor hence.

Exit Vill.

And, *Alexandro*, let vs honor thee
 With publique notise of thy loyaltie.
 To end those thinges articulated heere. 105
 By our great I~~ord~~ the mightie King of Spaine,
 We with our Councell will deliberate.
 Come, *Alexandro*, keepe vs companie.

Exeunt.

⟨SCENE II.⟩

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. Oh eies, no eies, but fountains fraught with teares,
 Oh life, no life, but liuely fourme of death ;
 O world, no world, but masse of publique wrongs,
 Confusde and filde with murder and misdeeds.
 O sacred heauens, if this vnhallo wed deed,
 If this inhumane and barberous attempt,
 If this incomparable murder thus
 Of mine, but now no more my sonne,
 Shall vnreueald and vnreuenched passe,
 How should we tearme your dealings to be iust, 10
 If you vniustly deale with those, that in your iustice trust ?
 The night, sad secretary to my mones,
 With direfull visions wake my vexed soule,

93 guiltlesse 1602 guiltfull 1610 -15 -18 -23 -33 : guiltie 1602 A 5 Heauen
 • 1618 -23 -33 13 wake] make 1594 -99 wakes editors exc. Hawkins
See Note

And with the wounds of my distresfull sonne
 Solicite me for notice of his death. 15
 The ougly feends do sally forth of hell,
 And frame my steps to vnfrequented paths,
 And feare my hart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
 The cloudie day my discontents records,
 Early begins to regester my dreames, 20
 And drive me forthe to seeke the murtherer.
 Eies, life, world, heauens, hel, night and day,
 See, search, shew, send some man, some meane, that may—

A Letter falleth.

Whats heere? a letter? tush, it is not so :

A letter written to *Hieronimo*. 25

Red incke.

For want of incke receive this bloudie writ :
Me hath my haples brother hid from thee ;
Reuenge thy selfe on Balthazar and him,
For these were they that murd(e)red thy sonne.
Hieronimo, reuenge Horatios death, 30
And better fare then Bel-imperia doth.

What meanes this vnexpected miracle?

My Sonne slaine by *Lorenzo* and the Prince.

What cause had they *Horatio* to maligne?

Or what might moue thee, *Bel-imperia*, 35

To accuse thy brother, had he beene the meane?

Hieronimo, beware, thou art betraide,

And to intrap thy life this traine is laide.

Aduide thee therefore, be not credulous :

This is deuised to endanger thee,

That thou by this *Lorenzo* shouldst accuse,

And he, for thy dishonour done, should draw

Thy life in question and thy name in hate.

Deare was the life of my beloued Sonne,

And of his death behoues me be reueng'd : 45

Then hazard not thine owne, *Hieronimo*,

But liue t' effect thy resolution.

I therefore will by circumstances trie,

19 discontent 1618 -28 -88

29 these] those 1615 -18 -28 -88

47 to 1618 -28 -88

23 Some meane, that may sep. line Qq.

31 farre 1602 -10 -15 -18: far 1688

What I can gather, to confirme this writ ;
 And harkening neere the Duke of Castiles house,
 Close, if I can, with *Bel-imperia*,
 To listen more, but nothing to bewray.

50

Enter Pedringano.

Hier. Now, *Pedringano*.

Ped. Now, *Hieronimo*.

Hier. Wheres thy Lady?

Ped. I know not; heers my lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, whose this? *Hieronimo*?

Hier. My Lord.

55

Ped. He asketh for my Lady *Bel-imperia*.

Lor. What to doo, *Hieronimo*? The Duke, my father, hath
 Upon some disgrace a while remou'd her hence;
 But if it be ought I may inform her of,
 Tell me, *Hieronimo*, and ile let her know it.

60

Hier. Nay, nay, my Lord, I thank you, it shall not need.

I had a sute vnto her, but too late,

And her disgrace makes me vnfortunate.

Lor. Why so, *Hieronimo*, use me.

Hier. O no, my Lord; I dare not; it must not be :

65

I humbly thank your Lordship.

(SECOND PASSAGE OF ADDITIONS, REPLACING LINES 65 AND
 FIRST PART OF 66.)

Who? you, my Lord?

(65)

I reserue your fauour for a greater honor;

This is a very toy, my Lord, a toy.

Lor. All's one, *Hieronimo*, acquaint me with it.

Hier. Y' fayth my Lord, tis an idle thing I must confesse,

I ha' been too slacke, too tardie, too remisse vnto your honor. (70)

Lor. How now, *Hieronimo*?

Hier. In troth, my Lord, it is a thing of nothing :

The murder of a Sonne, or so—

A thing of nothing, my Lord.

Lor.

Why then, farewell.

Hier. My grieve no hart, my thoughts no tung can tell.

Exit.

Lor. Come hither, *Pedringano*, seest thou this?

Ped. My Lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned villain *Serberine*,

That hath, I feare, reuealde *Horatios* death.

Ped. My lord, he could fiot, twas so lately done;

And since he hath not left my company.

Lor. Admit he haue not, his conditions such,

As feare or flattering words may make him false

I know his humour, and therewith repent

That ere I vsde him in thiſ enterprise.

But, *Pedringano*, to preuent the worst,

And cause I know thee secret as my soule,

Heere, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this.

70 (79)

75 (84)

80 (89)

Gives him more gold

And harken to me, thus it is deuiside:

This night thou must, and prethee so resolute,

Meet *Serberine* at S. *Lugis Parke*—

Thou knowest tis heere hard by behinde the house—

There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure,

For dye he must, if we do meane to liue.

85 (94)

Ped. But how shall *Serberine* be there, my Lord?

Lor. Let me alone; ile send to him to meet

The Prince and me, where thou must doe this deed.

Ped. It shalbe done my Lord, it shall be done;

90 (99)

And ile goe arme my selfe to meet him there.

Lor. When thinges shall alter, as I hope they wil,

Then shalt thou mount for this; thou knowest my minde.

Exit Pedringano.

Che le Ieron.

Enter Page.

Page.

My Lord.

Lor.

Goe, serra, to *Serberine*,

80 thou] thee 1628-88 81 thus it is disguisde 1594-99, 1602; thus it is, disguisde 1610: thus it is · disguis'd 1615-18-28-88; thus it is deuisde 1602 A
83 S. *Lugis Allde*, 1594-99, 1602: S. *Lugis* 1610: S
Lugis 1615: S. *Lugis* 1618-28-88 93 knowst Qg. exc *Allde* 94
Ieron 1628-88: before S D. *Exit Ped.* 1615-18-28-88. See Note 94-97
Che le Ieron | My Lord | Goe . . . forthwith | Meet . . . Parke | Behinde . . .
boy | I . . . Lord Qg.

And bid him forthwith meet the Prince and me
At S. *Luigis* Parke, behinde the house;
This euening, boy.

Page. I goe, my Lord.

Lor. But, sirra, let the houre be eight a clocke:
Bid him not faile.

Page. I fly, my Lord.

Lor. Now to confirme the complot thou hast cast
Of all these practises, Ile spread the *Watch*,
Upon precise commandement from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*
This night shall murder hapless *Serberine*.

Thus must we worke that will auoide distrust,
Thus must we practise to preuent mislaf,
And thus one ill another must expulse.

This slie inquiry of *Hieronimo*
For *Bel-imperia* breeds suspition,
And this suspition boads a further ill.

As for my selfe, I know my secret fault,
And so doe they; but I have dealt for them
They that for coine their soules endangered,
To sauue my life, for coyne shall venture theirs.

And better its that base companions dye,
Then by their life to hazard our good haps.
Nor shall they liue, for me to feare their faith:
Ile trust my selfe, my selfe shall be my freend;

For dye they shall, slaues are ordeind to no other end.

Exit.

100 (109)

105 (114)

110 (119)

115 (124)

Exit.

⟨SCENE III.⟩

Enter Pedringano with a Pistoll.

Ped. Now, *Pedringano*, bid thy Pistoll holde;
And holde on, Fortune, once more fauour me,
Giue but successe to mine attempting spirit,

98 *Lor. om. 1594-99*
*1594-99, 1602-10-15-18
1602-10-15-18-23-33

99 I... Lord. sep. line Qq.
108 and 109 Qq. one line
119 to] for Qq. exc. Allde

105 This
tis 1599,

And let me shift for taking of mine aime.
 Heere is the golde, this is the golde proposde ;
 It is no dreame that I aduenture for,
 But *Pedringano* is possest thereof. 5
 And he that would nót straine his conscience
 For him that thus his liberall purse hath stretcht,
 Vnworthy such a fauour may he faile,
 And, wishing, want, when such as I preuale. 10
 As for the feare of apprehension,
 I know, if needs should bc, my noble Lord
 Will stand betweene me and ensuing harmes :
 Besides, this place is free from ali suspect. 15
 Heere therefore will I stay, and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

1. I wonder much to what intent it is
 That we are thus expressly charge to watch.
2. Tis by commandement in the Kings own name.
3. But we were neuer wont to watch and ward 20
 So neare the Duke his brothers house before.
2. Content your selfe, stand close, theres somewhat in 't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere, *Serberine*, attend and stay thy pace,
 For heere did *Don Lorenzos* Page appoint
 That thou by his command shouldst meet with him. 25
 How fit a place, if one were so disposde,
 Me thinks this corner is to close with one.

Ped. Heere comes the bjrd that I must ceaze upon ;
 Now, *Pedringano*, or neuer play the man.
Ser. I wonder that his Lordship staines so long,
 Or wherefore should he send for me so late ? 30
Ped. For this, *Serberine*, and thou shalt ha' t.

Shootes the Dagge.

So, there he lyes ; my promise is performde.

The Watch.

1. Harke, Gentlemen, this is a Pistol shot.
2. And heeres one slaine ; stay the murderer. 35

²⁰ and] nor Qq. exc. Allde
his brothers house om. 1602 A

²¹ brothers om. 1602-10-15-18-28-38

Ped. Now by the sorrowes of the soules in hell,

He striues with the Watch.

Who first laies hand on me, ile be his Priest.

3. Sirra, confesse, and therein play the Priest,

Why hast thou thus vnkindely kild the man?

Ped. Why? because he walkt abroad so late.

3. Come sir, you had bene better kept your bed,

Then hause committed this misdeed so late.

2. Come to the Marshals with the murderer.

1. On to *Hieronimos*: helpe me here

To bring the murdred body with vs too.

Ped. Hieronimo? carry me before whom you will:

What ere he be, ile answeare him and you;

And doe your worst, for I defie you all.

45

Exeunt.

(SCENE IV.)

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Bal. How now, my Lord, what makes you rise so soone?

Lor. Feare of preuenting our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischiefe is it that we not mistrust?

Lor. Our greatest ils we least mistrust, my Lord,

And inexpected harmes do hurt vs most.

Bal. Why tell me, *Don Lorenzo*, tell me, man,

If ought concernes our honour and your owne?

Lor. Nor you, nor me, my Lord, but both in one:

For I suspect, and the presumptions great,

That by those base confederates in our fault,

Touching the death of *Don Horatio*,

We are betraide to old *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Betraide, *Lorenzo*? tush, it cannot be.

Lor. A guiltie conscience, vrged with the thought

Of former euils, easily cannot erre:

I am perswaded, and diswade me not,

That als reuealed to *Hieronimo*.

And therefore know that I haue cast it thus—

5

10

15

Enter Page.

37 hands 1610 hold 1615 -18 -23 -33

43 Marshall 1618 -23 -33

44 *Hieronimo* 1610 -15 -18 -23 -33 5 in expected *Allde*, 1594, 1610 -15 -18 -23
-33 8 Nor you] Not you 1602 -10 -15 -18 -23 -33 S.D. *Enter Page add.*
1615, but after 19

But heeres the *Page*—how now, what newes with thee?

Page. My Lord, *Serberine* is slaine.

Bal. Who? *Serberine*, my man?

Page. Your Highnes man, my Lord.

Lor. Speake, *Page*, who^o murdered him?

Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who?

Page. *Pedringano*.

Bal. Is *Serberine* slaine, that lou'd his Lord so well?

Iniurious villaine, murderer of his freend.

Lor. Hath *Pedringano* murdered *Serberine*?

My Lord, let me entreat you to take the paines

To exasperate and hasten his reuenge

With your complaintes vnto my L^(ord) the King.

This their dissencion breeds a greater doubt.

Bal. Assure thee, *Don Lorenzo*, he shall dye,

Or els his Highnes hardly shall deny.

Meane while ile haste the Marshall Sessions:

For die he shall for this his damned deed.

Exit Bal.

Lor. Why so, this fits our former pollicie,

And thus experiance bids the wise to deale.

I lay the plot: he prosecutes the point;

I set the trap: he breakes the worthles twigs,

And sees not that wherewith the bird was limde.

Thus hopefull men, that meane to holde their owne,

Must look like fowlers to their dearest freends.

He runnes to kill whome I haue holpe to catch,

And no man knowes it was my reaching fatch.

Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,

Or any one, in mine opinion,

When men themselues their secrets will reueale.

Enter a Messenger with a Letter.

Lor. Boy.

50

Page. My Lord.

Lor. Whats he?

Mes. I haue a letter to your Lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes. From *Pedringano* thaths imprisoned.

Lor. So he is in prison then?

Mes. I, my good Lord.

Lor. What would he with vs? He writes vs heere,

To stand good *Lord* and help him in distres.

Tell him, I haue his letters, know his minde;

And what we may, let him assure him of.

Fellow, be gone; my boy shall follow thee.

55

Exxt Mes.

This works like waxe; yet once more try thy wits.

60

Boy, goe, conuay this purse to *Pedringano*;

Thou knowest the prison, closely glue it him,

And be aduisde that none be there about:

Bid him be merry still, but secret;

And though the Marshall Sessions be to day,

65

Bid him not doubt of his deliuerie.

Tell him his pardon is already signde,

And thereon bid him boldely be resolued:

For were he ready to be turned off—

As tis my will the vttermost be tride—

70

Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still.

Shew him this boxe, tell him his pardons in 't;

But open 't not, and if thou louest thy life;

But let him wisely keepe his hopes unknowne:

He shall not want while *Don Lorenzo* liues:

75

Away.

Page. I goe, my Lord, I runne. .

Lor. But, Sirra, see that this be cleanly done.

Exit Page.

Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,

And now or neuer ends *Lorenzos* doubts.

One onely thing is vneffected yet,

80

And thaths to see the Executioner,

But to what end? I list not trust the Aire

With vtterance of our pretence therein,

54. imprisoned 1602 -10 -15 -18 -23 -33

55. He writes us heere big

56. Qq. end 75. Qg.

65. Marshals 1602 -10 -23 -33 Marshials 1615 -18

76. Away

1618 -23 -33

S.D. Exit Page after 76, 1623 -33

82. I om

not to trust 1623 -33

For feare the priuie whispring of the winde
 Conuay our words amongst vnfrendly eares,
 That lye too open to aduantages.

85

*Et quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa,
 Intendo io: quel mi basterà.*

Exit.

〈SCENE V.〉

Enter Boy with the Boxe.

My Maister hath forbiddēn me to looke in this box; and by my troth tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not haue had so much idle time: for wee mens-kinde, in our minoritie, are like women in their vncertaintie: that, they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now.—By my bare 5 honesty, heeres nothing but the bare emptie box: were it not sin against secrecie, I would say it were a peece of gentleman-like knauery. I must go to *Pedringano*, and tell him his pardon is in this boxe; nay, I would haue sworne it, had I not seene the contrary. I cannot choose but smile 10 to thinke how the villain will flout the gallowes, scorne the audience, and descant on the hangman; and al presuming of his pardon from hence. Wilt not be an odde iest for me to stand and grace euery iest he makes, pointing my finger at this boxe, as who would say, Mock on, heers thy warrant? 15 Ist not a scuruiie iest that a man should iest himselfe to death? Alas, poore *Pedringano*, I am in a sorte sorie for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep.

Exit.

〈SCENE VI.〉

Enter Hieronimo and the Deputie.

Hier. Thus must we toyle in other mens extreames,
 That know not how to remedie our owne;
 And doe them iustice, when uniuely we,
 For all our wrongs, can compasse no redresse.

87 *io editors: It Alde Il 1594-99, 1602-10 -15 -18 -28 -88 Schick: bassara Alde, 1594-99, 1602 -15 -18 -28 -88 bessara 1610 honesty 1615 -18 -28 -83 3 menkinde 1618 -28 -83 5-6 me bare honesty 1602 -10 : my bare credite 1615 -18 -28 -88 . my bare honesty 1602 A . 15 should 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -88 18 could not 1615 -18 -28 -88*

But shall I neuer liue to see the day,
That I may come (by iustice of the heauens)
To know the cause that may my cares allay?
This toyles my body, this consumeth age,
That onely I to all men iust must be,
And neither Gods nor men be iust to me.

5

Dep. Worthy *Hieronimo*, your office askes

A care to punish such as doe transgresse.

Hier. So ist my duety to regarde his death,
Who, when he liued, deserued[•]my dearest blood.
But come, for that we came for: lets begin,
For heere lyes that which bids me to be gone.

15

Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano, with a letter in his hand, bound

Dep. Bring forth the Prisoner, for the Court is set.

Ped. Gramercy, Boy, but it was time to come;
For I had written to my Lord anew
A neerer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordship had forgotten me.

20

But sith he hath remembred me so well,
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this geere?

Hier. Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men,
And heere, for satisfaction of the world,
Confesse thy folly, and repent thy fault;
For ther's thy place of execution.

25

Ped. This is short worke: well, to your marshallship
First I confesse, nor feare I death therfore,
I am the man, twas I slew *Serberine*
But, sir, then you thinke this shalbe the place,

30

Where we shall satisfie you for this geare?

Dep. I, *Pedringano*.

Ped. Now I think not so.

Hier. Peace, impudent, for thou shalt finde it so:

For blood with blood shall, while I sit as iudge,
Be satisfied, and the law discharge.

35

And though my selfe cannot receiue the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.

10 be I iust 1602 : be iust 1602 A 27 thy] the 1618-23-38 33 Now]
No 1615 -18 -28 -38 38 other 1602 -10 -15

Dispatch : the faults approued and confess,
And by our law he is condemnd to die.

40

Hang. Come on, sir, are you ready?

Ped. To doo what, my fine officious knaue?

Hang. To goe to this geere.

Ped. O sir, you are to forward : thou wouldest faine furnish me
with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit. So I should
goe out of this geere, my raiment, into that geere, the rope.
But, Hang-man, nowe I spy your knauery, Ile not change
without boot, thots flat.

Hang. Come, sir.

Ped. So, then, I must vp?

50

Hang. No remedie.

Ped. Yes, but there shalbe for my comming downe.

Hang. Indeed, heers^a a remedie for that.

Ped. How? be turnd off?

54

Hang. I truely; come, are you ready? I pray, sir, dispatch ; the
day goes away.

Ped. What, doe you hang by the howre? if you doo, I may
chance to break your olde custome.

Hang Faith, you haue reason; for I am like to break your
yong necke.

60

Ped. Dost thou mock me, hang-man? pray God, I be not pre-
serued to break your knaues pate for this.

Hang. Alas, sir, you are a foot too low to reach it, and I hope
you will neuer grow so high while I am in the office.

Ped Sirra, dost see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

65

Hang. What, he that points to it with his finger?

Ped. I, that companion.

Hang. I know him not; but what of him?

Ped. Doost thou think to lue till his olde doublet will make
thee a new trusse?

70

Hang. I, and many a faire yeere after, to trusse vp many an
honester man then either thou or he.

Ped. What hath he in his boxe, as thou thinkst?

39 fault 1602 -10 -15 -18 -23 -88 40 Enter Hangman as S.D. after this
line add. 1615 -18 -23 -88 52 my om. Qq. exc. Allde 54 be] to be
1615 -18 -28 -88 55 I pray you sir Qq. exc. Allde 59 haue
no reason 1599, 1602 -10 -15 -18 -23 -88 64 whils 1615 : whileſ
1628 -88

Hang. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly. Methinks
you should rather hearken to your soules health. 75

Ped. Why, sirra Hangman, I take it that that is good for the
body is likewise good for the soule: and it may be, in that
box is balme for both.

Hang. Wel, thou art euen the meriest peece of mans flesh that
ere gronde at my office doore. 80

Ped. Is your roaguerie become an office with a knaues name?

Hang. I, and that shall all they witnes that see you seale it
with a theeues name.

Ped. I prethee, request this good company to pray with me.

Hang. I, mary, sir, this is a good motion: my maisters, you see
heers a good fellow. 86

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some
other time; for now I haue no great need.

Hier. I haue not seen a wretch so impudent.

O monstrous times, where murders set so light,
And where the soule, that shoulde be shrinde in heauen,
Solelie delights in interdicted things,
Still wandring in the thornie passages
That intercepts it selfe of hapines.

Murder, O bloudy monster, God forbid
A fault so foule should scape vnpunished.
Dispatch, and see this execution done:—
This makes me to remember thee, my sonne. 95

Exit Hier.

Ped. Nay, soft, no hast.

Dep. Why, wherefore stay you? haue you hope of life? 100

Ped. Why, I.

Hang. As how?

Ped. Why, Rascall, by my pardon from the King.

Hang. Stand you on that? then you shall off with this.

He turnes him off.

Dep. So, Executioner; conuay him hence: 105

But let his body be vnburied:

Let not the earth be choked or infect

With that which heauen contemnes, and men neglect. *Exeunt.*

74 Me thinke 1599, 1602 Methinks 1602 A

82 they] the 1594-99

84 with] for 1602-10-15-18-23-33

97 this] the Qg. exc. Alde

108 heauen contemnes 1594-99, 1602-10-15-18-33;

Allde. heauen contemne 1628 heauens contemnes

〈SCENE VII.〉

Enter Hieronimo.

Where shall I run to breath abroad my woes,
 My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?
 Or mine exclaimes, that haue surcharged the aire
 With ceasles plaints for my deceased sonne?
 The blustering winds, conspiring with my words, 5
 At my lament haue moued the leauel trees,
 Disroabde the medowes of their flowred greene,
 Made mountains marsh with spring tides of my teares,
 And broken through the brazen gates of hell.
 Yet still tormented is my tortured soule 10
 With broken sighes, and restles passions,
 That winged mount, and, houering in the aire,
 Beat at the windowes of the brightest heauens,
 Solliciting for iustice and reuenge:
 But they are plac't in those empyreal heights, 15
 Where, countermurde with walles of diamond,
 I finde the place impregnable; and they
 Resist my woes, and giue my words no way.

Enter Hang-man, with a letter.

Hang. O Lord, sir: God blesse you, sir: the man, sir, *Petergade*,
 sir, he that was so full of merrie conceits— 20

Hier. Wel, what of him?

Hang. O Lord, sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had
 a faire commission to the contrary Sir, heere is his passport;
 I pray you, sir, we haue done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, giue it me. 25

Hang. You will stand between the gallowes and me?

Hier. I, I.

Hang. I thanke your L^{ord} worship.

Exit Hang-man.

Hier. And yet, though somewhat neerer me concernes,

I will, to ease the greefe that I sustaine, 30

Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.

8 spring-tide *Qq exc. Alde* 13 Beat] But *Qq exc. Alde* 15 empyreal
Schick: imperall *Qq*.

*My Lord, I write as mine extreames requirde,
That you would labour my deliuerie;
If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my deaſt I ſhall reueale the troth.* 35
*You know, my Lord, I ſlew him for your ſake,
And was confederate with the Prince and you,
Wonne by rewards and hopefull promises,
I holpe to murder Don Horatio too.*

Holpe he to murder mine *Horatio?* 40
 And actors in th'accurſed Tragedie
Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,
Of whom my Sonne, my Sonne deserued ſo well?
What haue I heard, what haue mine eies behelde?
O ſacred heauens, may it come to pasſe 45
That ſuch a monſtrous and detested deed,
So cloſely ſmootherd, and ſo long conceal'd,
Shall thus by this be venged or reueald?
Now ſee I what I durſt not then ſuspect,
That Bel-imperias Letter was not fainte, 50
Nor fainte ſhe, though falſly they haue wrongd
*Both her, my ſelfe, *Horatio*, and themſelues.*
Now may I make compare twixt hers and thiſ,
Of euerie accident I neere could finde
Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue 55
They did what heauen vnpunisht would not leauē.
O falſe Lorenzo, are theſe thy flattering lookeſ?
Is thiſ the honour that thou diſt my Sonne?
And Balthazar, bane to thy ſoule, and me,
Was thiſ the ransome he reſeru'd thee for? 60
Woe to the cauſe of theſe constrained warres:
Woe to thy baſenes and captiuitie:
Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy ſoule,
Thy curſed father, and thy conqueſted ſelfe:
And band with bitter execrations be 65
The day and place where he diſt pittie thee.
But wherefore waste I mine vnfuitfull words,
When naught but blood will ſatisfie my woes?

• 32 my 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -33 , equire 1628 35 truth 1628 -33
 • 48 Shall thus be thiſ revenged 1610 -15 -18 : Shall thus be thiſ revenged
 1628 -33 56 ſhould 1610 -18 -28 -33 60 for thee 1610 -15 -18 -28 -33

I will go plaine me to my Lord the King,
 And cry aloud for iustice through the Court,
 Wearing the flints with these my withered feet,
 And either purchace iustice by intreats,
 Or tyre them all with my reuenging threats.

70

Exit.

(SCENE VIII.)

Enter Isabell(a) and her maid.

Isa. So that you say, this hearbe will purge the eye,
 And this the head?
 Ah, but none of them wil purge the hart.
 No, thers no medicine left for my disease,
 Nor any phisick to recure the dead.

5

She runnes lunaticke.

Horatio, O, wheres *Horatio*?

Maid. Good Madam, affright not thus yourselfe
 With outrage for your sonne *Horatio*:
 He sleepes in quiet in the *Elizian* fields.

Isa. Why, did I not giue you gownes and goodly things, 10
 Bought you a whistle and a whipstalke too,
 To be reuenged on their villanies?

Maid. Madame, these humors doe torment my soule.

Isa. My soule—poore soule, thou talkes of things
 Thou knowst not what—my soule hath siluer wings, 15
 That mounts me up vnto the highest heauens;
 To heauen: I, there sits my *Horatio*,
 Backt with a troupe of ffery Cherubins,
 Dauncing about his newly healed wounds,
 Singing sweet hymnes and chanting heauenly notes: 20
 Rare hermonie to greet his innocence,
 That dyde, I, dyde a mirrour in our daies.
 But say, where shall I finde the men, the murderers,
 That slew *Horatio*? whether shall I runne
 To finde them out that murdered my Sonne? 25

Exeunt.

1 eyes 1615-18-28-38
 15 knowest Qg. exc. Alldc 2-3 one line Qg. 21 innocencie Qg. exc. Alldc 23 That
 dyde] That liu'd Qg. exc. Alldc 23 man 1618-28-38

〈SCENE IX.〉

Bel-imperia, at a window.

Bel. What means this outrage that is offered me?

Why am I thus sequestred from the Court?

No notice:—Shall I not know the cause

Of these my secret and suspitious ils?

Accursed brother, vnkinde murderer,

Why beonds thou thus thy minde to martir me?

Hieronimo, why wrnt I of thy wrongs?

Or why art thou so slacke in thy reuenge?

Andrea, O *Andrea,* that thou sawest,

Me for thy freend *Horatio* handled thus,

And him for me thus causeles murdered.

Well, force perforce, I must constraine my selfe

To patience, and apply me to the time,

Till heauen, as I haue hoped, shall set me free.

5

10

Enter Christophill.

Chris. Come, Madame *Bel-imperia*, this may not be.

15

Exeunt.

〈SCENE X.〉

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talke no further; thus farre things goe well.

Thou art assurde that thou sawest him dead?

Page. Or els, my Lord, I liue not.

Lor. Thats enough.

As for his resolution in his end,

Leaue that to him with whom he soiuorns now.

5

Heere, take my Ring, and giue it *Christophill*,

And bid him let my Sister be enlarg'd,

And bring her hither straight.

Exit Page.

This that I did was for a policie,

To smooth and keepe the murder secret,

10

Which, as a nine daies wonder, being ore-blowne,

My gentle Sister will I now inlarge.

4 these 1633: this other Qg.

6 bendst 1623 -83

7 wrnte 1599, 1602

•-10 -15 -18 -23 -33

15 may]

must 1618 -23 -33

S.D. *Exit Page om.*

1618 -23 -33

11 as]

at 1594 -99, 1602 -10: as 1602 A

Bal. And time, *Lorenzo*: for my Lord the Duke,
You heard, enquired for her yester-night.

Lor. Why, and my Lord, I hope you heard me say
Sufficient reason why she kept away.

But that's all one. My Lord, you loue her?

Bal.

I.

Lor. Then in your loue beware, deale cunningly;
Salue all suspitions, onely sooth me vp;
And if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs,
As for her sweet hart, and concealment so,
Iest with her gently: vnder fained iest
Are things concealde that els would breed vnrest.—
But heere she comes.

20

Enter Bel-imperia.

Now, Sister—

Bel. Sister? no;

25

Thou art no brother, but an enemy;
Els wouldst thou not haue vsed thy Sister so:
First, to affright me with thy weapons drawne,
And with extreames abuse my company;
And then to hurry me, like whirlewinds rage,
Amidst a crue of thy confederates,

30

And clap me vp where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reueale my wrongs.
What madding furie did possesse thy wits?
Or wherein ist that I offended thee?

Lor. Aduide you better, *Bel-imperia*,
For I haue done you no disparagement;
Vnlesse, by more discréction then diseru'd,
I sought to saue your honour and mine owne.

35

Bel. Mine honour? why, *Lorenzo*, wherein ist
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any, need to rescue it?

40

Lor. His highnes and my father were resolu'd
To come conferre with olde *Hieronimo*,
Concerning certaine matters of estate,
That by the Vice-roy was determined.

45

Bel. And wherein was mine honour toucht in that?

24-25 But . . . comes | Now Sister | Sister . . . enemy | Og.
1610 -16 -18 -28 -88

33 wit 1610 -28 -88 : witte 1615 -18

31 clapt

Bal. Haue patience, *Bel-imperia*; heare the rest.

Lor. Me, next in sight, as messenger they sent,

To glue him notice that they were so nigh:

Now when I came, consorted with the Prince,

50

And vnexpected, in an arbour therè,

Found *Bel-imperia* with *Horatio*—

Bel. How than?

Lor. Why, then, remembryng that olde disgrace

Which you for *Don Andrea* had indurde,

55

And now were likely longer to sustaine,

By being found so meanely accompanied,

Thought rather, for I knew no readier meane,

To thrust *Horatio* forth my fathers way.

Bal. And carry you obscurely some where els,

60

Least that his highnes should haue found you there.

Bel. Euen so, my Lord? and you are witnesse,

That this is true which he entreateth of?

You (gentle brother) forged this for my sake,

65

And you, my Lord, were made his instruement :

A worke of worth, worthy the noting too.

But whats the cause that you concealde me since?

Lor. Your melancholly, Sister, since the newes

Of your first fauourite *Don Andreas* death,

70

My Fathers olde wrath hath exasperate.

Bal. And better wast for you, being in disgrace,

To absent your selfe, and glue his fury place.

Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lor. That were to adde more fewell, to your fire,

75

Who burnt like *Ætne* for *Andreas* losse.

Bal. Hath not my Father then enquirde for me?

Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excusde I thee.

He whispereth in her eare.

But, *Bel-imperia*, see the gentle Prince;

Looke on thy loue, behold yong *Balthasar*,

80

Whose passions by thy presence are increast;

And in whose melancholie thou maiest see

Thy hate, his loue; thy flight, his following thee.

58 know 1599, 1602-10-15-18-28-33
82 his loue] is lone 1618

74 your] the 1602-10-15-18-23-33

Bel. Brother, you are become an Oratour—
 I know not, I, by what experience—
 Too pollitick for me, past all compare,
 Since last I saw you; but content your selfe :
 The Prince is meditating higher things.

Bal. Tis of thy beautie, then, that conquers Kings ;
 Of those thy tresses, *Ariadnes* twines,
 Wherewith my libertie thou hast surprisde ;
 Of that thine iuorie front, my sorrowes map,
 Wherein I see no hauen to rest my hope.

Bel. To loue and feare, and both at once, my Lord,
 In my conceipt, are things of more import
 Then womens wits are to be busied with.

Bal. Tis I that loue.

Bel. Whome ?

Bal. *Bel-imperia.*

Bel. But I that feare.

Bal. Whome ?

Bal. *Bel-imperia.*

Lor. Feare your selfe ?

Bel. I, Brother.

Lor. How ?

Bel. As those,

That what they loue, are loath, and feare to loose.

Bal. Then, faire, let *Balthazar* your keeper be.

Bel. No, *Balthazar* doth feare as well as we.

Et tremulo metui pauidum iunxere timorem,
Et vanum stolidae pruditionis opus.

Exit

Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
 Weele goe continue this discourse at Court.

Bal. Led by the loadstar of her heauenly lookes,
 Wends poore, oppressed *Balthazar*,
 As ore the mountaines walkes the wanderer,
 Incertain to effect his Pilgrimage.

Exeunt.

96-98 Qq. begin a new line with each speaker 98-99 As those ...
 to loose one line Qq. 99 what] when Qq. exc. Allde 101 No
 om. 1599, 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -88 102 Et Hazlitt: Est Qq pauidem.
 Qq. exc. Allde 103 Et Qq.: Est Schick

〈SCENE XI.〉

Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo meets them.

1. By your leaue, Sir.

〈THIRD PASSAGE OF ADDITIONS.〉

Hier. Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke,
 Nor as you thinke; you're wide all:
 These slippers are not mine, they were my sonne *Horatios*.
 My sonne—and what's a sonne? A thing begot (5)
 Within a paire of minutes, thereabout,
 A lump bred up in darkenesse, and doth serue
 To ballace these light creatures we call Women;
 And at nine moneths ende, creepes foorth to light.
 What is there yet in a sonne, (10)
 To make a father dote, rauie, or runne mad?
 Being borne, it pouies, cryes, and breeds teeth.
 What is there yet in a sonne? He must be fed,
 Be taught to goe, and speake. I, or yet?
 Why might not a man loue a Calfe as well? (15)
 Or melt in passion ore a frisking Kid,
 As for a Sonne? methinks, a young Bacon,
 Or a fine little smooth Horse-colt
 Should mooue a man, as much as doth a sonne.
 For one of these, in very little time, (20)
 Will grow to some good vse; where as a sonne,
 The more he growes in stature and in yeeres,
 The more vnsquard, vnbeuelled he appeares;
 Reccons his parents among the rancke of fooles;
 Strikes care vpon their heads with his mad ryots; (25)
 Makes them looke olde, before they meet with age.
 This is a sonne:—
 And what a losse were this, considered truly?—
 O, but my *Horatio*
 Grew out of reach of these insatiate humours: (30)
 He loued his louing paientes;
 He was my comfort, and his mothers ioy,
 The very arme that did hold vp our house.

5 A thing begot beg. 6 Qg. 8 ballance 1618 -23 -33
 leauelled 1623 -33 25 cares 1623 -33 23 un-
 Qg 29-31 O . . . these | Insatiate .. parents Qg. 27-28 one line
 1615

25 un-
 27-28 one line
 30 those

Our hopes were stord vp in him.
 None but a damned murderer could hate him. (35)
 He had not seene the backe of nmetene yeere,
 When his strong arme vnhorsd the proud Prince *Balthazar*
 And his great minde, too ful of Honour,
 Tooke him vnto mercy,
 That valiant, but ignoble Portingale. (40)
 Well, heauen is heauen still,
 And there is *Nemesis*, and Furies,
 And things called whippes,
 And they sometimes doe meeete with murderers:
 They doe not alwayes scape³⁹, that is some comfort. (45)
 I, I, I; and then time steales on,
 And steales, and steales,
 Till violence leapes foorth like thunder
 Wrapt in a ball of fire,
 And so doth bring confusion to them all. (50)

Hier. Good leauue haue you: nay, I pray you goe,
 For ile leauue you, if you can leauue me so.

2. Pray you, which is the next way to my L~~ord~~ the Dukes?

Hier. The next way from me.

1. To his house, we meane. 5 (54)

Hier. O, hard by: tis yon house that you see.

2. You could not tell vs, if his Sonne were there?

Hier Who, my Lord *Lorenzo*?

1. I, Sir.

He goeth in at one doore and comes out at another.

Hier. Oh, forbear,

For other talke for vs far fitter were.

But if you be importunate to know

10 (59)

The way to him, and where to finde him out,

Then list to me, and Ile resolute your doubt.

There is a path vpon your left hand side,

That leadeth from a guiltie Conscience

39 Tooke him vnto mercy ed · tooke him vs to mercy Qq : took to mercy *Dodsley*: took him to mercy *Hazlitt*: took him to his mercy *Schick* See Note 39-40 one line Qq 45's Qq. 46-47 one line Qq. 2 nay om. 1610 -15 -18 -28 -38 3 you om 1610 -15 -18 -28 -38 4 next om Qq. exc *Allde* 6 ye 1602 -10 -15 -18 8-9 Who... *Lorenzo* | I sir | Oh... were Qq. 10 importune 1610 -15 -18 -28

Vnto a forrest of distrust and feare,
A darkesome place and dangerous to passe ·
There shall you meet with melancholly thoughts,
Whose balefull humours if you but vpholde,
It will conduct you to dispaire and death:
Whose rockie cliffes when you haue once behelde,
Within a hugie dale of lasting night,
That, kindled with the worlds iniquities,
Dost cast vp filthy and detested fumes:—
Not far from thence, where murderers haue built
A habitation for their cursed soules,
There, in a brazen Caldron fixt by Joue,
In his fell wrath, vpon a sulpher flame,
Your selues shall finde *Lorenzo* bathing him
In boyling lead and blood of innocents.
I. Ha, ha, ha.

i. Ha, ha, ha.

Hier. Ha, ha, ha. 30 (79)
Why, ha, ha, ha. Farewell, good ha, ha, ha.

2 Doubtles this man is passing lunaticke,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote
Come, lets away to seek my Lord the Duke

Exit

Exeunt

SCENE XII.

*Enter Hieronimo with a Poniard in one hand, and a Rope
in the other.*

Hier. Now, Sir, perhaps I come and see the King ;
The King sees me, and faine would heare my sute :
Why, is not this a strange, and sold seene thing,
That standers by with toyes should strike me mute ?
Goe too, I see their shifts, and say no more.

Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge:
Downe by the dale that flowes with purple gore,
Standeth a firie Tower; there sits a iudge
Vpon a seat of steele and molten brasse,

18 palefull humours if you but behold 1618-23-33
1618-23-33 25 soule 1602-10-15 30
31 Oq

And twixt his teeth he holdes a fire-brand,
That leades vnto the lake where hell doth stand.
Away, *Hieronimo*; to him be gone:
Heele doe thee iustice for *Horatios* death.
Turne downe this path: thou shalt be with him straite;
Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breth:
This way, or that way:—soft and faire, not so:
For if I hang or kill my selfe, lets know
Who will reuenge *Horatios* murther then?
No, no; fie, no: pardon me, ile none of that.

He flings away the dagger and halter.

This way ile take, and this way comes the King,

He takes them vp againe.

And heere Ile haue a fling at him, thats flat.
And *Balthazar*, Ile be with thee to bring,
And thee, *Lorenzo*. Heeres the King—nay, stay,
And heere, I heere—there goes the hare away.

Enter King, Embassador, Castile, and Lorenzo.

King. Now shew, *Embassador*, what our Viceroy saith:

Hath hee receiu'd the articles we sent?

Hier. Iustice, O, iustice to *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Back, seest thou not the King is busie?

Hier. O, is he so?

King Who is he that interrupts our busines?

Hier. Not I. *Hieronimo* beware; goe by, goe by.

Embas. Renowned King, he hath receiu'd and read

Thy kingly proffers, and thy promist league;

And as a man extreamely ouer-loyd

To heare his Sonne so princelie entertainde,

Whose death he had so solemnly bewailde,

This for thy further satisfaction,

And kingly loue, he kindly lets thee know:

First, for the marriage of his Princely Sonne

With *Bel-imperia*, thy beloued Neece,

The newes are more delightfull to his soule,

Then myrr or incense to the offended heauens.

In person, therefore, will he come himselfe,
 To see the marriage rites solemnized,
 And in the presence of the Court of Spaine,
 To knit a sure inextricable band
 Of kingly loue and euerlasting league
 Betwixt the Crownes of Spaine and Portingale.
 There will he giue his Crowne to *Balthazar*,
 And make a Queene of *Bel-imperia*.

45

King. Brother, how like you this our Vice-roies loue ?

Cast. No doubt, my Lord, it is ~~an~~ argument
 Of honorable care to keepe his freend,
 And wondrous zeale to *Balthazar* his sonne;
 Nor am I least indebted to his grace,
 That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

50

Embas. Now last (dread Lord) heere hath his highnes sent,
 Although he send not that his Sonne returne,
 His ransome due to *Don Horatio*.

Hier. *Horatio*, who cals *Horatio*?

60

King. And well remembred: thank his Maiestie.
 Heere, see it giuen to *Horatio*.

Hier. Iustice, O, iustice, iustice, gentle King.

King. Who is that? *Hieronimo*?

Hier. Iustice, O iustice: O my sonne, my sonne,
 My Sonne, whom naught can ransome or redeeme.

65

Lor. *Hieronimo*, you are not well aduisde.

Hier. Away, *Lorenzo*, hinder me no more;

For thou hast made me bankrupt of my blisse.

Giue me my sonne; you shall not transome him.

70

Away, Ile rip the bowels of the earth,

He diggeth with his dagger.

And Ferrie ouer to th' Elizian plaines,
 And bring my Sonne to shew his deadly wounds.

Stand from about me,

Ile make a pickaxe of my poniard,

75

And heere surrender vp my Marshalship;

For Ile goe marshall vp the feendes in hell,

46 inextricable *Hawkins* and later editors : inexecrable *Allde* : inexplicable
 other Qg. 66 who 1628 -33 74-75 one line Qg 77 the]
 my 1615 -18 -28 -33

To be auenged on you all for this.

King. What meanes this outrage?

Will none of you restraine his fury?

Hier. Nay, soft and faire; you shall not need to strive.

Needes must he goe that the diuels drive.

80

Exit.

King. What accident hath hapt *Hieronimo*?

I haue not seene him to demeane him so.

Lor. My gratiouse Lord, he is with extreame pride

85

Conceiued of yong *Horatio* his Sonne,

And couetous of hauing to himselfe

The ransome of the yong Prince *Balthazar*,

Distract, and in a manner lunatick.

King. Beleeue me, Nephew, we are sorie fort:

90

This is the loue that Fathers beare their Sonnes.

But gentle brother, goe giue to him this golde,

The Princes raunsome; let him haue his due.

For what he hath, *Horatio* shall not want;

Happily *Hieronimo* hath need thereof.

95

Lor But if he be thus helplessly distract,

Tis requisite his office be resignde,

And giuen to one of more discretion.

King. We shall encrease his melancholie so.

Tis best that we see further in it first:

100

Till when, our selfe will exempt <him> the place.

And, Brother, now bring in the *Embassador*,

That he may be a witnes of the match

Twixt *Balthazar* and *Bel-imperia*,

And that we may prefixe a certaine time,

105

Wherein the marriage shalbe solemnized,

That we may haue thy Lord the Vice-roy heere.

Embas. Therein your highnes highly shall content

His Maiestie, that longs to heare from hence.

King. On then, and heare you, Lord Embassadour.

110

Exeunt.

79-80 one line Qq.
1602-10-15-18-28-88

82 For needes Schick
91 is om 1594

83 hapt to 1599,

96 haplesslie Qq exc

Allde 100 that om. 1599, 1602-10-15-18-28-88 101 exempt
him ed : exempt Qq : hold exempt Hazlitt, Schick . execute Collier. See Note

110 them 1599 your, 1602-10-15-18-28-88

〈FOURTH PASSAGE OF ADDITIONS.〉

〈SCENE XII A.〉

Enter Iaques and Pedro.

Iaq. I wonder, *Pedro*, why our Maister thus
At midnight sendes vs with our Torches light,
When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
Sauē those that watch for rape and bloody murder.

Ped. O *Iaques*, know thou that our Maisters minde
Is much distraught, since his *Horatio* dyed, (5)
And—now his aged yeeres should sleepe in rest,
His hart in quiet—like a desperat man,
Growes lunaticke and childish for his Sonne.
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit,
He speakes as if *Horatio* stood by him; (20)
Then starting in a rage, falles on the earth,
Cryes out: *Horatio*, Where is my *Horatio*?
So that with extreame grieve and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one ynch of man : (25)
See where he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. I prie through euery creuice of each wall,
Looke on each tree, and search through euery brake,
Beat at the bushes, stampe our grandam earth,
Diuie in the water, and stare vp to heauen, (20)
Yet cannot I behold my sonne *Horatio*.
How now, Who's there, sprits, sprits?

Ped. We are your seruants that attend you, sir.

Hier. What make you with your torches in the darke?

Ped. You bid vs light them, and attend you here. (25)

Hier. No, no, you are deceiu'd—not I, you are deceiu'd.
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noone,
When as the Sun-God rides in all his glorie:
Light me your torches then.

Ped. Then we burne day light. (30)

Hier. Let it be burnt; night is a murderous slut,

That would not haue her treasons to be seene,

And yonder pale faced Hee-cat there, the Moone,

Doth giue consent to that is done in darkenesse;

* 12 staring 1610 16 heere 1615 -18 -23 -33 18 on] at 1615 -18 -23 -33
x9 at] on 1615 -18 -23 -33

And all those Starres that gaze vpon her face,
 Are aggots on her sleeue, pins on her traine;
 And those that should be powerfull and diuine,
 Doe sleepe in darkenes when they most should shine.

Ped. Prouoke them not, faire sir, with tempting words;
 The heauens are gracious, and your miseries
 And sorow makes you speake, you know not what.

Hier Villaine, thou liest, and thou doest nought
 But tell me I am mad: thou liest, I am not mad.
 I know thee to be *Pedro*, and he *Iagues*.

Ile prooue it to thee; and were I mad, how could I? (45)
 Where was she that same night when my *Horatio*
 Was murdered? She should haue shone: Search thou the booke.
 Had the Moone shone, in my boyes face there was a kind of grace,
 That I know—nay, I doe know—had the murderer seene him,
 His weapon would haue fall'n and cut the earth, (50)
 Had he been framed of naught but blood and death.
 Alacke, when mischiefe doth it knowes not what,
 What shall we say to mischiefe?

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Deare *Hieronimo*, come in a doores;
 O, seeke not meanes so to encrease thy sorrow.

Hier. Indeed, *Isabella*, we doe nothing heere;
 I doe not cry: aske *Pedro*, and aske *Iagues*;
 Not I, indeed; we are very merrie, very merrie.

Isa. How? be merrie heere, be merrie heere?
 Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
 Where my *Horatio* dyed, where he was murdered?

Hier. Was—doe not say what: let her weepe it out.
 This was the tree; I set it of a kiernell:
 And when our hot Spaine coulde not let it grow,
 But that the infant and the humaine sap (65)
 Began to wither, duly twice a morning
 Would I be sprinkling it with fountaine water.
 At last it grewe, and grewe, and bore, and bore,
 Till at the length
 It grew a gallowes, and did beare our sonne,
 It bore thy fruit and mine: O wicked, wicked plant.

One knockes within at the doore.

36 aggots 1610: aglots 1615-18-28-38: aggots 1602. See Note 41 And
 sorow at end of 40, Qq 46 that] the 1615-18-28-38 47 Was murdered
 at end of 46, Qq. 49 murderers 1618-28-38 50 fall'd 1615-18-28-38
 57 aske *Iagues*] aske om. 1618-28-38 61 dyed 1602 A. hied 1602 69-70
 one line, Qq. 71 The second wicked om. 1602 A

See who knocks there.

Ped. It is a painter, sir.

Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,

For surely there's none liues but painted comfort.

Let him come in. One knowes not what may chance: (75)

Gods will that I should set this tree—but euen so

Masters vngratefull seruants reare from nought,

And then they hate them that did bring them vp.

Enter the Painter

Paint. God blesse you, sir.

Hier. Wherefore, why, thou scornefull villaine

How, where, or by what meanes should I be blest? (80)

Isa. What wouldest thou haue, good fellow?

Paint. Justice, Madame.

Hier. O ambitious begger, wouldest thou haue that

That liues not in the world?

Why, all the undglued mynes cannot buy

An ounce of justice; tis a jewel so inestimable.

(85)

I tell thee, God hath engrossed all iustice in his hands,

And there is none but what comes from him.

Paint. O then I see

That God must right me for my murdred sonne.

Hier. How, was thy sonne murdered?

Paint. I, sir; no man did hold a sonne so deere. (90)

Hier. What, not as thine? that's a lie

As massie as the earth: I had a sonne,

Whose least vnuallued haire did waigh

A thousand of thy sonnes: and he was murdered.

Paint. Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

(95)

Hier. Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine

Was worth a legion. But all is one.

Pedro, Iaques, goe in a doores; Isabella, goe,

And this good fellow heere and I

Will range this hidious orchard vp and downe,

Like to two Lyons reaued of their yong.

Goe in a doores, I say.

Exeunt

The Painter and he sits downe.

Come, let's talke wisely now. Was thy Sonne murdered?

Paint. I, sir.

72 knocks 1602 A· knocke 1602
 77 reard 1602 A· 10-15-18-28-38 87 O then I see beg 88, Qg
 dbores 1602 A 103-157 This prose dialogue between Hier. and the Painter
 Qg. print partly in doggrel

76 but euen so beg. 77, Qg
 87 O then I see beg 88, Qg 102 at

Hier. So was mine. How doo'st take it? art thou not sometimes (105) mad? Is there no trickes that comes before thine eies?

Paint. O Lord, yes, Sir.

Hier. Art a Painter? canst paint me a teare, or a wound, a grōane or a sigh? canst paint me such a tree as this?

Paint. Sir, I am sure you haue heard of my painting: my name's (110) *Bazardo*.

Hier. *Bazardo*, afore-god, an excellent fellow. Look you, sir, doe you see? I'de haue you paint me *(for)* my Gallirie in your ole colours matted, and draw me fие yeeres yonger then I am—doe ye see, sir, let fие yeeres goe, let them goe like the Marshall of (115) Spaine—my wife *Isabella* standing by me, with a speaking looke to my sonne *Horatio*, which should entend to this, or some such like purpose: 'God blesse thee, my sweet sonne,' and my hand leaning vpon his head, thus, sir. Doe you see? may it be done?

Paint. Very well, sir. (120)

Hier. Nay, I pray märke me, sir: then, sir, would I haue you paint me this tree, this very tree. Canst paint a dolefull crie?

Paint. Seemingly, sir.

Hier. Nay, it should crie; but all is one. Well, sir, paint me a youth run thorow and thorow with villaines swords, hanging (125) vpon this tree. Canst thou draw a murderer?

Paint. Ile warrant you, sir; I haue the patterne of the most notorious villaines that euer lued in all Spaine.

Hier. O let them be worse, worse: stretch thine Arte, and let their beardes be of *Judas* his owne colour, and let their eie-browes (130) iuttie ouer: in any case obserue that. Then, sir, after some violent noyse, bring me foorth in my shirt, and my gowne vnder myne arme, with my torch in my hand, and my sword reared vp thus: and with these wordes:

'What noyse is this? Who calls Hieronimo?'

May it be done?

Paint. Yea, sir. (135)

Hier. Well, sir, then bring me foorth, bring me thorow allie and allye, still with a distracted countenance going a long, and let my haire heaue vp my night-cap. Let the Clowdes scowle, make the Moone darke, the Starres extinct, the Windes blowing, the Belles towling, the Owle shriking, the Toades croking, the Minutes ierring, (140) and the Clocke striking twelue. And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering, and tottering, as you know the winde will wawe a man, and I with a trice to cut him downe. And looking vpon him by the aduantage of my torch, finde it

105 dost thou 1628-38 109 tree] teare 1602 A, perhaps rightly See
 Note 113 for my Gallirie Schick: my Gallirie Qq. in my Gallirie Fleischer
 115 yeeres agoe 1610 -18-28-88 143 wawe 1602 A: weaue 1602-10-15-18-28-88

to be my sonne *Horatio*. There you may ⟨shew⟩ a passion, there (145) you may shew a passion. Drawe me like old *Priam* of *Troy*, crying ‘the house is a fire, the house is a fire, as the torch ouer my head.’ Make me curse, make me rauue, make me cry, make me mad, make me well againe, make me curse hell, invocate heauen, and in the ende leaue me in a traunce—and so foorth. (150)
Paint. And is this the end?

Hier. O no, there is no end: the end is death and madnesse. As I am neuer better then when I am mad: then methinkes I am a braue fellow; then I doe wonders: but reason abuseth me, and there’s the torment, there’s the hell. At the last, sir, bringe me (155) to one of the murderers; were he as strong as *Hector*, thus would I teare and drage him vp and downe.

He beates the Painter in, then comes out againe, with a Booke in his hand.

⟨SCENE XIII.⟩

Enter Hieronimo, with a book in his hand.

Vindicta mihi.

I, heauen will be reuenged of euery ill;
 Nor will they suffer murder vnrepaid.
 Then stay, *Hieronimo*, attend their will:
 For mortall men may not appoint their time.

5

Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offred thee;
 For euils vnto ils conductors be,
 And death’s the worst of resolution.
 For he that thinks with patience to contend
 To quiet life, his life shall easily end.

10

Fata si miseris iuuant, habes salutem:

Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.

If destinie thy miseries doe ease,
 Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be:
 If destinie denie thee life, *Hieronimo*,
 Yet shalt thou be assured of a tombe:
 If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
 Heauen courereth him that hath no buriall.

15

145 shew add Schick 148 my] thy 1610 -15 -28 -33 and editors exc.
 Schick. See Note 150 heauen om 1610 -15 -18 -28 -33 5 their] a 1602
 -10 -15 -18 -28 -33 17 thou shalt 1628 -33

And to conclude, I will reuenge his death,
But how? not as the vulgare wits of men,
With open, but ineuitable iis,
As by a secret, yet a certaine meane,
Which vnder kindeship wilbe cloked best.
Wise men will take their oportunitie,
Closely and safely fitting things to time.
But in extreames aduantage hath no time;
And therefore all times fit not for reuenge
Thus therefore will I rest one in vnrest,
Dissembling quiet in vnquietnes,
Not seeming that I know their villanies,
That my simplicitie may make them think
That ignorantly I will let all slip:
For ignorance, I wot, and well they know,

Remedium malorum iners est.

Nor ought auailes it me to menace them
Who, as a wintrie storme vpon a plaine,
Will beare me downe with their nobilitie.

No, no, *Hieronimo*, thou must enjoyne
Thine eies to obseruation, and thy tung
To milder speeches then thy spirit affords;
Thy hart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
Thy Cappe to curtesie, and thy knee to bow,
Till to reuenge thou know when, where, and how.

A noise within.

How now, what noise? what coile is that you keepe? 45

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Heere are a sort of poore Petitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,
That you should plead their cases to the King.

Hier. That I should plead their seuerall actions?
Why, let them enter, and let me see them. 50

Enter three Cittizens, and an olde Man.

27 vantage 1602-10-15-18-28-33 no] on 1610-15 32 my om. 1610
33 all] it 1602-10-15-28-33 35 *iners*] mers 1610. mors 1688 and editors exc.
Schick. See Note 41 spirits affords 1594-99: spirits afforde 1605-10-15
-18-28-33 S. D. *A noise within*, after 45; *Allde*, 1594-99 48 causes
1628-38

1. So, I tell you this : for learning and for law,
 There is not any Aduocate in Spaine
 That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine
 That he will in pursuit of equitie.

Hier. Come neere, you men, that thus importune me.— 55
 Now must I beare a face of grauitie,
 For thus I vsde, before my Marshalship,
 To plead in causes as Corrigidor.—
 Come on, sirs, whats the matter?

2. Sir, an Action.

Hier. Of Batterie?

1. Mine of Debt.

Hier. Gue place. 65

2. No, sir, mine is an action of the Case.

3. Mine an *Eiectione firmae* by a Lease.

Hier. Content you, sirs ; are you determined
 That I should plead your seuerall actions ?

1. I, sir, and heeres my declaration. 65

2. And heere is my band.

3. And heere is my lease.

They gue him papers.

Hier. But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,
 With mournefull eyes and hands to heauen vpread?
 Come hether, father, let me know thy cause.

Senex. O worthy sir, my cause, but slightly knowne,
 May mooue the harts of warlike Myrmydons,
 And melt the Corsicke rockes with ruthfull teares

Hier. Say, Father, tell me what's thy sute?

Senex. No, sir ; could my woes
 Gue way vnto my most distresfull words,
 Then should I not in paper, as you see,
 With incke bewray what blood began in me.

Hier. Whats heere? 'The humble supplication
 Of *Don Bazlto* for his murded Sonne.'

57 this Qq. exc *Allde*
Allde, 1594-99, 1602. Corrieglor 1610-15-18-28-33
 lines Qq 62 *Eiectione firmae* Fleischer, Schick : *Eiectione firma* *Allde*,
1628-33 *electione firma* 1594-99, 1602-10-15-18 See Note
 -18-28-33 66 first is om. 1610 67 stand you 1602-10-15-18-28-33
 72 ruefull 1618-28-33

58 Corrigidor Hazlitt and later editors Cor-
 rigedor *Allde*, 1594-99, 1602. Corrieglor 1610-15-18-28-33 60 three
lines Qq 62 *Eiectione firmae* Fleischer, Schick : *Eiectione firma* *Allde*,
1628-33 *electione firma* 1594-99, 1602-10-15-18 See Note a om. 1610-15
 -18-28-33 66 first is om. 1610 67 stand you 1602-10-15-18-28-33

Senex. I, sir.

Hier. No, sir, it was my murdred Sonne,
Oh my Sonne, my Sonne, oh my Sonne *Horatio*.
But mine, or thine, *Bazulto*, be content.
Heere, take my handkercher, and wipe thine eies,
Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see
The liuely portraict of my dying selfe.

80

85

He draweth out a bloudie Napkin.

O no, not this; *Horatio*, this was thine;
And when I dyde it in thy deerest blood,
This was a token twixt thy soule and me,
That of thy death reuenged I should be.
But heere, take this, and this—what, my purse?—
I, this, and that, and all of them are thine;
For all as one are our extremeties.

90

1. Oh, see the kindenes of *Hieronimo*.

2. This gentlenes shewes him a Gentleman.

Hier. See, see, oh see thy shame, *Hieronimo*;
See heere a louing Father to his sonne:
Behold the sorrowes and the sad lamentes
That he deliuерeth for his Sonnes diceasse.
If loues effects so striues in lesser things,
If loue enforce such moodes in meaner wits,
If loue expresse such power in poore estates:
Hieronimo, when, as a raging Sea,
Tost with the winde and tide, ore turnest then
The vpper billowes course of waues to keep,
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deepe:
Then shameſt thou not, *Hieronimo*, to neglect
The sweet reuenge of thy *Horatio*?
Though on this earth iustice will not be found,
Ile downe to hell, and in this passion
Knock at the dismal gates of *Plutons Court*,

95

100

105

110

80-81 I sir | No . . . oh my Sonne | my Sonne . . . *Horatio Qq.* 81 my]
oh my 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -38 82 *Bazulto*] *Balthazar* 1599 90 what, my
purſe? Qq.. Sen. What, thy purſe? *Haslitt* 98 deliuered 1599, 1602 -10
-15 -18 -28 -38 99 loue 1602 -10 -15 -18 101 exprefſe] enforce 1618 -28
-38 estate 1610 103 oreturneſt *Allde*, 1594 -99, 1602 -10 -15. ore-turned 1618
-28 -38 : o'returneſt *Hawkins*, *Reed*, *Collier*, *Haslitt*. See Note 107 ſwift.
1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -38

Getting by force, as once *Alcides* did,
 A troupe of furies and tormenting hagges,
 To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the rest.
 Yet least the triple headed porter should
 Denye my passage to the slimy strand,
 The *Thracian* Poet thou shalt counterfeite. 115
 Come on, olde Father, be my *Orpheus*,
 And if thou canst no notes vpon the Harpe,
 Then sound the burden of thy sore harts greife,
 Till we do gaine that *Proserpine* may grant 120
 Reuenge on them that murd(e)red my Sonne.
 Then will I rent and teare them, thus, and thus,
 Shiuering their limmes in peeces with my teeth.

Teare the Papers.

1. Oh, sir, my declaration.

Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2. Sause my bond.

Enter Hieronimo. 125

2. Sause my bond.

3. Alas, my lease, it cost me ten pound, and you, my Lord,
 haue torne the same.

Hier. That can not be, I gaue it neuer a wound;

Shew me one drop of bloud fall from the same:

How is it possible I should slay it then? 130

Tushe, no; run after, catch me if you can.

Exeunt all but the olde man.

Bazulto remains till Hieronimo enters^{*} againe, who, staring him
 in the face, speaks.

Hier. And art thou come, *Horatio*, from the deapth,

To aske for iustice in this vpper earth,

To tell thy father thou art vnreueng'd,

To wring more teares from *Isabellas* eies, 135

Whose lights are dimd with ouer-long lament?

Goe backe, my sonne, complaine to *Eacus*,

For heeres no iustice; gentle boy, be gone,

For iustice is exiled from the earth:

* 111 did om. 1594-99, 1618
 119 thy] the 1594-99, 1602-10-15-18

117 on om 1599, 1602-10-15-18-28-88
 128 it] them 1602-10-15-18-28-88

Hieronimo will beare thee company.

140

Thy mother cries on righteous *Radamant*
For iust reuenge against the murderers.

Senex. Alas, my L^(ord), whence springs this troubled speech?

Hier. But let me looke on my *Horatio*:

Sweet boy, how art thou chang'd in deaths black shade. 145
Had *Prosperine* no pittie on thy youth,
But suffered thy faire crimson coloured spring
With withered winter to be blasted thus?

Horatio, thou art older then thy Father:

Ah, ruthlesse fate, that fauour thus transformes. 150

Baz. Ah, my good Lord, I am not your yong Sonne.

Hier. What, not my Sonne? thou then a furie art,

Sent from the emptie Kingdome of blacke night,
To sommon me to make appearance
Before grim *Mynos* and iust *Radamant*, 155
To plague *Hieronimo* that is remisse,
And seekes not vengeance for *Horatioes* death

Baz. I am a greeued man, and not a Ghost,

That came for iustice for my murdered Sonne.

Hier. I, now I know thee, now thou namest thy Sonne: 160

Thou art the liuely image of my griefe;
Within thy face my sorrowes I may see.

Thy eies are gum'd with teares, thy cheeke are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttring lips
Murmure sad words abruptly broken off 165

By force of windie sighes thy spirit breathes;

And all this sorrow riseth for thy Sonne:

And selfe same sorrow feele I for my Sonne.

Come in, old man, thou shalt to *Izabell*;

Leane on my arme: I thee, thou me shalt stay, 170

And thou, and I, and she will sing a song,

Three parts in one, but all of discords fram'd:—

Talke not of cords, but let us now be gone,

For with a cord *Horatio* was slaine.

Exeunt.

145 how om. 1594-99, 1602-10-15-18 thou art 1628-38 147 suffre
1602 A 149 elder 1615-18-28-38 150 fate *Dodsley, Reed, Collier,*
Schick. Father *Qq, Hawkins, Hazlitt* 152 then thou 1633 160 thy.
1628-38: my other *Qq*. 163 grum'd 1610: dim'd 1602 A, 1615-18-28-38

(SCENE XIV)

*Enter King of Spain, the Duke, Vice-roy, and Lorenzo, Balthazar,
Don Pedro, and Bel-imperia.*

King. Go, Brother, it is the Duke of *Castiles* cause;
Salute the *Vice-roy* in our name.

Cast. I go.

Vice. Go forth, *Don Pedro*, for thy Nephews sake,
And greet the Duke of *Castile*.

Pedr. It shall be so.

King. And now to meet these Portaguise:

For, as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the westerne Indies.

Welcome, braue *Vice-roy*, to the Court of Spaine,
And welcome all his honorable traine?

Tis not vnknowne to vs, for why you come,
Or haue so kingly crost the seas.

Suffiseth it, in this we note the troth
And more then common loue you lend to vs.

So is it that mine honorable Neece

(For it beseemes vs now that it be knowne)

Already is betroth'd to *Balthazar*:

And by appointment and our condiscent
To morrow are they to be married.

To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace

Speak, men of Portingale, shall it be so?

If I, say so; if not, say flatly no:

Vice. Renowmed King, I come not as thou thinkst,

With doubtfull followers, vnresolued men,

But such as haue vpon thine articles

Confirmed thy motion, and contented me.

Know, Soueraigne, I come to solemnize

The marriage of thy beloued Neece,

Faire *Bel-imperia*, with my *Balthazar*—

I 't is 1610 -15 -18 -23 -33 4 be sir 1599, 1602 -10 -15 -18 be done sir 1623
 -33 5 the 1602 -10 -15 -18 -23 -33 Portagues 1602: Portingales 1602 A,
 1610 -15 -18 -23 -33 10 ye 1602 11 the raging sens 1623 -33 12 sufficed
 . 1610 -15 -18 -23 -33 18 they are 1688 20 pleasures 1623 25 as
 om. 1594 mine 1610 28 welbeloued 1623 -33

With thee, my Sonne ; whom sith I liue to see,
 Heere take my Crowne, I give it her and thee ;
 And let me liue a solitarie life,
 In ceaselesse praiers,
 To thinke how strangely heauen hath thee preserued.

King. See, brother, see, how nature striues in him. 35
Come, worthy *Vice-roy*, and accompany
 Thy friend with thine extremities :
 A place more priuate fits this princely mood.
Vice. Or heere, or where your highnes thinks it good.

Exeunt all but Castile and Lorenzo.

Cast. Nay, stay, *Lorenzo*, let me talke with you. 40
 Seest thou this entertainement of these Kings ?
Lor. I doe, my Lord, and ioy to see the same.
Cast. And knowest thou why this meeting is ?
Lor. For her, my Lord, whom *Balthazar* doth loue,
 And to confirme their promised marriage. 45

Cast. She is thy Sister ?
Lor. Who, *Bel-imperia* ? I,
 My gracious Lord, and this is the day
 That I haue longd so happily to see.
Cast. Thou wouldest be loath that any fault of thine
 Should intercept her in her happines ? 50

Lor. Heauens will not let *Lorenzo* erre so much.
Cast. Why then, *Lorenzo*, listen to my words :
 It is suspected, and reported too,
 That thou, *Lorenzo*, wrongst *Hieronimo*,
 And in his sutes towards his Maiestie 55
 Still keepst him back, and seeks to crosse his sute.

Lor. That I, my Lord ?
Cast. I tell thee, Sonne, my selfe haue heard it said,
 When, to my sorrow, I haue been ashamed
 To answere for thee, though thou art my Sonne. 60
Lorenzo, knowest thou not the common loue
 And kindnes that *Hieronimo* hath wone
 By his deserts within the Court of Spaine ?

31 Gowne 1615 39 thinke 1615-28-88 45 the 1628-88 46 She...
 Sister | Who . . . Lord | And this . . . to see Qq. 54 wrongd 1602 A.
 56 keepes 1602-10-28 : keeps 1615-18 60 art] wert 1618-28-88

Or seest thou not the K~~i~~ng my brothers care
In his behalfe, and to procure his health ?
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaime against thee to the King,
What honour wert in this assemblie,
Or what a scandale wert among the Kings,
To heare *Hieronimo* exclaime on thee ?
Tell me, and looke thou tell me truely too,
Whence growes the ground of this report in Court ?

Lor. My L^{ord}, it lyes not in ^{the} Lorenzos power
To stop the vulgar, liberall of their tongues :
A small adauantage makes a water breach,
And no man liues that long contenteth all.

Cast. My selfe haue seene thee busie to keepe back
Him and his supplications from the King.

Lor. Your selfe, *my L_(ord), hath seene his passions
That ill beseeeme the presence of a King;
And, for I pittied him in his distresse,
I helde him thence with kind and curteous wordes,
As free from malice to *Hieronimo*
As to my soule, my Lord.

Cast. Hieronimo, my sonne, mistakes thee then.

Lor. My gracious father, beleue me, so he doth.

But whats a silly man, distract in minde
To thinke vpon the murder of his sonne?
Alas, how easie is it for him to erre.
But for his satisfaction and the worlds,
Twere good, my L^{ord}, that *Heronimo*
Were reconcilde, if he misconster me.

Cast. Lorenzo, thou hast said; it shalbe so.

Goe one of you, and call Hieronimo.

Enter Balthazar and Bel-imperia.

Bal. Come. *Bel-imperia*. Balthazars content.

My sorowes ease and soueraigne of my blisse,
Sith heauen hath ordainde thee to be mine:
Disperce those cloudes and melancholie lookes

71 too om. 1615-18-23-33
om. 1623-33 97 hath t

79 haue 1602 -10 -15 -18 -23 -33

om. 1623-33 97 hath thee ordained 1623-33

And cleare them vp with those thy sunne bright eyes,

Wherein my hope and heauens faire beautie lies. 100

Bel. My lookes, my Lord, are fitting for my loue,
Which, new begun, can shew no brighter yet.

Bal. New kindled flames should burne as morning sun.

Bel. But not too fast, least heate and all be done.

I see my Lord, my father.

Bal. Truce, my loue; 105
I will goe salute him.

Cast. Welcome, *Balthazar*,
Welcome, braue Prince, the pledge of Castiles peace,
And welcome, *Bel-imperia*. How now, girle?
Why commest thou sadly to salute vs thus?
Content thy selfe, for I am satisfied: 110
It is not now as when *Andrea* liu'd;
We haue forgotten and forgiuen that,
And thou art graced with a happier Loue.
But, *Balthazar*, heere comes *Hieronimo*;
Ile haue a word with him. 115

Enter Hieronimo and a Seruant.

Hier. And where's the Duke?

Ser. Yonder.

Hier. Euen so:—

What new deuice haue they deuised, tro?

Pocas Palabras, milde as the Lambe:

Ist I will be reuengde? no, I am not the man.

Cast. Welcome, *Hieronimo*. 120

Lor. Welcome, *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Welcome, *Hieronimo*.

Hier. My Lords, I thanke you for *Horatio*.

Cast. *Hieronimo*, the reason that I sent

To speake with you, is this.

Hier. What, so short? 125

Then Ile be gone, I thank you fort.

Cast. Nay, stay, *Hieronimo*—goe, call him, sonne.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, my father craues a word with you.

99 cheare 1615-18-28-83 102 no om. *Allde* 105-107 I see . . .
father | Truce . . . salute him | Welcome . . . Prince | The . . . peace *Qg*
116-117 And . . . Duke | Yonder | Euen . . . tro *Qg*. 119 1st] H st 1698 . . .
Hist *Dodsley* 125 What, so short sep. line *Qg*.

Hier. With me, sir? why, my L~~ord~~, I thought you had done.

Lor. No; would he had.

Cast.

Hieronimo, I hear

130

You find your selfe agriued at my Sonne,
Because you haue not accesse vnto the King;
And say tis he that interceptes your sutes.

Hier. Why, is not this a miserable thing, my Lord?

Cast. *Hieronimo,* I hope you haue no cause,

135

And would be loth that one of your deserts
Should once haue reason to suspect my sonne,
Considering how I think of you my selfe.

Hier. Your sonne *Lorenzo*? whome, my noble Lord?

The hope of Spaine, mine honorable freend?

140

Graunt me the combat of them, if they dare.

*Drawes out his sword.

Ile meet him face to face, to tell me so.
These be the scandalous reports of such
As loue not me, and hate my Lord too much.
Should I suspect *Lorenzo* would preuent
Or crosse my sute, that loued my Sonne so well?
My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

Lor. *Hieronimo,* I neuer gaue you cause.

Hier. My good Lord, I know you did not.

Cast. There then pause;

And for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile, *Ciprians* ancient seat;
And when thou wilt, use me, my sonne, and it:
But heere, before Prince *Balthazar* and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect freends.

150

155

Hier. I marry, my Lord, and shall.

Freends, quoth he? see, Ile be freends with you all:

Specially with you, my louely Lord;

For diuers causes it is fit for vs

That we be freends: the world is suspitious,

160

And men may think what we imagine not.

Bal. Why, this is friendly done, *Hieronimo.*

* 130 *Hieronimo,* I hear beg 131, Qq. then om. 1602 A, 1615 -18 -23 -38

149 There then pause beg. 150, Qg. :

Lor. And that, I hope, olde grudges are forgot.

Hier. What els? it were a shame it should not be so.

Cast. Come on, *Hieronimo*, at my request;

Let us entreat your company to day.

Exeunt.

Hier. Your Lordships to commaund. Pah: keepe your way.

*Chi mi fa più carezze che non suole,
Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole.*

Exit.

〈SCENE XV.〉

Enter Ghoast and Reuenge.

Ghoast. Awake, *Erichtho*; *Cerberus*, awake.

Solicite *Pluto*, gentle *Proserpine*⁴,

To combate, *Acheron* and *Erebis*.

For neere, by *Stix* and *Phlegeton* in hell,

O'er-ferried *Caron* to the fierie lakes

5

Such fearefull sights, as poore *Andrea* sees.

Reuenge, awake.

Reuenge. Awake? for why?

Ghoast. Awake, *Reuenge*; for thou art ill aduisde

To sleepe away what thou art warnd to watch.

10

Reuenge. Content thy selfe, and doe not trouble me.

Ghoast. Awake, *Reuenge*, if loue, as loue hath had,

Haue yet the power or preuailance in hell.

Hieronimo with *Lorenzo* is ioynde in league,

And intercepts our passage to reuenge:

15

Awake, *Reuenge*, or we are woe begone.

Reuenge. Thus worldlings ground, what they haue dreamd, vpon.

Content thy selfe, *Andrea*; though I sleepe,

¹⁶⁷ Pali Schick: *Pha Qg* 168-9 *Mi chi mi fa?* *Pui Correzza che non*
sule | *Tradito viha otrade vule Allde* later later *Qg* more corrupt 1 *Erichta*
Qg. · *Alecto Hazhit.* See Note 3-5 emend Schick: To combate *Achinton*
 and *Eruhus* in hell | For neere (neerd 1594-99, 1602-10-15-18) by *Stix* and
Phlegeton | Not ferried *Caron* to the fierie lakes *Qg.* See Note 6 see *Allde*,
 1594-99 8 Awake? for why? om. 1618-28-28 10 Th sleepe, away,
 what, thou art warnd to watch. *Allde*. To sleepe, awaie, what thou art warned
 to watch. 1594 To sleepe, away, what, thou art warnde to watch. 1599: To
 sleepe; away what thou art warnde to watch. 1602: To sleepe, away; what?
 thou art waunde to watch. 1602 A: To sleepe, away; what, thou art warn'd to
 watch. 1610: To sleepe, away: what art warn'd to watch. 1615-18: To sleepe,
 away: what, art warn'd to watch? 1628: To sleepe, awake: what, art warn'd to
 watch? 1638: To sleep—awake: what thou art warn'd to watch! editors

Yet is my mood soliciting their soules.
 Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*
 Cannot forget his sonne *Horatio*.
 Nor dies *Reuenge*, although he sleepe awhile;
 For in vnquiet quietnes is faind,
 And slumbring is a common worldly wile.
 Beholde, *Andrea*, for an instance, how
Reuenge hath slept, and then imagine thou
 What tis to be subiect to destinie.

Enter a dumme shew.

Ghoast. Awake, *Reuenge*; reueale this misterie.

Reuenge. The two first the nuptiall torches boare
 As brightly burning as the mid-daiies sunne:
 But after them doth *Himen* hie as fast,
 Clothed in Sable and a Saffron robe,
 And blowes them out, and quencheth them with blood,
 As discontent that things continue so.

Ghoast. Sufficeth me; thy meanings vnderstood,
 And thanks to thee and those infernall powers
 That will not tollerate a Louers woe.
 Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

Reuenge. Then argue not, for thou hast thy request.

Exeunt.

ACTVS QVARTVS

(SCENE I.)

Enter Bel-imperia and Hieronimo.

Bel. Is this the loue thou bearst *Horatio*?
 Is this the kindnes that thou counterfeits?
 Are these the fruits of thine incessant teares?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
 Thy protestations, and thy deepe lamentes,
 That thou wert wont to wearie men withall.
 O vnkind father, O deceitfull world,

^{19 18]} in 1618 -28 -88 ²³ found 1599, 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -88 ²⁹ Lo' the
 two Schick, unnecessarily boare *Og.* · beare *Fleischer.* See Note ³⁰ bright
Og. exc. Alde ^{36 to]} vnto 1610 -15 -18 -28 -88 ^{38 to]} and 1618 -28 -88
^{39 Then]} Thus 1610 -15 -18

With what excuses canst thou shew thy selfe,
+With what dishonour and the hate of men,+
From this dishonour and the hate of men?
Thus to neglect the losse and life of him,
Whom both my letters and thine own belief
Assures thee to be causeles slaughtered.

10

Hieronimo, for shame, *Hieronimo*,
Be not a historie to after times
Of such ingratitude vnto thy Sonne :
Vnhappy Mothers of such Children then,
But monstrous Fathers to forget so soone
The death of those, whom they with care and cost
Haue tended so, thus careles should be lost.

15

My selfe, a stranger in respect of thee,
So loued his life, as still I wish their deathes.
Nor shall his death be vnreuengd by me, -
Although I beare it out for fashions sake :
For heere I sweare, in sight of heauen and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the loue thou shouldst retaine,
And glue it ouer, and devise no more,
My selfe should send their hatefull soules to hell,
That wrought his downfall with extreamest death.

20

Hier. But may it be that *Bel-imperia*,
Vowes such reuenge as she hath daind to say?
Why then I see that heauen applies our drift,
And all the Saintes doe sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursed murtherers.
Madame, tis true, and now I find it so,
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that Letter how *Horatio* died.
Pardon, O pardon, *Bel-imperia*,
My feare and care in not beleeuing it ;
Nor thinke I thoughtles thinke vpon a meane
To let his death be vnreueng'd at full :
And heere I vow—so you but giue consent,

30

35

40

9 om editors exc Hazlitt query, dishonour . . . men misprint for deuices
seek thy selfe to saue or similar phrase? 10 om. Hazlitt 11 life and
losse Qq. exc. Allde 17 mother 1599, 1602-10-15-18-28-38 18 Father
1602-10-15-18-28-38 24 fashion 1623-38 32 applies Qq.: applauds
Collier. See Note

And will conceale my resolution—
 I will ere long determine of their deathes
 That causles thus haue murdered my sonne.

45

Bel. Hieronimo, I will consent, conceale,

And ought that may effect for thine auaile,
 Ioyne with thee to reuenge *Horatios* death.

Hier. On then; whatsoeuer I deuise,

Let me entreat you, grace my practises :

50

For why the plots already in mine head.
 Heere they are.

Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.

Bal. How now, *Hieronimo?* what, courting *Bel-imperia?*

Hier. I, my Lord; such courting as, I promise you,

She hath my hart, but you, my Lord, haue hers.

55

Lor. But now, *Hieronimo*, or neuer, wee

Are to entreate your helpe.

Hier. My helpe?

Why, my good Lords, assure your selues of me;

For you haue giuen me cause; I, by my faith, haue you.

Bal. It please you, at the entertainement of the Embassadour,

To grace the King so much as with a shew:

61

Now, were your studie so well furnished,

As for the passing of the first nights sport

To entertaine my father with the like,

Or any such like pleasing motion,

65

Assure your selfe, it would content them well.

Hier. Is this all?

Bal I, this is all.

Hier. Why then, ile fit you; say no more.

When I was yong, I gaue my minde

70

And plide my selfe to fruitles Poetrie;

Which though it profite the professor naught,

Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

Lor. And how for that?

Hier. Marrie, my good Lord, thus:

(And yet me thinks you are too quicke with vs):—

75

47 that] what 1628 49 On 1 Oh 1610-15-18-28-38 and whatsoeuer Schuck
 51 my 1602-15-18-28-38 56-58 But now . . . your helpe | My helpe . . . of
 me Qq. 59 farth] honour 1615-18-28-38 60 at th' 1618-28-38 73 it
 is 1638 passing] passion 1618 75 think 1599, 1602-10

When in *Tolledo* there I studied
 It was my chance to write a *Tragedie*,
 See heere, my Lords.— *He shewes them a booke.*
 Which, long forgot, I found this other day.

Now would your Lordships fauour me so much 80
 As but to grace me with your acting it—
 I meane, each one of you to play a part—
 Assure you it will prooue most passing strange,
 And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

Bal. What? would you haue us plaie a *Tragedie*? 85

Hier. Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
 And Kings and Emperours haue tane delight
 To make experiance of their wits in plaires.

Lor. Nay, be not angrie, good *Hieronimo* ; 90
 The Prince but asked a question.

Bal. In faith, *Hieronimo*, and you be in earliest,
 Ile make one.

Lor. And I, another.
Hier. Now, my good Lord, could you entreat
 Your sister *Bel-imperia* to make one? 95
 For whats a plaike without a woman in it?

Bel. Little intreathy shall serue me, *Hieronimo* ;
 For I must needes be employed in your play.

Hier. Why this is well; I tell you, Lordings,
 It was determined to haue been acted 100
 By Gentlemen and schollers too,

Such as could tell what to speake.
Bal. And now it shall be plaide by Princes and Courtiers,
 Such as can tell how to speake:
 If, as it is our Country maner, 105
 You will but let us know the Argument.

Hier. That shall I roundly. The *Chronicles of Spaine*
 Record this written of a Knight of Rodes :
 He was betrothed, and wedded at the length,
 To one *Persedas*, an Italian Dame, 110
 Whose beauty rauished all that her behelde,

76 Tolado 1610 78 See heere my Lords beg. *stage-direction*, 1594
 84 plausible Qg: pleasurable *Haslitt, unnecessarily* 87 second and om. 1610
 90 asked you 1628-88 96 in't? 1602-10-15-18-28-88 103 plaid[e] said
 1599, 1602-10-75-18-28-88 108 of the Rhodes 1618

Especially the soule of *Soliman*,
 Who at the marriage was the cheefest guest.
 By sundry meanes sought *Soliman* to winne
Persedas loue, and could not gaine the same. 115
 Then gan he break his passions to a freend,
 One of his Bashawes whom he held full deere;
 Her had this Bashaw long solicited,
 And saw she was not otherwise to be wonne,
 But by her husbands death, this Knight of Rodes, 120
 Whom presently by trecherie he slew.
 She, stirde with an exceeding hate therefore,
 As cause of this, slew *Soliman*,
 And, to escape the Bashawes tirannie,
 Did stab herselfe, and this the Tragedie. 125

Lor. O, excellent!

Bel. But say, *Hieronimo*,
 What then became of him that was the Bashaw?
Hier. Marrie, thus: mooued with remorse of his misdeeds,
 Ran to a mountaine top and hung himselfe.
Bal. But which of us is to performe that parte? 130
Hier. O, that will I, my Lords, make no doubt of it:
 Ile play the murderer, I warrant you,
 For I already haue conceited that.

Bal. And what shall I?

Hier. Great *Soliman*, the Turkish Emperour. 135

Lor And I?

Hier. *Erastus*, the Knight of Rhodes.

Bel. And I?

Hier. *Persedas*, chaste and resolute
 And heere, my Lords, are seuerall abstracts drawne,
 For each of you to note your partes,
 And act it as occasion's offred you.
 You must prouide a Turkish cappe,
 A black mustacio, and a Fauchion.

Gives a paper to Bal.

125 this is the 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -38 126 O, excellent Qq · Ay, sir,
Hawkins, Reed, Collier, Haslitt 126-7 O, excellent | But . . . him |
 • That . . . Bashaw Qq. 129 hang 1602 hang'd 1602 A, 1610 -15 -18 -28 -38
 135 that 1615 -18

You, with a Crosse, like to a Knight of Rhodes. 145
Gives another to Lor.

And, Madame, you must attire your selfe
He grueth Bel. another.

Like *Phoebe*, *Flora*, or the huntresse,
 Which to your discretion shall seeme best.
 And as for me, my Lords, Ile looke to one,
 And with the ransome that the *Vice-roy* sent, 150
 So furnish and performe this Tragedie,
 As all the world shall say, *Hieronimo*
 Was liberall in gracing of it so.

Bal. *Hieronimo*, methinkes a Comedie were better
Hier. A Comedie? 155

Fie, Comedies are fit for common wits :
 But to present a Kingly troupe withall,
 Giue me a stately written Tragedie ;
Tragedia cothurnata, fitting Kings,
 Containing matter, and not common things. 160
 My Lords, all this must be perfourmed,
 As fitting for the first nights reuellung.
 The Italian Tragedians were so sharpe of wit
 That in one houres meditation
 They would performe any thing in action. 165

Lor. And well it may ; for I haue seene the like
 In *Paris*, mongst the French Tragedians.

Hier. In *Paris*? mas, and well rememb(e)red.
 Theres one thing more that rests for us to doe.

Bal. Whats that, *Hieronimo*? forget not any thing. 170
Hier. Each one of us must act his parte

In vnknowne languages,
 That it may breed the more varietie :
 As you, my Lord, in Latin ; I in Greeke ;
 You in Italian ; and, for because I know
 That *Bel-imperia* hath practised the French, 175
 In courtly French shall all her phrasies be.

Bel. You meane to try my cunning then, *Hieronimo*?

145 to om 1599, 1602-10-15-18 S. D. *giueth*] giues 1602-10-15-18-23-33
 152 As] That 1615-23-28 155-6 A Comedie .. wits one line Qg. 159
 other nato Alide, 1599, 1618-23. cothornato 1602-10-15 173 the om. ~
 1618-23-28

Bal. But this will be a meere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be vnderstood.

180

Hier. It must be so; for the conclusion

Shall proue the intention, and all was good:
And I my selfe in an Oration,
And with a strange and wondrous shew besides,
That I will haue there behinde a curtaine,

185

Assure your selfe, shall make the matter knowne:
And all shalbe concluded in one Scene,
For there's no pleasure tane in tediousness.

Bal. How like you this?

Lor. Why thus, my Lord, we must resolute
To soothe his humors vp.

190

Bal. On, then, *Hieronimo*; farewell till soone

Hier. Youle ply this geere?

Lor. I warrant you.

Exeunt all but Hieronimo.

Hier.

Why so.

Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heauens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this Tragedie,

195

Hard is the hap of olde *Hieronimo*.

Exit.

(SCENE II.)

Enter Isabella with a weapon.

Isab. Tell me no more:—O monstrous homicides.
Since neither pietie nor pittie moues
The King to iustice or compasion,
I will reuenge my selfe vpon this place,
Where thus they murdered my beloued sonne.

5

She cuts downe the Arbour.

Doune with these branches and these loathsome bowes

184-5 so, 1602 and later Qg . but 185-4, Allde, 1594 -99 186 your] thy
1618 -28 -88 192 On] O 1688 193 I, why so Qg exc Allde 193-4 Youle
- . . geerie | I warrant you | Why so . . . Babylon Qg 5 thus om 1602 -10
-15 -18 -28 -88 they haue murdered 1688 6 first these] those 1602 but
these 1602 A

Of this vnfortunate and fatall Pine :
 Downe with them, *Isabella*, rent them vp,
 And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.
 I will not leaue a roote, a stalke, a tree,
 A bough, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,
 No, not an herb within this garden Plot—
 Accursed complot of my miserie.
 Fruitlesse for euer may this garden be,
 Barren the earth, and bliselesse whosoeuer
 Immagines not to keepe it ¹⁰unmanurde.
 An Easterne winde, commixt with noisome aires,
 Shall blast the plants and the yong saplings ;
 The earth with Serpents shall be pestered,
 And passengers, for feare to be infect,
 Shall stand aloofe and looking at it, tell :
 'There, murdred, dide the sonne of *Isabell*'
 I, heere he dide, and heere I him imbrace :
 See, where his Ghoast solicites with his wounds
 Reuenge on her that should reuenge his death.
Hieronimo, make haste to see thy sonne ;
 For sorrow and dispaire hath scited me
 To heare *Horatio* plead with *Radamant* :
 Make haste, *Hieronimo*, to hold excusde
 Thy negligence in pursute of their deaths
 Whose hatefull wrath bereu'd him of his breath.
 Ah nay, thou doest delay their deaths,
 Forgiues the murderers of thy noble sonne,
 And none but I besturē me—to no ende.
 And as I curse this tree from further fruite,
 So shall my wombe be cursed for his sake ;
 And with this weapon will I wound the brest,
 The haplesse brest, that gaue *Horatio* suck.
¹⁵
²⁰
²⁵
³⁰
³⁵

She stabs herselfe.

8 rend 1618 -28 -88 15 blesselesse 1610 -15 -18 -28 -88 24 solicited
 1618 -28 -88 second his om 1683 29 to holde exclude 1615 -18 -28 -88 :
 or hold accused *Haslitt* 32 nay] na 1594 -99 . ha 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -88
 S D. *She stabs herselfe after 37, Alde, 1594 -99*

<SCENE III. >

Enter Hieronimo ; he knocks up the curtaine.

Enter the Duke of Castile.

Cast. How now, *Hieronimo*, where's your fellows,
That you take all this paine?

Hier. O sir, it is for the authors credit
To look that all things may goe well.
But, good my Lord, let me entreate your grace
To give the King the coppie of the plaie:
This is the argument of what we shew.

Cast. I will, *Hieronimo*.

Hier. One thing more, my good Lord.

Cast. What's that?

5

Hier. Let me entreat your grace
That, when the traine are past into the gallerie,
You would vouchsafe to throw me downe the key.

Cast. I will, *Hieronimo*.

Exit Cast.

Hier. What, are you ready, *Balthazar*?

15

Bring a chaire and a cushion for the King.

Enter Balthazar, with a Chaire.

Well doon, *Balthazar*, hang up the Title :
Our scene is Rhodes :—what, is your beard on ?

Bal. Halfe on ; the other is in my hand.

Hier. Dispatch, for shame ; are you so long ?

20

Exit Balthazar.

Bethink thy selfe, *Hieronimo*,
Recall thy wits, recompt thy former wrongs
Thou hast receiuued by murder of thy sonne.

And lastly, not least, how *Isabell*,
Once his mother and thy dearest wife,
All woe begone for him, hath slaine her selfe.
Behooues thee then, *Hieronimo*, to be reueng'd.
The plot is laide of dire reuenge :
On, then, *Hieronimo*, pursue reuenge,
For nothing wants but acting of reuenge.

25

30

Exit Hieronimo.

¹ your] thy 1618-28-88 ⁹ good my Lord 1688 ¹² are] is 1618-28-88
¹³ You end of 12, 1618-28-88 ¹⁷ Tilt 1610 ²⁰ you are 1610 ²⁵ thy]
 my 1628-88 ²⁹ them 1618-28-88

(SCENE IV.)

*Enter Spanish King, Vice-Roy, Duke of Castile,
and their traine.*

King. Now, *Vice-roy*, shall we see the Tragedie
Of *Soliman*, the Turkish Emperour,
Performde of pleasure by your Sonne the Prince,
My Nephew *Don Lorenzo*, and my Neece? 5

Vice. Who? *Bel-imperia?*

King. I, and *Hieronimo* our Marshall,
At whose request they deine to doo't themselues.
These be our pastimes in the Court of Spaine:
Heere, brother, you shall be the booke-keeper:
This is the argument of that they shew. 10

He giueth him a booke.

*Gentlemen, this Play of Hieronimo, in sundrie languages, was thought
good to be set downe in English, more largely, for the easier
understanding to euery publique Reader.*

Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia, and Hieronimo.

Bal. Bashaw, that *Rhodes* is ours, yield heauens the honour,
And holy Mahomet, our sacred Prophet:
And be thou grac't with euery excellencie
That *Soliman* can giue, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering *Rhodes* is lesse 15
Then in reseruing this faire Christian Nymph,
Persedea, blisfull lampe of Excellence,
Whose eies compell, like powrefull Adamant,
The warlike heart of *Soliman* to wait.

King See, *Vice-roy*, that is *Balthazar*, your sonne,
That represents the Emperour *Solyman*: 20

How well he acts his amourous passion.

Vice. I, *Bel-imperia* hath taught him that.

Cast. That's because his minde runs all on *Bel-imperia*.

Hier. What euer ioy earth yields, betide your Maiestie. 25

Bal. Earth yields no ioy without Persedaes loue,

Hier. Let then Perseda on your grace attend.

3 our 1628 -83
16 Christian on. 1688

7 denie 1618

27 Then let 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -88

S.D gives 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -88

Bal. *She shall not wait on me, but I on her:*
Drawne by the influence of her lights, I yield.
But let my friend, the Rhodian Knight, come foorth, 30
Erasto, dearer than my life to me,
That he may see Perseda my beloved.

Enter Erasto.

King. Here comes Lorenzo: looke upon the plot,
And tell 'me, brother, what part plaies he?

Bel. *Ah, my Erasto, welcome to Perseda.*

35

Era. *Thrice happie is Erasto, that thou liuest,*
Rhodes losse is nothing to Erastoes ioy:

Sith his Perseda liues, his life suruiues.

Bal. *Ah, Bashaw, heere is loue betwixt Erasto*
And faire Perseda, soueraigne of my soule.

40

Hier. *Remooue Erasto, mighty Solyman,*
And then Perseda wll be quickly wonne.

Bal. *Erasto is my friend; and while he liues,*
Perseda neuer will remooue her loue.

Hier. *Let not Erasto liue to grieue great Soliman.*

45

Bal. *Deare is Erasto in our princely eye.*

Hier. *But if he be your riuall, let him die.*

Bal. *Why, let him die; so loue commaundeth me,*
Yet greeue I that Erasto should so die

Hier. *Erasto, Solyman saluteth thee,*

50

And lets thee wit by me his highnes will,
Which is, thou shouldest be thus imployd.

Stab him.

Bal. *Ay me, Erasto; see, Solyman, Erastoes slaine.*

Bal. *Yet liueth Solyman to comfort thee.*

Faire Queene of beautie, let not fauour die, 55
But with a gratiouse eye behold his grieve,
That with Persedaes beautie is encreast,
If by Perseda his grief be not releast.

Bal. *Tyrant, desist soliciting vaine suites,*
Relentless are mine eares to thy laments, 60
As thy butcher is pittlesse and base,
Which seazd on my Erasto, harmelesse Knight.

*Yet by thy power thou thinkest to commaund,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey.*

*But, were she able, thus she would reuenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble Prince:*

And on herselfe she would be thus reueng'd.

Stab him.

Stab her selfe.

King Well said.—Olde Marshall, this was brauely done.

Hier. But *Bel-imperia* plaies *Persed*a well.

Vice. Were this in earnest, *Bel-imperia*, 70

You would be better to my Sonne then so.

King. But now what followes for *Hieronimo*?

Hier. Marrie, this followes for *Hieronimo*:

Heere breake we off our sundrie languages,

And thus conclude I in our vulgar tung.

Happely you thinke (but booteles are your thoughts)

'That this is fabulously counterfeit,

And that we doo as all Tragedians doo:

To die to day for fashioning our Scene—

The death of *Ajax* or some Romaine peere—

And in a minute starting vp againe,

Reuiue to please too morrowes audience.

No, Princes; know I am *Hieronimo*,

The hopeles father of a hapless Sonne,

Whose tongue is tun'd to tell his latest tale,

Not to excuse grosse errors in the play.

I see your lookes vrge instance of these wordes;

Beholde the reason vrging me to this:

Shewes his dead Sonne.

See heere my shew, looke on this spectacle:

Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath ende:

Heere lay my hart, and heere my hart was slaine:

Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost:

Heere lay my blisse, and heere my blisse bereft:

But hope, hart, treasure, ioy, and blisse,

All fled, faild, died, yea, all decaide with this.

From forth these wounds came breath that gaue me life;

They murded me that made these fatall markes.

S. D. Let her stab him 1602-10-15-18-28-33 72 for om. 1618-28-33
 76 are] be 1602-10-15-18-28-33 85 turn'd 1615-18 87 those 1618-28-33
 S. D. He shewes 1602-10-15-18-28-33

The cause was loue, whence grew this mortall hate ;
 The hate : *Lorenzo*, and yong *Balthazar* :
 The loue : my sonne to *Bel-imperia*. 100
 But night, the couerer of accursed crimes,
 With pitchie silence husht these traitors harmes,
 And lent them leaue, for they had sorted pleasure,
 To take aduantage in my Garden plot
 Upon my Sonne, my deere *Horatio* : 105
 There merclesse they butcherd vp my boy,
 In black darke night, to pale dim cruel death.
 He shrikes : I heard, and yet, me thinks, I heare
 His dismall out-cry eccho in the aire.
 With soonest speed I hasted to the noise, 110
 Where hanging on a tree I found my sonne,
 Through girt with wounds, and slaughtred as you see.
 And greeued I (think you) at this spectacle ?
 Speake, Portaguis, whose losse resembles mine :
 If thou canst weepe vpon thy *Balthazar*, 115
 Tis like I waulde for my *Horatio*.
 And you, my L_(ord), whose reconciled sonne
 Marcht in a net, and thought himselfe vnseene,
 And rated me for brainsicke lunacie,
 With *God amende that mad Hieronimo*, 120
 How can you brook our plaies Catastrope ?
 And heere beholde this bloudie hand-kercher,
 Which at *Horatios* death I weeping dipt
 Within the riuier of his bleeding wounds .
 It as propitious, see, I haue reserued, 125
 And neuer hath it left my bloody hart,
 Soliciting remembrance of my vow
 With these, O, these accursed murderers :
 Which now perform'd, my hart is satisfied.
 And to this end the *Bashaw* I became, 130
 That might reuenge me on *Lorenzos* life,
 Who therefore was appointed to the part,

101 the coueter 1610 : the a couerer 1615 102 the *Qq* exc. *Allde*
 trayterous 1628-88 108 shrift 1610 114 Portagues 1602 : Portingules
 1602 A, -10 -15 -18 -28 -38 resemble 1599, 1615 -18 -28 116 walle 1638
 120 With] Which *Qq* exc *Allde* 125 It] Is 1615 -18 -28 -38 preserved
 1618 -28 -38 126 haue 1610 bleeding 1628 -38

And was to represent the Knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conueniently.
So, *Vice-roy*, was this *Balthazar*, thy Sonne, 135
That *Soliman* which *Bel-imperia*,
In person of *Persedea*, murdered:
Solie appointed to that tragicke part
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poore *Bel-imperia* mist her part in this, 140
For though the story saith she should haue died,
Yet I of kindnes, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end;
But loue of him, whom they did hate too much,
Did vrge her resolution to be such. 145
And, Princes, now beholde *Hieronimo*,
Author and actor in this Tragedie,
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;
And will as resolute conclude his parte
As any of the Actors gone before. 150
And, Gentles, thus I end my play;
Vrge no more wordes: I haue no more to say.

He runs to hange himselfe.

King. O hearken, *Vice-roy*—holde, *Hieronimo*.
Brother, my Nephew and thy sonne are slaine.
Vice. We are betraide; my *Balthazar* is slaine. 155
Breake ope the doores; runne, sauе *Hieronimo*.

They breake in, and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo, doe but enforme the King of these euent,
Upon mine honour, thou shalt haue no harme.
Hier. *Vice-roy*, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day haue offered to my Sonne. 160
Accursed wretch,
Why staiest thou him that was resolud to die?
King. Speake, traitour; damned, bloudy murderer, speak.
For now I haue thee, I will make thee speak.
Why hast thou done this vndeseruing deed? 165
Vice. Why hast thou murdered my *Balthazar*?
Cast. Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

133 present 1610 144 too] so 1628-33 151 Gentiles 1594, 1628-33
S D. runneth 1628-33 S.D. They . . . Hier. om. Alde, 1594-99 161-2
one line Qq. 162 staidist 1628-33

Hier. O, good words: as deare to me was my *Horatio*,
As yours, or yours, or yours, my L~~ord~~, to you.

My guiltles Sonne was by *Lorenzo* slaine, 170

And by *Lorenzo* and that *Balthazar*

Am I at last reuenged thorowly,

Vpon whose soules may heauens be yet auenged

With greater far than these afflictions.

Cast. But who were thy confederates in this? 175

Vice. That was thy daughter *Bel-imperia*;

For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slaine:

I saw her stab him.

King. Why speakest thou not?

Hier. What lesser libertie can Kings affoord

Then harmeles silence? then affoord it me.

Sufficeth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee. 180

King. Fetch forth the tortures.

Traitor as thou art, ile make thee tell.

Hier. Indeed thou maiest torment me, as his wretched Sonne

Hath done in murdring my *Horatio*: 185

But neuer shalt thou force me to reueale

The thing which I haue vowd inuiolate.

And therefore in despight of all thy threats,

Pleasde with their deaths, and easde with their reuenge,

First take my tung, and afterwards my hart. 190

(FIFTH PASSAGE OF ADDITIONS, REPLACING 168-90, BUT IN
CORPORATING, IN TRANSPOSED ORDER, 168-78 (... STAB HIM)
AND 190 OF ORIGINAL TEXT.)

Hier. But are you sure they are dead?

Cast. I, slaye, too sure.

Hier. What, and yours too? (170)

Vice. I, all are dead; not one of them suruiue.

Hier. Nay, then I care not; come, and we shall be friends;

Let us lay our heades together:

See, here's a goodly nowse will hold them all.

Vice. O damned Deuill, how secure he is. (175)

Hier. Secure? why doest thou wonder at it?

I tell thee, *Vice-roy*, this day I haue seene reuenge,

• 179 can] our 1594-99 169 -laine 1602 A -15 -18 -28 -38
1602 A : reuengd 1602 -10 -15 -18 -28 -38

177 reuenge

And in that sight am growne a powder Monarch
Than euer sate vnder the Crowne of Spaine.

Had I as many lues as there be Starres,
As many Heauens to go to, as those lues,
Ide glie them all, I, and my soule to boote,
But I would see thee ride in this red poole.

Cast. Speake, who were thy confederates in this?

Vice. That was thy daughter *Bel-imperia*;
(185)
For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slaine:
I saw her stab him.

Hier. O, good words: as deare to me was my *Horatio*,
As yours, or yours, or yours, my L(ord), to you.
My guilties Sonne was by *Lorenzo* slaine,

(190)
And by *Lorenzo* and that *Balthazar*
Am I at last reuenged thorowly,
Vpon whose soules may heauens be yet reuenged
With greater far then these afflictions.

Mee thinkes, since I grew inward with *Reuenge*,
(195)
I can not looke with scorne enough on Death.

King. What, dost thou mocke us, slauie? bring torturs forth.

Hier. Doe, doe, doe; and meane time Ile torture you.
You had a Sonne (as I take it), and your Sonne
Shuld ha'e been married to your daughter: ha, wast not so? (200)

You had a Sonne too, hee was my Liege's Nephew;
Hee was proud and politicke. Had he liued,
Hee might a come to weare the crowne of *Spaine*—
I thinke twas so: twas I that killed him;

Looke you, this same hand twas it that stab'd
His hart—doe ye see? this hand—

For one *Horatio*, if you euer knew him:
A youth, one that they hanged vp in his father's garden,
One that did force your valiant Sonne to yeeld,
While your more valiant Sonne did take him prisoner.

(210)
Vice. Be deafe, my senses, I can heare no more.

King. Fall, heauen, and couer vs with thy sad ruines.

Cast. Rowle all the world within thy pitchie cloud.

Hier. Now do I applaud what I haue acted.

Nunc mers cadat manus. (215)

Now to expresse the rupture of my part,
First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.

He bites out his tongue.

184. Speake (instead of original But) 1602 and later Qq. 193 reuenged
(instead of original auenged) 1602 and later Qq. 197 thou om. 1628-88
205 was it 1618-88-88 206 you 1610-15-18-23-88 210 more om. 1615
-18-28-88 215 mers cadat manus emend. Schick: mors caede manus 1602
mers cadas manus 1602 A-10-15-18: mens cadas manus 1628-88 216.
rapture Dodsley, Reed, Collier

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch.

See, Vice-roy, he hath bitten foorth his tung
Rather then to reueale what we requirde.

Cast. Yet can he write.

King. And if in this he satisfie us not,
We will deuise the 'xtiemest kinde of death
That euer was inuented for a wretch.

195 (222)

Then he makes signes for a knife to mend his pen.

Cast. O, he would haue a knife to mend his pen.

Vice. Heere, and aduise thee that thou write the troth.

King. Looke to my brother, saue Hieronimo. 200 (227)

He with a knife stabs the Duke and himselfe.

What age hath euer heard such monstrous deeds?

My brother, and the whole succeeding hope
That Spaine expected after my discease.

Go, beare his body hence, that we may mourne

The losse of our beloued brothers death; 205 (232)

That he may bee entom'd, what ere befall.

I am the next, the neerest, last of all.

Vice. And thou, *Don Pedro*, do the like for vs:

Take up our haples sonne, vntimelie slaine:

Set me with him, and he with wofull me, 210 (237)

Vpon the maine mast of a ship vnmand,

And let the winde and tide hall me along

To *Silla's* barking and vntamed gulfe,

Or to the loathsome pool of *Acheron*,

To weepe my want for my sweet *Balthazar*: 215 (242)

Spaine hath no refuge for a Portingale.

The Trumpets sound a dead march, the King of Spaine mourning after his brothers body, and the King of Portingale bearing the body of his sonne.

(SCENE V.)

Enter Ghoast and Reuenge.

Ghoast. I, now my hopes haue end in their effects,

S.D. Then om 1602 and later Qg. 200 King before 201, Qg. See Note
S.D. a] the 1602 and later Qg. 203 That] Of 1615-18-28-33 212 hale
1599, 1602-10-15-18-28-33 213 gulfe 1628-33. greefe Alde, 1594-99,
1602-10-15-18 215 for] of 1628-33

When blood and sorrow finnish my desires
Horatio murdered in his Fathers bower ;
Vilde Serberine by *Pedringano* slaine ;
False Pedringano hangd by quaint deuice ;
Faire Isabella by her selfe misdone ;
Prince Balthazar by *Bel-imperia* stabd ;
The Duke of *Castile* and his wicked Sonne
Both done to death by olde *Hieronimo* ;
My *Bel-imperia* falne as *Dido* fell, 10
And good *Hieronimo* slaine by himselfe
I, these were spectacles to please my soule.
Now will I beg at louely *Proserpine*,
That, by the vertue of her Princely doome,
I may consort my freends in pleasing sort, 15
And on my foes worke iust and sharp reuenge.
Ile lead my freend *Horatio* through those feeldes,
Where neuer dying waries are still inurde ,
Ile lead faire *Isabella* to that traine,
Where pittie weepes, but neuer feeleth paine ; 20
Ile lead my *Bel-imperia* to those ioyes
That vestall Virgins and faire Queenes possesse ,
Ile lead *Hieronimo* where *Orpheus* plaies,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternall daies.
But say, *Reuenge*, for thou must helpe or none, 25
Against the rest how shall my hate be shoune ?
Reuenge. This hand shall hale them downe to deepest hell,
Where none but furies, bugs, and tortures dwell.
Ghoast. Then, sweet *Reuenge*, doe this at my request .
Let me be iudge, and doome them to vnrest. 30
Let loose poore *Titus* from the Vultures gupe,
And let *Don Cyprian* supply his roome ;
Place *Don Lorenzo* on *Ixions* Wheele,
And let the louers endles paines surcease
(*Juno* forgets olde wrath, and graunts him ease) ; 35
Hang *Balthazar* about *Chimeras* neck,
And let him there bewaile his bloudy loue,
Repining at our ioyes that are aboue ;
Let *Serberine* goe roule the fatall stone,

And take from *Siciphus* his endles mone ;
False *Pedringano*, for his trecherie,
Let him be dragde through boyling *Acheron*,
And there liue, dying still in endles flames,
Blaspheming Gods and all their holy names.

40

Reuenge. Then haste we doun to meet thy freends and foes : 45
To place thy freends in ease, the rest in woes ;
For heere, though death hath end their miserie,
Ile there begin their endles Tragedie.

Exeunt.

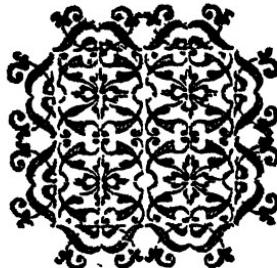
47 [lath] doth 1623 -88

FINIS.

Pompey the Great,
his faire
Corneliaes Tragedie:

Effectuated by her Father and Hus-
bandes downe-cast, death,
and fortune.

*Written in French, by that excelleni
Poet Ro: Garnier; and tran-
slated into English by Thoma
Kid.*



AT LONDON
Printed for Nicholas Ling.
1595.

TO

THE VERTVOVSLY NOBLE, AND RIGHTLY HONOURED LADY,

THE COVNTESSE OF SVSSEX

Hauing no leysure (most noble Lady) but such as euermore is
trauel'd with th' afflictions of the minde, then which the world
affoords no greater misery, it may bee wondred at by some,
how I durst vndertake a matter of this moment: which both
requireth cunning, test and oportunity; but chiefly, that I
would attempt the dedication of so rough, vnpollished a worke
to the suruey of your so worthy selfe.

But beeing well instructed in your noble and herioick dispositions, and perfectly assu'd of your honourable fauours past (though neyther making needles glozes of the one, nor spoyling paper with the others Pharisaical embroiderie), I haue presum'd vpon your true conceit and enteitainement of these small endeouoris, that thus I purposed to make known my memory of you and them to be immortall.

A fitte present for a Patronesse so well accomplished I could not finde then this faire president of honour, magnamitie, and loue. Wherein, what grace that excellent GARNIER hath lost by my defaulte, I shall beseech your Honour to repaire with the regarde of those so bitter times and priuie broken passions that I endured in the witing it.

And so vouchsafing but the passing of a Winters weeke with desolate *Cornelia*, I will assure your Ladiship my next Sommers better trauell with the Tragedy of *Portia*. And euer spend one howre of the day in some kind seruice to your Honour, and another of the night in wishing you all happines. Perpetually thus deuoting my poore selfe

Yours Honors in

all humblenes

T. K.

THE ARGVMENT

CORNELIA, the daughter of *Metellus Scipio*, a young Romaine Lady (as much accomplisht with the graces of the bodie, and the vertues of the minde as euer any was), was first married to young *Crassus*, who died with his Father in the disconfiture of the Romans against the Parthians ; Afterward she tooke to second husbande *Pompey* the great, 5 who (three yeeres after) vpon the first fies of the ciuill warres betwixt him and *Caesar*, sent her fro thence to *Mitilen*, there to attende the incertaine successe of those affaires. And when he sawe that hee was vanquisht at *Pharsalia*, returnd to find her out, and carrie her with him into Egipt, where his purpose was to have reenforc'd a newe 10 Armie, and give a second assault to *Caesar*.

In this voyage hee was murdred by *Achillas* and *Septimius* the Romaine before her eyes, and in the presence of his young Sonne *Sextus*, and some other Senators his friends. After which, shée retyred herselfe to Rome. But *Scipio* her Father (beeing made Generall of 15 those that suruiued after the battaile) assembled new forces, and occupied the greater part of Afrique, allying himselfe to *Iuba* King of *Numidia*. Against all whom *Caesar* (after he had ordred the affayres of Egipt and the state of Rome) in the end of Winter marched. And there (after many light encounters) was a fierce and furious battaile 20 giuen amongst them, neere the walls of *Tapsus*. Where *Scipio* seeing himselfe subdued and his Armie scattered, he betooke himselfe, with some small troope, to certaine shippes which he had caused to stay for him. Thence he sailed towarde *Spayne*, where *Pompeys* Faction commaunded, and where a suddaine tempest tooke him on the Sea, 25 that draue him backe to *Hippon*, a Towne in Afrique at the deuotion of *Caesar*, where (lying at anchor) he was assailed, beaten and assault-ed by the aduense Fleete; And for hee woulde not fall aliue into the hands of his so mightie Enemie, hee stabd himselfe, and sudainly leapt ouer boord into the Sea, and there dyed.

Caesar (hauing finished these warres, and quietly reduc'd the Townes and places there-about to his obedience) return'd to Rome in tryumph for his victories ; . Where this most faire and miserable Ladie, hauing ouer-mouin'd the death of her deere husband, and vnderstanding of these crosse events and haples newes of Afrique, together with the 35 pitteous manner of her Fathers ende, shée tooke (as shée had cause) occasion to redouble both her teaines and lamentations : wherewith she closeth the Catastrophe of this theyr Tragedie.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE text adopted is that of the Quartos of 1594 and 1595, which are identical except in the title-page (cf. *Introduction*). This text is perfect, except for some trifling misprints, given in the notes. I have retained the inverted commas which Kyd, following Garnier, places before a number of moralizing passages, to emphasize their importance.

Other references are as follow :—

Dodsley = Dodsley's edition in his *Old Plays*, vol. xi (1744)

Reed = Reed's edition in his reissue of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. ii (1780)

Collier = Collier's edition in his reissue of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. ii (1825)

Hazlitt = W. C. Hazlitt's edition in his reissue of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. v (1874)

Gassner = Dr. H. Gassner's edition (1894)

Details about these editions are given in the *Introduction*.

INTERLOCVTORES

M. Cicero.	Cornelia.
Phillip.	C. Cassius.
Deci(mus) Brutus.	Julius Caesar.
M. Anthony. "	The Messenger.
Chorus.	

CORNELIA

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Cic Vouchsafe Immortals, and (aboue the rest)
Great *Iupiter*, our Citties sole Protector,
That if (prouok'd against vs by our euils)
You needs wil plague vs with your ceasles wroth,
'At least to chuse those forth that are in fault,
And sauue the rest in these tempestuous broiles :
Els let the mischiefe that should them befall
Be pour'd on me, that one may die for all.
Oft hath such sacrafice appeas'd your ires,
And oft yee haue your heauie hands with-held
From this poore people, when (with one mans losse)
Your pittie hath preseru'd the rest vntucht :
But we, disloiall to our owne defence,
Faint-harted do those liberties enthrall,
Which to preserue (vnto our after good)
Our fathers hazarded their derest blood.
Yet *Brutus Manlius*, hardie *Scevola*,
And stout *Camillus*, are returnd fro *Stix*,
Desiring Armes to ayde our Capitoll.
Yea, come they are, and, fiery as before,
Vnder a Tyrant see our bastard harts
Lye idely sighing, while our shamefull soules
Endure a million of base controls.
Poysoned Ambition (rooted in high mindes),
Tis thou that train'st vs into all these errors :
Thy mortall couetize peruerts our lawes,
And teares our freedom from our franchiz'd harts.

Our fathers found thee at their former walls ;
 And humbled to theyr of-spring left thee dying.
 Yet thou, reuiuing, soyl'dst our Infant Towne
 With guiltles blood by brothers hands out-lanch'd ;
 And hongst (O Hell) upon a Forte halfe finisht
 Thy monstrous murdei for a thing to marke.
 ' But faith continues not where men command.
 ' Equals aie euer bandying for the best :
 ' A state deuided cannot firmly stand.
 ' Two kings within one realne could neuer rest.
 Thys day, we see, the father and the sonne
 Haue fought like foes Pharsalias nfiserie ;
 And with their blood made marsh the parched plaines,
 While th' earth, that gron'd to beare theyr carkasses,
 Bewail'd th' insatiat humors of them both,
 That as much blood in wilfull follie spent.
 As were to tame the world sufficient.
 Now, Parthia, feare no more, for *Crassus* death
 That we will come thy borders to besiege :
 Nor feare the darts of our couragious troops.
 For those braue souldiers, that were (sometime) wont
 To terrifie thee with their names, are dead.
 And ciuill furie, fiercer then thine hosts,
 Hath in a manner this great Towne oreturn'd,
 That whilom was the terror of the world,
 Of whom so many Nations stood in feare,
 To whom so many Nations prostrate stoopt,
 Ore whom (sauē heauenē) nought could signorize,
 And whom (sauē heauen) nothing could afright ;
 Impregnable, immortall, and whose power,
 Could neuer haue beene curb'd, but by it selfe.
 For neither could the flaxen-haird high Dutch
 (A martiall people madding after Armes),
 Nor yet the fierce and fiery humor'd French,
 The More that trauels to the Lybian sands,
 The Greek, Th' Arabian, Macedons or Medes,
 Once dare t'assault it, or attempt to lift

³⁰ soyl'dst editors : foyl'dst Qg.
 cf. Nous allions rassaillir Garnier

46 we Qg. : he Haslitt, wrongly :-

Theyr humbled heads, in presence of proud Rome : 65
 But, by our Lawes from libertie restraynd,
 Like Captiues lyu'd eternally enchaynd.
 But Rome (alas) what helps it that thou ty'dst
 The former World to thee in vassalage?
 What helps thee now t'hau'e tam'd both land and Sea? 70
 What helps it thee that vnder thy controll
 The Morne and Mid-day both by East and West,
 And that the golden Sunne, wheie ere he drieue
 His glittring Chariot, findes oþr Ensignes spred,
 Sith it contents not thy posteritie; 75
 But as a bayte for pride (which spoiles vs all,)
 Embarques vs in so perilous a way,
 As menaceth our death and thy decay?
 For, Rome, thou now resemblest a ship,
 At random wandring in a boistrous Sea, 80
 When foming billowes feele the Northern blasts:
 Thou toy'l'st in perrill, and the windie storme
 Doth topside-turkeye tosse thee as thou flotest:
 Thy Mast is shyu'er'd, and thy maine-saile torn'e;
 Thy sides sore beaten, and thy hatches broke; 85
 Thou want'st thy tackling, and a Ship vnrig'd
 Can make no shift to combat with the Sea.
 See how the Rocks do heauie their heads at thee,
 Which if thou sholdst but touch, thou straight becomst
 A spoyle to *Neptune*, and a sportfull prae 90
 To th' Glauc's and Trytons, pleaseid with thy decay.
 Thou vaunt'st not of thine Auncestors in vaine,
 But vainely count'st thine owne victorious deeds.
 What helpeth vs the things that they did then,
 Now we are hated both of Gods and men? 95
 'Hatred accompanies prosperitie,
 'For one man grieueth at anothers good,
 'And so much more we thinke our miserie,
 'The more that Fortune hath with others stood:
 'So that we sild are seene, as wisedom would, 100
 'To brydle time with reason as we should.

'For we are proude, when Fortune fauours vs,
 'As if inconstant Chaunce were alwaies one,
 'Or, standing now, she would continue thus.
 'O fooles, looke back and see the roling stone,
 'Whereon she blindly lighting sets her foote,
 'And slightly sowes that sildom taketh roote.
 Heauen heretofore (enclinde to do vs good)
 Did fauour vs with conquering our foes,
 When zealous Italie (exasperate
 With our vp-rising) sought þur Citties fall
 But we, soone tickled with such flattring hopes,
 Wag'd further warre with an insatiate hart,
 And tyerd our neighbour Countries so with charge,
 As with their losse we did our bounds enlarge.
 Carthage and Sicily we haue subdude,
 And almost yoked all the world beside.
 And, soly through desire of publique rule,
 Rome and the earth are waxen all as one:
 Yet now we liue despoidl and rob'd by one
 Of th' ancient freedom wherein we were boine
 And euen that yoke, that wont to tame all oþers,
 Is heauily return'd vpon our selues—
 A note of Chaunce that may the proude controle,
 And shew Gods wrath against a cruell soule
 'For heauen delights not in vs, when we doe
 'That to another, which our selues dysdaine:
 'Iudge others, as thou wouldest be iudg'd againe,
 'And do but as thou wouldest be done vnto.
 'For, sooth to say, (in reason) we deserue
 'To haue the selfe-same measure that we serue
 What right had our ambitious auncestors
 (Ignobly issued from the Carte and Plough)
 To enter Asia? What, were they the heires
 To Persia or the Medes, first Monarchies?
 What interest had they to Afferique?
 To Gaule or Spaine? Or what did Neptune owe vs
 Within the bounds of further Brittanie?
 Are we not thieues and robbers of those Realmes
 That ought vs nothing but reuenge for wrongs?
 What toucheth vs the treasure or the hopes,

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The lyues or lyberties of all those Nations,
 Whom we by force haue held in seruitude;
 Whose mournfull cryes and shreekes to heauen ascend,
 Importuning both vengeance and defence
 Against this Citty, ritch of violence?
145

'Tis not enough (alas) our power t'extend,
 'Or ouer-runne the world from East to West,
 'Or that our hands the Earth can comprehend,
 'Or that we proudly doe what lyke vs best.
150

'He lyues more quietly whose rest is made,
 'And can with reason chasten his desire,
 'Then he that blindly toy leth for a shade,
 'And is with others Empyre set on fire.
 'Our blysse consists not in possessions,
155
 'But in commaunding our affections,
 'In vertues choyse, and vices needfull chace
 'Farre from our harts, for stayning of our face.

Chor. Vpon thy backe (where miserie doth sit),
 O *Rome*, the heauens with their wrathful hand
 Reuenge the crymes thy fathers did commit.
 But if (their further furie to withstand,
 Which ore thy walls thy wrack sets menacing)
 Thou dost not seeke to calme heauens irlful king,
 A further plague will pester all the land.
160

'The wrath of heauen (though vrg'd) we see is slow
 'In punishing the euils we haue done:
 'For what the Father-hath deseru'd, we know,
 'Is spar'd in him, and punisht in the sonne.
 'But to forgiue the apter that they be,
170
 'They are the more displeased, when they see
 'That we continue our offence begunne.

'Then from her lothsome Caeu doth Plague repaire,
 'That breaths her heauie poisons downe to hell:
 'Which with their noisome fall corrupt the ayre,
 'Or maigre famin, which the weake foretell,
 'Or bloody warre (of other woes the worst)
 'Which, where it lights, doth show the Land accurst,
 And nere did good, where euer it befell.
175

Warre, that hath sought Th' Ausonian fame to reare 180
 In warlike *Emonye* (now growne so great
 With Souldiers bodies that were buried there);
 Which yet, to sack vs, toyles in bloody sweat
 T'enlarge the bounds of conquering *Thessalie*,
 Through murder, discord, wrath, and enmitie, 185
 Euen to the peacefull Indians pearly seate.

Whose entrails fyerd with rancor, wrath and rage,
 The former petty combats did displace,
 And Campe to Campe did endlesse battailes wage; 190
 Which, on the Mountaine tops of warlike *Thrace*,
 Made thundring *Mars* (Dissentions common friend)
 Amongst the forward Souldiers first descend,
 Arm'd with his blod besmeard keene Coutelace.

Who first attempted to excite to Armes
 The troopes enraged with the Trumpets sound, 195
 Head-long to runne and reck no after harmes,
 Where in the flowred Meades dead men were found,
 Falling as thick (through warlike cruetie)
 As eares of Corne, for want of husbandry,
 That (wastfull) shed their graine vpon the ground 200

O warre, if thou were subiect but to death,
 And by desert mightst fall to *Phlegiton*,
 The torment that *Ixion* suffereth,
 Or his whose soule the Vulter seazeth on,
 Were all too little to reward thy wrath: 205
 Nor all the plagues that fierie *Pluto* hath
 The most outragious sinners layd vpon.

Accursed Catues, wretches that wee are,
 Perceiue we not that for the fatall dombe
 The Fates make hast enough, but we (by warre) 210
 Must seeke in Hell to haue a haples roome?
 Or fast enough doe foolish men not die,
 But they (by murther of themselues) must hie,
 Hopeles to hide them in a haples tombe?

All sad and desolate our Citty lies,
 And for faire Corne-ground are our fields surcloyd
 With worthless Gorse, that yerely fruitles dyes,
 And choakes the good, which els we had enioy'd.
 Death dwels within vs, and if gentle Peace
 Discend not soone, our sorrowes to surcease,
 Latum (alreadie quald) will be destroyd.

215

220

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Cornelia. Cicero.

<Corn. > And wil ye needs bedew my dead-grown loyes,
 And nourish sorrow with eternall teares?
 O eyes, and will yee (cause I cannot dry
 Your ceaselesse springs) not suffer me to die?
 Then make the blood fro forth my branch-like vaines,
 Lyke weeping Riuers, trickle by your vaults;
 And spunge my bodies heate of moisture so,
 As my displeased soule may shunne my hart.
 Heauens, let me dye, and let the Destinies
 Admit me passage to th' infernall Lake;
 That my poore ghost may rest where powerfull fate
 In Deaths sad kingdom hath my husband lodg'd.
 Fayne would I die, but darksome vgly Death
 With-holds his darte, and in disdaine doth flye me,
 Malitious knowing that hels horror
 Is mylder then mine endles discontent,
 And that, if Death vpon my life should seaze,
 The payne supposed would procure mine ease.
 But yee, sad Powers, that rule the silent deepes
 Of dead-sad Night, where sinnes doe maske vnseene
 You that amongst the darksome mansions
 Of pyning ghosts, twixt sighes, and sobs, and teares,
 Do exercise your mirthlesse Empory:
 Yee gods (at whose arbitrament all stand)
 Dislodge my soule, and keepe it with your selues,
 For I am more then halfe your prysoner

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My noble husbands (more then noble soules)
 Already wander vnder your commaunds.
 O then shall wretched I, that am but one,
 (Yet once both theyrs) suruiue, now they are gone? 30
 Alas, thou shouldest, thou shouldest, *Cornelia*,
 Haue broke the sacred thred that tyde thee heere,
 When as thy husband *Crassus* (in his flowre)
 Did first beare Armes, and bare away my loue:
 And not (as thou hast done) goe break the bands 35
 By calling *Hymen* once more back againe.
 Lesse haples, and more worthily thou might'st
 Haue made thine auncesters and thee renound,
 If (like a royll Dame) with faith fast kept,
 Thou with thy former husbands death hadst slept. 40
 But partiall Fortune, and the powerful Fates,
 That at their pleasures wield our purposes,
 Bewitcht my life, and did beguile my loue.
Pompey, the fame that ranne of thy frayle honors,
 Made me thy wife, thy loue, and (like a thiefe) 45
 From my first husband stole my faithles grieve.
 But if (as some belieue) in heauen or hell
 Be heauenly powers, or infernall spirits,
 That care to be aueng'd of Louers othes,
 Oathes made in mariage, and after broke, 50
 Those powers, those spirits (mou'd with my light faith)
 Are now displeas'd with *Pompey* and my selfe,
 And doe with ciuill discord (furthering it)
 Vntyte the bands that sacred *Hymen* knyt.
 Els onely I am cause of both theyr wraths, 55
 And of the sinne that ceeleth vp thine eyes,
 O deplorable *Pompey*; I am shee,
 I am that plague, that sacks thy house and thee.
 For tis not heauen, nor *Crassus* (cause hee sees
 That I am thine) in ialosie pursues vs. 60
 No, tis a secrete crosse, an vnknowne thing,
 That I receiu'd from heauen at my birth,
 That I should heape misfortunes on theyr head,
 Whom once I had receiu'd in mariage bed.

Then yee, the noble Romulists that rest,
Hence-forth forbear to seeke my murdring loue,
And let theyr double losse that held me deere,
Byd you beware for feare you be beguiled.
Ye may be ritch and great in Fortunes grace,
And all your hopes with hap may be effected,
But if yee once be wedded to my loue,
Clowdes of aduersitie will couer you.
So (pestilently) fraught with change of plagues
Is mine infected bosome from^{*}my youth,
Like poyon that (once lighting in the body)
No sooner tutcheth then it taints the blood—
One while the hart, another while the liuer
(According to th' encountering passages),
Nor spareth it what purely feeds the hart,
More then the most infected filthiest part.
Pompey, what holpe it thee, (say, deerest life)
Tell mee what holpe thy warlike valiant minde
T'encounter with the least of my mishaps?
What holpe it thee that vnder thy commaund
Thou saw'st the trembling earth with horror mazed?
Or (where the sunne forsakes the Ocean sea,
Or watereth his Coursers in the West)
T'hau'e made thy name be farre more fam'd and feard
Then Summers thunder to the silly Heard?
What holpe it that thou saw'st, when thou wert young,
Thy Helmet deckt with coronets of Bayes?
So many enemies in battaile ranged
Beat backe like flies before a storme of hayle?
T'hau'e lookt a-skance, and see so many Kings
To lay their Crownes and Scepters at thy feete;
T'brace thy knees, and, humbled by theyr fate,
T'attend thy mercy in this morneful state?
Alas, and here-withall what holpe it thee
That euen in all the corners of the earth
Thy wandring glory was so greatly knowne?
And that Rome saw thee while thou tryumph'dst thrice
O're three parts of the world that thou hadst yok'd?

That *Neptune*, weltring on the windie playnes,
Escapt not free fro thy victorious hands?

Since thy hard hap, since thy fierce destinie
(Eniuious of all thine honors) gaue thee mee, 105
By whom the former course of thy faire deeds
Might (with a byting brydle) bee restraint;
By whom the glorie of thy conquests got
Might die disgrac'd with mine vnhappines.

O haples wife, thus ominous to all,
Worse than *Megera*, worse than any plague:
What soule infernal, or what stranger hell
Hence-forth wilt thou inhabite, where thy hap
None others hopes with mischiefe may entrap? 110

Cic. What end (O race of *Scipio*) will the Fates
Afford your teares? Will that day neuer come
That your desastrous grieves shall turne to ioy,
And we haue time to burie our annoy? 115

Corn. Ne're shall I see that day, for Heauen and Time 120
Haue faild in power to calme my passion.
Nor can they (should they pittie my complaints)
Once ease my life, but with the pangs of death.

Cic. 'The wide woldes accidents are apt to change,
'And tickle Fortune staies not in a place, 125
'But (like the Clowdes) continuallie doth range,
'Or like the Sunne that hath the Night in chace.
'Then, as the Heauens (by whom our hopes are guided)
'Doe coast the Earth with an eternall course,
'We must not thinke a miserie betided 130
'Will neuer cease, but still grow worse and worse.
'When Isie Winter's past, then comes the spring,
'Whom Sommers pride (with sultrie heate) pursues,
'To whom mylde Autumne doth earths treasure bring,
'The sweetest season that the wise can chuse. 135
'Heauens influence was nere so constant yet,
'In good or bad as to continue it.

When I was young, I saw against poore *Sylla*
Proud *Cynna*, *Marius*, and *Carbo* flesh'd
So long, till they gan tiranize the Towne, 140
And spilt such store of blood in euery street,
As there were none but dead-men to be seene

Within a while, I saw how Fortune plaid,
And wound those Tyrants vnderneath her wheele,
Who lost theyr liues, and power at once by one
That (to reuenge himselfe) did (with his blade)
Commit more murther then Rome euer made.

145

Yet *Sylla*, shaking tyrannie aside,
Return'd due honors to our Common-wealth,
Which peaceably retain'd her auncient state,
Grown great without the strife of Cittizens,
Till thys ambitious Tyrants time, that toyld
To stoope the world and Rome to his desires.
But flattring Chaunce, that trayn'd his first designes,
May change her lookes, and gue the Tyrant ouer,
Leauing our Cittie, where so long agoe
Heauens did theyr fauors lauishly besfow.

150

155

Corn. Tis true, the Heauens (at least-wise if they please)
May gue poore Rome her former libertie:
But (though they would) I know they cannot gue
A second life to *Pompey* that is slaine.

160

Cic Mourne not for *Pompey*: *Pompey* could not die
A better death then for his Countries weale.
For oft he search't amongst the fierce allarms,
But (wishing) could not find so faire an end;
Till, fraught with yeeres and honor both at once,
Hee gaue his bodie (as a Barricade)
For Romes defence, by Tyrants ouer-laide
Brauely he died, and (haplie) takes it ill
That (envious) we repine at heauens will.

165

170

Corn. Alas, my sorrow would be so much lesse,
If he had died, his fauchin in his fist.
Had hee amidst huge troopes of Armed men
Beene wounded by another any waie,
It would haue calmed many of my sighes.
For why, t' haue seene his noble Roman blood
Mixt with his enemies, had done him good.
But hee is dead, (O heauens), not dead in fight,
With pike in hand vpon a Forte besieg'd,
Defending of a breach; but basely slaine,
Slaine trayterouslie, without assault in warre.
Yea, slaine he is, and bitter chaunce decreed

175

180

- To haue me there, to see this bloody deed.
 I saw him, I was there, and in mine armes
 He almost felt the poynard when he fell. 185
- Wherat my blood stopt in my stragling vaines ;
 Mine haire grew bristled, like a thornie groue ;
 My voyce lay hid, halfe dead, within my throate ;
 My frightfull hart (stund in my stone-cold breast)
 Faintlie redoubled eu'ry feeble stroke ; 190
- My spirite (chained with impatient rage)
 Did rauing strue to breakē the prison ope ;
 (Enlarg'd) to drowne the payne it did abide
 In solitary *Lethes* sleepie tyde.
- Thrice (to absent me from thys hatefull light) 195
- I would haue plung'd my body in the Sea ;
 And thrice detaind, with dolefull shreeks and cryes,
 (With armes to heauen uprear'd) I gan exclaime
 And bellow forth against the Gods themselues
 A bedroll of outragious blasphemies : 200
- Till (griefe to heare, and hell for me to speake)
 My woes waxt stronger, and my selfe grew weake.
 Thus day and night I toyle in discontent,
 And sleeping wake, when sleepe it selfe, that rydes
 Upon the mysts, scarce moysteneth mine eyes. 205
- Sorrow consumes mee, and, in steed of rest,
 With folded armes I sadly sitte and weepe ;
 And if I winck, it is for feare to see
 The fearefull dreames effects that trouble mee.
 O heauens, what shall I doe ? alas, must I, 210
- Must I my selfe be murderer of my selfe ?
 Must I my selfe be forc'd to ope the way
 Wherat my soule in wounds may sally forth ?
- Cic.* Madam, you must not thus transpose your selfe ;
 Wee see your sorrow, but who sorrowes not ? 215
- The griefe is common. And I muse, besides
 The seruitude that causeth all our cares,
 Besides the basenes wherein we are yoked,
 Besides the losse of good men dead and gone,
 What one he is that in this broile hath bin, 220

No more then wretched we their death could scape.

Brave *Scipio*, your famous auncestor, 260

That Romes high worth to Affrique did extend;

And those two *Scipios* (that in person fought,

Before the fearefull Carthaginian walls),

Both brothers, and both warrs fierce lightning fiers—

Are they not dead? Yes, and their death (our dearth) 265

Hath hid them both embowel'd in the earth.

And those great Citties, whose foundations reacht

From deepest hell, and with their tops tucht heauen;

Whose loftie Towers (like thorny-pointed speares),

Whose Temples, Pallaces, and walls embost, 270

In power and force, and fiercenes, seem'd to threat

The tyred world, that trembled with their waight;

In one daies space (to our eternall mones)

Haue we not seene them turn'd to heapes of stones?

Carthage can witnes, and thou, heauens handwork, 275

Faire Ilium, razed by the conquering Greekes;

Whose aunctient beautie, worth and weapons seem'd

Sufficient t' haue tam'd the Mermidons.

' But whatsoe're hath been begun, must end.

' Death (haply that our willingnes doth see) 280

' With brandisht dart doth make the passage free;

' And timeles doth our soules to *Pluto* send.

Corn. Would Death had steept his dart in *Lernas* blood;

That I were drown'd in the Tartarean deepes;

I am an offring fit for *Acheron*. 285

A match more equall neuer could be made

Then I and *Pompey* in th' Elisian shade.

Cit. 'Death's alwaies ready, and our time is knowne

' To be at heauens dispose, and not our owne.

Corn. Can wee be ouer-hastie to good hap? 290

Cit. What good expect wee in a fiery gap?

Corn. To scape the feares that followes Fortunes glaunces.

Cit. 'A noble minde doth neuer feare mischaunces.

Corn. 'A noble minde disdaineth seruitude.

Cit. 'Can bondage true nobility exclude? 295

Corn. How, if I doe or suffer that I would not?

Cic. 'True noblesse neuer doth the thing it should not.

Corn. Then must I dye.

Cic. Yet dying thinke this stil :

'No feare of death should force vs to doe ill.

Corn. If death be such, why is your feare so rife ?

300

Cic. My works will shew I neuer feard my life,

Corn. And yet you will not that (in our distresse)

We aske Deaths ayde to end lifes wretchednes.

Cic. 'We neither ought to vrge nor aske a thing,

'Wherein we see so much assuraunce lyes.

305

'But if perhaps some fierce, offended King

'(To fright vs) sette pale death before our eyes,

'To force vs doe that goes against our hart ;

'Twere more then base in vs to dread his dart.

'But when, for feare of an ensuing ill,

310

'We seeke to shorten our appointed race,

'Then tis (for feare) that we our selues doe kill,

'So fond we are to feare the worlds disgrace.

Corn. Tis not for frailtie or faint cowardize

That men (to shunne mischaunces) seeke for death ;

315

But rather he that seeks it showes himselfe

Of certaine courage against incertaine chaunce.

'He that retyres not at the threats of death,

'Is not, as are the vulgar, slightly fraied :

'For heauen it selfe, nor hels infectious breath,

320

'The resolute at any time haue stayed,

'And (sooth to say) why feare we, when we see

'The thing we feare lesse then the feare to be ?

Then let me die, my libertie to sauе ;

For tis a death to lyue a Tyrants slae.

325

Cic. Daughter, beware how you prouoke the heauens,

Which in our bodies (as a tower of strength)

Haue plac'd our soules, and fortefide the same ;

As discreet Princes sette theyr Garrisons

In strongest places of theyr Prouinces.

330

'Now, as it is not lawfull for a man,

'At such a Kings departure or decease,

- 'To leaue the place, and falsefie his faith ;
 'So, in this case, we ought not to surrender
 'That deerer part, till heauen it selfe commaundt it. 335
 'For as they lent vs life to doe vs pleasure,
 'So looke they for returne of such a treasure.
Chor. 'What e're the massie Earth hath fraught,
 'Or on her nurse-like backe sustaines,
 'Vpon the will of Heauen doth waite, 340
 'And doth no more then it ordaynes.
 'All fortunes, all felicities,
 'Vpon their motion doe depend :
 'And from the starres doth still arise
 'Both their beginning and their end. 345
 'The Monarchies, that couer all
 'This earthly rovnd with Maiestie,
 'Haue both theyr rising and theyr fall
 'From heauen and hauens varietie.
 'Fraile men, or mans more fraile defence, 350
 'Had neuer power to practise stayes
 'Of this celestiall influence,
 'That gouerneth and guides our dayes.
 'No clowde but will be ouer-cast ;
 'And what now florisheth, must fade ; 355
 'And that that fades, reuue at last,
 'To florish as it first was made.
 'The formes of things doe neuer die,
 'Because the matter that remaines
 'Reformes another thing thereby, 360
 'That still the former shape retaines.
 The roundnes of two boules cross-cast
 (So they with equall pace be aim'd)
 Showes their beginning by their last,
 Which by old nature is new fram'd. 365
 So peopled citties, that of yore
 Were desert fields where none would byde,
 Become forsaken as before,
 Yet after are re-edified.
 Perceiue we not a petty vaine, 370
 Cut from a spring by chaunce or arte,
 Engendreth fountaines, whence againe

- | | |
|---|-----|
| Those fountaines doe to floods conuert? | |
| Those floods to waues, those waues to seas, | |
| That oft exceede their wonted bounds: | 375 |
| And yet those seas (as heauens please) | |
| Returne to springs by vnder-grounds. | |
| Euen so our cittie (in her prime | |
| Prescribing Princes euery thing) | |
| Is now subdu'de by conquering Time, | 380 |
| And liueth subiect to a king. | |
| And yet perhaps the sun-bright crowne, | |
| That now the Tyrans head doth deck, | |
| May turne to <i>Rome</i> with true renoune, | |
| If fortune chaunce but once to check. | 385 |
| The stately walls that once were rear'd, | |
| And by a shephards hands erect, | |
| (With haples brothers blood besmear'd) | |
| Shall show by whom they were infect. | |
| And once more vniust <i>Tarquins</i> frowne | 390 |
| (With arrogance and rage enflam'd) | |
| Shall keepe the Romaine valure downe, | |
| And <i>Rome</i> it selfe a while be tam'd. | |
| And chastest <i>Lucrece</i> once againe | |
| (Because her name dishonored stood) | 395 |
| Shall by herselfe be carelesse slaine, | |
| And make a riuier of her blood; | |
| Scorning her soule a seate should builde | |
| Within a body, basely seen | |
| By shameles rape to be defilde, | |
| That earst was cleere as heauens Queene. | 400 |
| But, heauens, as tyrannie shall yoke | |
| Our basterd harts with seruile thrall; | |
| So grant your plagues (which they prouoke) | |
| May light vpon them once for all. | 405 |
| And let another <i>Brutus</i> rise, | |
| Brauely to fight in <i>Romes</i> defence, | |
| To free our Towne from tyrannie, | |
| And tyrannous proud insolence. | |

ACTVS TERTIVS.

〈SCENE I.〉

Cornelia. Chorus.

〈Corn.〉 The cheerefull Cock (the sad nights comforter),
 Wayting vpon the rysing of the Sunne,
 Doth sing to see how *Cynthia* shrinks her horne,
 While *Chtie* takes her progresse to the East ;
 Where, wringing wet with drops of siluer dew, 5
 Her wonted teares of loue she doth renew.
 The wandring Swallow with her broken song
 The Country-wench vnto her worke awakes ;
 While *Citherea* sighing walkes to seeke
 Her murdred loue trans-form'd into a Rose : 10
 Whom (though she see) to crop she kindly feares ;
 But (kissing) sighes, and dewes hym with her teares —
 Sweet teares of loue, remembrancers to tyme,
 Tyme past with me that am to teares conuerted ;
 Whose mournfull passions dull the mornings ioyes, 15
 Whose sweeter sleepes are turnd to fearefull dreames,
 And whose first fortunes (fild with all distresse)
 Afford no hope of future happiness.
 But what disastrous or hard accident
 Hath bath'd your blubbred eyes in bitter teares, 20
 That thus consort me in my myserie ?
 Why doe you beate your brests ? why mourne you so ?
 Say, gentle sisters, tell me, and belieue
 It grieues me that I know not why you grieue.
Chor. O poore *Cornelia*, haue not wee good cause 25
 For former wrongs to furnish vs with teares ?
Corn. O, but I feare that Fortune seekes new flawes,
 And stil (vnsatisfide) more hatred beares.
Chor. Wherein can Fortune further iniure vs,
 Now we have lost our conquered libertie, 30
 Our Common-wealth, our Empyre, and our honors,
 Vnder thyss cruell *Tarquins* tyrannie ?

Vnder his outrage now are all our goods,
 Where scattered they runne by Land and Sea
 (Lyke exil'd vs) from fertill Italy
 To proudest Spayne, or poorest Getulie.

35

Corn. And will the heauens, that haue so oft defended

Our Romaine walls from fury of fierce kings,
 Not (once againe) returne our Senators,
 That from the Lybique playnes and Spanish fields,
 With feareles harts do guard our Romaine hopes? 40
 Will they not once againe enc8urage them
 To fill our fields with blood of enemies,
 And bring from Affrique to our Capitoll,
 Vpon theyr helmes, the Empyre that is stole.

45

Then, home-borne houshold gods, and ye good spirits,
 To whom in doubtful things we seeke accesse,
 By whom our family hath bene adorn'd,
 And graced with the name of Africian,
 Doe ye vouchsafe that thys victorious title 50
 Be not expired in *Cornelia's* blood;
 And that my Father now (in th' Affrique wars)
 The selfe-same style by conquest may continue.
 But wretched that I am, alas, I feare.

Chor. What feare you, Madam?

Corn. That the frowning heauens 55
 Oppose themselues against vs in theyr wrath.

Chor. Our losse (I hope) hath satis-fide theyr ire.

Corn. O no, our losse lyfts Caesars fortunes hyer.

Chor. Fortune is fickle.

Corn. But hath fayld him neuer.

Chor. The more vnlike she should continue euer. 60

Corn. My fearefull dreames doe my despairs redouble.

Chor. Why suffer you vayne dreames your heade to trouble?

Corn. Who is not troubled with strange visions?

Chor. That of our spirit are but illusions. 64

Corn. God graunt these dreames to good effect bee brought.

Chor. We dreame by night what we by day haue thought

Corn. The silent Night, that long had souurned,

Now gan to cast her sable mantle off,

And now the sleepie Waine-man softly droue
His slow-pac'd Teeme, that long had trauel'd ;
When (like a slumber, if you tearme it so)
A dulnes, that disposeth vs to rest,
Gan close the windowes of my watchfull eyes,
Already tyerd and loaden with my teares.
And loe (me thought) came glyding by my bed
The ghost of *Pompey*, with a ghastly looke,
All pale and brawne-falne, not in tryumph borne
Amongst the conquering Rōmans, as he vs'de,
When he (enthroniz'd) at his feete beheld
Great Emperors fast bound in chaynes of brasse,
But all amaz'd, with fearefull, hollow eyes,
Hys hayre and beard deform'd with blood and sweat,
Casting a thyn coorse lynsel ore hys shoulders,
That (torne in peeces) trayl'd vpon the ground ;
And (gnashing of his teeth) vnlockt his iawes,
(Which slyghtly couer'd with a scarce-seene skyn)
Thys solemne tale he sadly did begin :
Sleep'st thou, *Cornelia*? sleepst thou, gentle wife,
And seest thy Fathers misery and mine?
Wake, deerest sweete, and (ore our Sepulchers)
In pitty show thy latest loue to vs.
Such hap (as ours) attendeth on my sonnes,
The selfe-same foe and fortune following them.
Send *Sextus* ouer to some forraine Nation,
Farre from the common hazard of the warrs ;
That (being yet sau'd) he may attempt no more
To venge the valure that is tryde before. .
He sayd. And suddainly a trembling horror,
A chyl-cold shyuering (settled in my vaines)
Brake vp my slumber; when I opte my lyps
Three times to cry, but could nor cry, nor speake.
I mou'd mine head, and flonge abroade mine armes
To entertaine him; but his airie spirit
Beguiled mine embrasements, and (vnkind)
Left me embracing nothing but the wind.
O valiant soule, when shall this soule of mine

Come visite thee in the Elisian shades ?
 O deerest life, or when shall sweetest death
 Dissolve the fatall trouble of my daies,
 And blesse me with my *Pompeys* company ?
 But may my father (O extreame mishap)
 And such a number of braue regiments,
 Made of so many expert Souldiours,
 That lou'd our liberty and follow'd him,
 Be so discomfited ? O, would it were
 But an illusion.

110

115

Chor. Madam, neuer feare.

Nor let a senceles Idol of the nyght
 Encrease a more then needfull feare in you.

Corn. My feare proceeds not of an idle dreame,

For tis a trueth that hath astonisht me?

120

I saw great *Pompey*, and I heard hym speake ;
 And, thinking to embrace him, opte mine armes,
 When drousy sleep, that wak'd mee at vnwares,
 Dyd with hys flight vnclose my feareful eyes
 So suddainly, that yet mee thinks I see him.
 Howbeit I cannot tuch him, for he slides
 More swiftly from mee then the Ocean glydes.

125

Chor. 'These are vaine thoughts, or melancholie showes,

'That wont to haunt and trace by cloistred tombes :

130

'Which eaths appeare in sadde and strange disguises
 'To pensiue mindes (deceiued wyth theyr shadowes),
 'They counterfet the dead in voyce and figure,
 'Deuining of our future miseries.

'For when our soule the body hath disgaged,

135

'It seeks the common passage of the dead,

'Downe by the fearefull gates of Acheron,

'Where, when it is by *Aeacus* adiudg'd,

'It eyther turneth to the Stygian Lake,

'Or staies for euer in th' Elisian fields,

'And ne're returneth to the Corse interd,

140

'To walke by night, or make the wise afeard.

'None but ineutiable conquering Death

'Descends to hell, with hope to rise againe ;

'For ghosts of men are lockt in fiery gates,
 'Fast-guarded by a fell remorceles Monster. 145
 'And therefore thinke not it was Pompeys spryte,
 'But some false *Daemon* that beguilde your sight.

〈SCENE II.〉

Cicero.

Then, O worlds Queene, O towne that didst extend
 Thy conquering armes beyond the Ocean,
 And throngdst thy conquests from the Lybian shores
 Downe to the Scithian swift-foote feareles Porters,
 Thou art embas'd ; and at this instant yeeld'st 5
 Thy proud necke to a miserable yoke.
 Rome, thou art tam'd, and th'earth, dewd with thy blode,
 Doth laugh to see how thou art signiorizd.
 The force of heauen exceeds thy former strength .
 For thou, that wont'st to tame and conquer all, 10
 Art conquer'd now with an eternall fall.
 Now shalt thou march (thy hands fast bound behind thee),
 Thy head hung downe, thy cheeks with teares besprent,
 Before the victor ; Whyle thy rebell sonne,
 With crowned front, tryumphing followes thee. 15
 Thy brauest Captaines, whose coragious harts
 (Ioyn'd with the right) did re-enforce our hopes,
 Now murdred lye for Foule to feede vpon.
Petreus, Cato, and Scipio are slaine,
 And *Iuba*, that amongst the Mores did raigne. 20
 Nowe you, whom both the gods and Fortunes grace
 Hath sau'd from danger in these furious broyles,
 Forbeare to tempt the enemy againe,
 For feare you feele a third calamitie.
Caesar is like a brightlie flaming blaze 25
 That fiercely burns a house already fired ;
 And, ceaseles lanching out on euerie side,
 Consumes the more, the more you seeke to quench it,
 Still darting sparcles, till it finde a trayne
 To seaze vpon, and then it flames amaine. 30
 The men, the Ships, wher-with poore Rome affronts him,
 All powreles give proud *Caesars* wrath free passage.

Nought can resist him ; all the powre we raise
 Turnes but to our misfortune and his prayse.
 Tis thou (O Rome) that nurc'd his insolence ; 35
 Tis thou (O Rome) that gau'st him first the sword
 Which murdrer-like against thy selfe he drawes,
 And violates both God and Natures lawes.
 Lyke morall *Esops* mynsled Country swaine,
 That fownd a Serpent pyning in the snowe, 40
 And full of foolish pitty tooke it vp,
 And kindly layd it by his housshould fire,
 Till (waxen warme) it nimblly gan to styr,
 And stung to death the foole that fostred her.
 O gods, that once had care of these our walls, 45
 And feareles kept vs from th'assault of foes :
 Great *Jupiter*, to whom our Capitol
 So many Oxen yeerely sacrifiz'd ;
Minerua, *Stator*, and stoute Thracian *Mars*,
 Father to good *Quirinus*, our first founder ; 50
 To what intent haue ye preseru'd our Towne,
 This statelie Towne, so often hazarded
 Against the Samnites, Sabins, and fierce Latins ?
 Why from once footing in our Fortresses
 Haue yee repeld the lustie warlike Gaules ? 55
 Why from Molossus and false *Hanibal*
 Haue yee reseru'd the noble Romulists ?
 Or why from *Catilins* lewde conspiracies
 Preseru'd yee Rome by my preuention ;
 To cast so soone a state, so long defended, 60
 Into the bondage where (enthrald) we pine ?
 To serue no stranger, but amongst vs one
 That with blind frenzie buildeth vp his throne ?
 But if in vs be any vigor resting,
 If yet our harts retaine one drop of blood, 65
Caesar, thou shalt not vaunt thy conquest long,
 Nor longer hold vs in this seruitude,
 Nor shalt thou bathe thee longer in our blood.
 For I diuine that thou must vomit it,
 Like to a Curre that Carrion hath deuour'd, 70

And cannot rest, untill his mawe be scour'd.
 Think'st thou to signiorize, or be the King
 Of such a number nobler then thy selfe?
 Or think'st thou Romans beare such bastard harts,
 To let thy tyrannie be vnreueng'd? 75
 No; for, mee thinks, I see the shame, the griefe,
 The rage, the hatred that they have conceiu'd,
 And many a Romaine sword already drawne,
 T'enlarge the libertie that thou vsurpst,
 And thy dismembred body^r(stab'd and torne) 80
 Dragd through the streets, disdained to bee borne.

〈SCENE III.〉

Phillip. Cornelius.

〈*Phil.*〉 Amongst the rest of mine extreame mishaps,

I finde my fortune not the least in this,
 That I haue kept my Maister company,
 Both in his life and at hys lateste houre:
Pompey the great, whom I haue honored 5
 With true deuotion, both aliue and dead.
 One selfe-same shyp containd vs, when I saw
 The murdring Egyprians bereauue his lyfe;
 And when the man that had afright the earth,
 Did homage to it with his deerest blood. 10

O're whom I shed full many a bitter teare,
 And did performe hys obsequies with sighes:
 And on the strand vpon the Riuer side
 (Where to my sighes the waters seem'd to turne)

I woaued a Coffyn for his corse of Seggs, 15
 That with the winde dyd wauer like bannerets,
 And layd his body to be burn'd thereon.
 Which, when it was consum'd, I kindly tooke,
 And sadly cloz'd within an earthen Vrne
 The ashie reliques of his haples bones; 20
 Which, hauing scapt the rage of wind and Sea,
 I bring to faire *Cornelia* to interr
 Within his Elders Tombe that honoured her.

Corn. Ayh-me, what see I?

*Phil.**Pompeys tender bones*

Which (in extreames) an earthen Vrne containeth.

25

Corn. O sweet, deere, deplorable cynders.

O myserable woman, lyuing, dying :

O poore *Cornelia*, borne to be distrest,

Why liu'st thou toy'd, that (dead) mightst lye at rest ?

O faithles hands, that vnder cloake of loue

30

Did entertaine him, to torment him so.

O barbarous, inhumaine, hatefull traytors,

Thys your disloyall dealing hath defam'd

Your King and his inhospitable seate

Of the extreamest and most odious cryme

35

That gainst the heauens might bee imagined.

For yee haue basely broke the Law of Armes,

And out-rag'd ouer an afflicted soule ;

Murdred a man that did submit himselfe,

And iniur'd him that euer vs'd you kindly.

40

For which misdeed be Egyp pestered

With battaile, famine, and perpetuall plagues.

Let Aspicks, Serpents, Snakes, and Lybian Beares,

Tygers and Lyons, breed with you for euer.

And let fayre Nylus (wont to nurse your Corne)

45

Couver your Land with Toades and Crocadils,

That may infect, deuoure, and murder you.

Eis earth make way, and hell receiue them quicke,

A hatefull race, mongst whom there dooth abide

All treason, luxurie, and homicide.

50

Phil. Cease these lamentes.*Corn.* I doe but what I ought

To mourne his death.

Phil. Alas, that profits nought.*Corn.* Will heauen let treason be vnpunished ?*Phil.* Heauens will performe what they haue promised.*Corn.* I feare the heauens will not heare our prayer.

55

Phil. The plaints of men opprest doe pierce the ayre.*Corn.* Yet *Caesar* liueth still.*Phil.* Due punishment

'Succeedes not alwaies after an offence :

26 O sweet, o deere, o deplorable cynders *Gassner*43 *Aspies Qq.*

' For oftentimes tis for our chastisement
 ' That heauen doth with wicked men dispence, 60
 ' That, when they list, they may with vsurie
 ' For all misdeeds pay home the penaltie.

Corn. This is the hope that feeds my haples daies ;
 Els had my life beene long agoe expired.
 I trust the gods, that see our hourely wrongs, 65
 Will fire his shamefull bodie with their flames ;
 Except some man (resolued) shall conclude
 With *Caesars* death to end our seruitude.
 Els (god to fore) my selfe may lue to see
 His tired corse lye toyling in his blood ; 70
 Gor'd with a thousand stabs, and round about
 The wronged people leape for inward ioy.
 And then come, Murder ; then come, vghie Death ;
 Then, *Lete*, open thine infernall Lake.
 Ile downe with ioy : because, before I died, 75
 Mine eyes haue seene what I in hart desir'd.
Pompey may not reuive, and (*Pompey dead*)
 Let me but see the murdrer murdered.

Phil. *Caesar* bewail'd his death
Corn. His death hee mournd,
 Whom, while hee lyu'd, to lyue lyke him hee scornd. 80
Phil. Hee punished his murdrers.

Corn. Who murdred hym,
 But hee that followd Pompey with the sword ?
 He murdred *Pompey* that pursu'd his death,
 And cast the plot to catch him in the trap :
 Hee that of his departure tooke the spoyle, 85
 Whose fell ambition (founded first in blood)
 By nought but Pompeys lyfe could be with-stood.

Phil. *Photis* and false *Achillas* he beheaded.
Corn. That was because that, *Pompey* being theyr freend,
 They had determin'd once of *Caesars* end. 90

Phil. What got he by his death ?
Corn. Supremacie.
Phil. Yet *Caesar* speakes of *Pompey* honourable.

Corn. Words are but winde, nor meant he what he spoke.

Phil. He will not let his statues be broke.

Corn. By which disguise (what ere he doth pretend) 95

His owne from beeing broke he doth defend:

And by the traynes, where-with he vs allures,

His owne estate more firmlye he assures.

Phil. He tooke no pleasure in his death, you see.

Corn. Because hymselfe of life did not bereaue him. 100

Phil. Nay, he was mou'd with former amitie.

Corn. He neuer trusted him, bet to deceiue him.

But, had he lou'd him with a loue vnfained,

Yet had it beene a vaine and trustlesse league;

'For there is nothing in the soule of man 105

'So firmlye grounded, as can qualifie

'Th'inextinguble thyrst of signiorie.

'Not heauens feare, nor Countries sacred loue,

'Nor auncient lawes, nor nuptiall chast desire,

'Respect of blood, or (that which most should moue) 110

'The inward zeale that Nature doth require:

'All these, nor anything we can deuise,

'Can stoope the hart resolu'd to tyrannize.

Phil. I feare your griefes increase with thys discourse.

Corn. My griefes are such, as hardly can be worse.

115

Phil. 'Tyme calmeth all things.

Corn. No tyme quallifies

My dolefull spryts endles myseries.

My grieve is lyke a Rock, whence (ceaseles) strayne

Fresh springs of water at my weeping eyes,

Still fed by thoughts, lyke floods with winters rayne.

120

For when, to ease th'oppression of my hart,

I breathe an Autumnne forth of fiery sighes,

Yet herewithall my passion neither dyes,

Nor dryes the heate the moysture of mine eyes.

Phil. Can nothing then recure these endlesse teares?

125

Corn. Yes, newes of *Caesars* death that medcyn beares.

Phil. Madam, beware; for, should hee heare of thys,

His wrath against you t'will exasperate.

Corn. I neither stand in feare of him nor his.

Phil. Tis policie to feare a powrefull hate.

130

Corn. What can he doe?

Phil. Madam, what cannot men
That haue the powre to doe what pleaseth them?

Corn. He can doe mee no mischiefe that I dread.

Phil. Yes, cause your death.

Corn. Thrise happy were I dead.

Phil. With rigorous torments.

Corn. Let him torture mee, 135

Pull me in peeces, famish, fire mee vp,

Fling mee alie into a Lyons denn :

There is no death so hard^torments mee so,

As his extreame tryumphing in our woe.

But if he will torment me, let him then

140

Deprive me wholy of the hope of death ;

For I had died before the fall of Rome,

And slept with *Pompey* in the peacefull deepes,

Sau^e that I lyue in hope to see ere long

That *Caesars* death shall satisfie his wrong. 145

Chor. ‘Fortune in powre imperious .

‘Vs’d ore the world and worldlings thus

To tirannize :

When shee hath heap’t her gifts on vs,

Away shee flies. 150

Her feete, more swift then is the wind^e,
Are more inconstant in their kinde

Then Autumn^e blasts ;

A womans shape, a womans minde,

That sildom lasts. 155

‘One while shee bends her angry browe,

‘And of no labour will allow ;

Another while

‘She fieres againe, I know not how,

Still to beguile. 160

‘Fickle in our aduersities,

‘And fickle when our fortunes rise,

Shee scoffs at vs :

‘That (blynd herselfe) can bleare our eyes,

To trust her thus. 165

'The Sunne, that lends the earth his light,
 'Behelde her neuer ouer night
 Lye calmly downe,
 'But, in the morrow following, might
 Perceiue her frowne.

170

'Shee hath not onely power and will
 'T'abuse the vulgar wanting skill ;
 But, when shee list,
 'To Kings and Clownes doth equall ill
 Without resist.

175

'Mischaunce, that euery man abhors,
 'And cares for crowned Emperors
 Shee doth reserue,
 'As for the poorest labourers
 That worke or starue.

180

'The Merchant, that for priuate gaine,
 'Doth send his Ships to passe the maine,
 Vpon the shore,
 'In hope he shall his wish obtaine,
 Doth thee adore.

185

'Vpon the sea, or on the Land,
 'Where health or wealth, or vines doe stand,
 Thou canst doe much,
 'And often helpst the helpless hande :
 Thy power is such.

190

'And many times (dispos'd to iest)
 'Gainst one whose power and cause is best
 (Thy power to try)
 'To him that ne're put speare in rest
 Giu'st victory.

195

'For so the Lybian Monarchy,
 'That with Ausonian blood did die
 Our warlike field,
 'To one that ne're got victorie
 Was vrg'd to yeelde.

200

' So noble *Marius*, *Arpins* friend,
 ' That dyd the Latin state defend
 From *Cymbrian* rage,
 ' Did proue thy furie in the end,
 Which nought could swage.

205

' And *Pompey*, whose dayes haply led
 ' So long thou seem'dst t'haue faououred,
 In vaine, t'is sayd,
 ' When the *Pharsalian* field he led,
 Implor'd thine ayde.

210

' Now *Caesar*, swolne with honors heate,
 ' Sits signiorizing in her seate,
 And will not see
 ' That Fortune car her hopes defeate,
 What e're they be.

215

' From chaunce is nothing franchized.
 ' And till the time that they are dead,
 Is no man blest :
 ' He onely, that no death doth dread,
 Doth hue at rest.

220

ACTVS QVARTVS

⟨SCENE I.⟩

Cassius. Decim(us) Brutus.

⟨Cass.⟩ Accursed Rome, that arm'st against thy selfe
 A Tyrants rage, and mak'st a wretch thy King.
 For one mans pleasure (O iniurious Rome)
 Thy chyldren against thy children thou hast arm'd ;
 And thinkst not of the riuers of theyr bloode,
 That earst was shed to saue thy libertie,
 Because thou euer hatedst Monarchie.
 Now o're our bodies (tumbled vp on heapes,
 Lyke cocks of Hay when Iuly sheares the field)
 Thou buildst thy kingdom, and thou seat'st thy King. 5
 And to be seruile, (which torments me most)
 Employest our lues, and lauishest our blood.
 O Rome, accursed Rome, thou murdrest vs,

5

10

And massacrest thy selfe in yeelding thus.
Yet are there Gods, yet is there heauen and earth,
That seeme to feare a certaine Thunderer. 15
No, no, there are no Gods; or, if there be,
They leauue to see into the worlds affaires:
They care not for vs, nor account of men,
For what we see is done, is done by chaunce. 20
Tis Fortune rules, for equitie and right
Have neither helpe nor grace in heauens sight.
Scipio hath wrencht a sword into hys brest,
And launc'd hys bleeding wound into the sea.
Vndaunted *Cato* tore his entrails out; 25
Afranius and *Faustus* murdred dyed;
Iuba and *Petreus*, fiercely combatting,
Haue each done other equall violence.
Our Army's broken, and the Lybian Beares
Deuoure the bodies of our Cittizens. 30
The conquering Tyrant, high in Fortunes grace,
Doth ryde tryumphing o're our Common-wealth,
And mournfull we behold him brauely mounted
(With stearne lookes) in his Chariot, where he leades
The conquered honor of the people yok't. 35
So Rome to *Caesar* yeelds both powre and pelfe,
And o're Rome *Caesar* raignes in Rome it selfe.
But, *Brutus*, shall wee dissolutelie sitte,
And see the tyrant lieue to tyranize?
Or shall theyr ghosts, that dide to doe vs good, 40
Plaine in their Tombes of our base cowardise?
Shall lamed Souldiours, and graue gray-haird men
Poynt at vs in theyr bitter teares, and say:
See where they goe that haue theyr race forgot,
And rather chuse (vnarm'd) to serue with shame, 45
Then (arm'd) to saue their freedom and their fame?
Brut. I sweare by heauen, th' Immortals highest throne,
Their temples, Altars, and theyr Images,
To see (for one) that *Brutus* suffer not
His ancient liberty to be represt. 50
I freely marcht with *Caesar* in hys warrs,
Not to be subiect, but to ayde his right.
But if (enuenom'd with ambitious thoughts)

He lyft his hand imperiously o're vs;
 If he determin but to raigne in Rome,
 Or follow'd *Pompey* but to thys effect; 55
 Or if (these cruell discords now dissolu'd)
 He render not the Empyre back to Rome;
 Then shall he see that *Brutus* thys day beares
 The selfe-same Armes to be aueng'd on hym;
 And that thys hand (though *Caesar* blood abhor)
 Shall toyle in his, which I am sorry for.

I loue, I loue him deerely. 'But the loue
 'That men theyr Country and theyr birth-right beare
 'Exceeds all loues, and deerer is by farre 65
 Our Countries loue then friends or chylldren are.

Cass. If this braue care be nourisht in your blood,
 Or if so franck a will your soule possesse,
 Why hast we not, euen while these words are uttred,
 To sheathe our new-ground swords in *Caesars* throat? 70
 Why spend we day-light, and why dies he not,
 That by his death we wretches may reuiue?
 We stay too-long: I burne till I be there
 To see this massacre, and send his ghost
 To theyrs, whom (subtilly) he for Monarchie
 Made fight to death with show of liberty. 75

Brut. Yet haply he (as *Sylla* whylom dyd),
 When he hath rooted ciuill warre from Rome,
 Will there-withall discharge the powre he hath.

Cass. *Caesar* and *Sylla*, *Brutus*, be not like. 80
Sylla (assaulted by the enemie)
 Did arme himselfe (but in his owne defence)
 Against both *Cynnas* host and *Marius*;
 Whom when he had discomfited and chas'd,
 And of his safety throughly was assur'd, 85
 He layd apart the powre that he had got,
 And gaue up rule, for he desier'd it not.
 Where *Caesar*, that in silence might haue slept,
 Nor vrg'd by ought but his ambition,
 Did breake into the hart of Italie, 90
 And lyke rude *Brennus* brought his men to field;
 Trauers'd the seas, and shortly after (backt
 With wintered souldiers vs'd to conquering)

He aym'd at vs, bent to exterminate
 Who euer sought to intercept his state.
 Now, hauing got what he hath gaped for,
 (Deere Brutus) thinke you *Caesar* such a chyld,
 Slightly to part with so great signiorie?
 Believe it not; he bought it deere, you know,
 And trauelerd too farre to leave it so.

95

Brut. But, *Cassius, Caesar* is not yet a King.

Cass. No, but Dictator, in effect as much.

He doth what pleaseth hym (a princely thing),
 And wherein differ they whose powre is such?

Brut. Hee is not bloody.

Cass. But by bloody iarres

100

He hath vnpeopled most part of the earth.
 Both Gaule and Affrique perrisht by his warres;
 Egypt, Emathia, Italy and Spayne
 Are full of dead mens bones by *Caesar* slayne.
 Th'infecious plague, and Famins bitternes,
 Or th' Ocean (whom no pitty can asswage),
 Though they containe dead bodies numberles,
 Are yet inferior to *Caesars* rage;
 Who (monster-like) wyth his ambition
 Hath left more Tombes then ground to lay them on.

105

Brut. Souldiers with such reproch should not be blam'd.

Cass. He with his souldiers hath himselfe defam'd.

Brut. Why, then, you thinke there is no praise in war.

Cass. Yes, where the causes reasonable are.

Brut. He hath enricht the Empire with newe states.

110

Cass. Which with ambition now he ruinates.

Brut. He hath reueng'd the Gaules old iniurie,

And made them subiect to our Romaine Lawes.

Cass. The restfull Allmaynes with his crueltie

He rashly styr'd against vs without cause;
 And hazarded our Cittie and our selues
 Against a hameles Nation, kindly giuen,
 To whom we should do well (for some amends)
 To render him, and reconcile old frends.

115

These Nations did he purposely prouoke,

120

To make an Armie for his after-ayde

Against the Romans, whom in policie

He train'd in warre to steale theyr signiorie.

'Like them that (tryuing at th'Olympian sports

'To grace themselues with honor of the game)

135

'Annoynt theyr sinewes fit for wrestling,

'And (ere they enter) vse some exercise.

The Gaules were but a fore-game fecht about

For ciuill discord, wrought by *Caesars* sleights;

Whom (to be King himselfe) he soone remou'd,

140

Teaching a people hating seruitude

To fight for that, that did sheyr deaths conclude.

Brut. The warrs once ended, we shall quickly know

Whether he will restore the state or no.

Cass. No, *Brutus*, neuer looke to see that day,

145

For *Caesar* holdeth signiorie too deere.

But know, while *Cassius* hath one drop of blood,

To feede this worthles body that you see,

What reck I death to doe so many good?

In spite of *Caesar*, *Cassius* will be free.

150

Brut. A generous or true enabled spirit

Detests to learne what tasts of seruitude.

Cass. *Brutus*, I cannot serue nor see Rome yok'd

No, let me rather dye a thousand deaths.

'The stiffneckt horses champe not on the bit,

155

'Nor meekely beare the rider but by force:

'The sturdie Oxen toyle not at the Plough,

'Nor yeeld vnto the yoke but by constraint.

Shall we then, that are men and Romans borne,

Submit vs to vnurged slauerie?

160

Shall Rome that hath so many ouer-thrown

Now make herselfe a subiect to her owne?

O base indignitie: a beardles youth,

Whom King *Nicomedes* could ouer-reach,

Commaunds the world, and brideleth all the earth,

165

And like a Prince controls the Romulists,

Braue Romaine Souldiers, sterne-borne sons of *Mars*;

And none, not one, that dares to vndertake

The intercepting of his tyrannie.

O, *Brutus*, speake; O say, *Seruilius*,

170

Why cry you ay me, and see vs vsed thus?
 But *Brutus* liues, and sees, and knowes, and feeles
 That there is one that curbs their Countries weale.
 Yet (as he were the semblance, not the sonne,
 Of noble *Brutus*, hys great Grandfather):
 As if he wanted hands, sence, sight, or hart,
 He doth, deuiseth, sees, nor dareth ought,
 That may extirpe or raze these tyrannies.
 Nor ought doth *Brutus* that to *Brute* belongs,
 But still increaseth by his negligence
 His owne disgrace, and *Caesars* violence.
 The wrong is great, and ouer-long endur'd:
 We should haue practized, conspierd, coniur'd
 A thousand waies and weapons to represse,
 Or kill out-right, this cause of our distresse.

175

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185

Chor. 'Who prodigally spends his blood,
 'Brauely to doe his country good,
 'And liueth to no other end,
 'But resolutely to attempt
 'What may the innocent defend,
 'And bloody Tyrants rage preuent:
 'And he that in his soule assur'd
 'Hath waters force and fire endur'd,
 'And past the pikes of thousand hostes,
 'To free the truth from tyrannie,
 'And fearles scowres in danger's coasts,
 'T'enlarge his countries liberty;
 'Were all the world his foes before,
 'Now shall they loue him euer-more;
 'His glory, spred abroade by Fame
 'On wings of his posteritie,
 'From obscure death shall free his name,
 'To lue in endles memorie.
 'All after ages shall adore,
 'And honor him with hymnes therefore.
 'Yeerely the youth for ioy shall bring
 'The fairest flowers that grow in Rome,

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'And yeerely in the Sommer sing,
'O're his heroique kingly Tombe.

'For so the two Athenians,
'That from their fellow cittizens
'Did freely chase vile seruitude,
'Shall liue for valiant prowesse blest;
'No Sepulcher shall ere exclude
'Their glorie equall with the best.

'But when the vulgar, mad, and rude,
'Repay good with ingratitude,
'Hardly then they them reward
'That to free them fro the hands
'Of a Tyrant, nere regard
'In what plight their person stands.

'For high *Ioue* that guideth all,
'When he lets his iust wrath fall,
'To reuenge proud Diadems,
'With huge cares doth crosse kings liues,
'Raysing treasons in their Realmes
'By their chyldren, friends, or wiues.

'Therefore he, whom all men feare,
'Feareth all men euery where.
'Fear that doth engender hate
'(Hate enforcing them thereto)
'Maketh many vnder-take
'Many things they would not doe.

'O how many mighty Kings
'Liue in feare of petty things.
'For when Kings haue sought by warrs
'Stranger Townes to haue o'rethrowne,
'They haue caught deserued skarrs,
'Seeking that was not theyr owne.

'For no Tyrant commonly,
'Lyuing ill, can kindly die;
'But eyther trayterously surprizd,
'Doth coward poison quaille their breath,
'Or their people haue deuis'd,
'Or their guarde, to seeke their death.

210

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245

' He onely liues most happilie
 ' That, free and farre from maiestie,
 ' Can liue content, although vnknownne:
 ' He fearing none, none fearing him,
 ' Medling with nothing but his owne,
 ' While gazing eyes at crownes grow dim.

250

(SCENE II.)

Caesar. Mar(k) Anthonie.

Caes. O Rome, that with thy pryme dost ouer-peare
 The worthiest Citties of the conquered world;
 Whose honor, got by famous victories,
 Hath fild heauens fierie vaults with frightfull horror;
 O lofty towres, O stately battlements,
 O glorious temples, O proude Pallaces,
 And you braue walls, bright heauens masonrie,
 Grac'd with a thousand kingly diadems,
 Are yee not styrred with a strange delight,
 To see your *Caesars* matchles victories? 5
 And how your Empire and your praise begins
 Through fame, which hee of stranger Nations wins?
 O beautious Tyber, with thine easie streames
 That glide as smoothly as a Parthian shaft;
 Turne not thy crispie tydes, like siluer curle,
 Backe to thy grass-greene bancks to welcom vs;
 And with a gentle murmure hast to tell
 The foming Seas the honour of our fight?
 Trudge not thy streames to Trytons Mariners,
 To bruise the prayses of our conquests past? 10
 And make theyr vaunts to old Oceanus
 That hence-forth Tyber shall salute the seas,
 More fam'd then Tyger or fayre Euphrates?
 Now all the world (wel-nye) doth stoope to Rome:
 The sea, the earth, and all is almost ours.
 Be't where the bright Sun with his neyghbor beames 15
 Doth early light the Pearled Indians,
 Or where his Chariot staies to stop the day,
 Tyll heauen vnlock the darknes of the night:

20

25

Be't where the Sea is wrapt in Christall Ise,
 Or where the Sommer doth but warme the earth :
 Or heere, or there, where is not Rome renouwd?
 There lyues no King, (how great so e're he be)
 But trembleth if he once but heare of mee.
Caesar is now earthes fame, and Fortunes terror,
 And *Caesars* worth hath staynd old souldiers prayses.
 Rome, speake no more of eyther *Scipio*,
 Nor of the *Fabii*, or *Fabritians* ;
 Heere let the *Decii* and tfeyr glory die.
Caesar hath tam'd more Nations, tane more Townes,
 And fought more battailes then the best of them.
Caesar doth tryumph ouer all the world,
 And all they scarcely conquered a nooke.
 The Gauls, that came to Tiber to carouse,
 Dyd liue to see my souldiers drinke at Loyre ;
 And those braue Germaines, true borne Martialists,
 Beheld the swift Rheyn vnder-run mine Ensignes.
 The Brittaines (lockt within a watry Realme,
 And wald by *Neptune*) stoopt to mee at last.
 The faithles Moore, the fierce Numidian,
 Th'earth that the Euxine sea makes somtymes marsh,
 The stony-harted people that inhabite
 Where seau'nfold Nilus doth disgorge it selfe,
 Haue all been vrg'd to yeeld to my commaund.
 Yea, euen this Cittie, that hath almost made
 An vniuersall conquest of the world,
 And that braue warrier, my brother in law,
 That (ill aduis'd) repined at my glory—
Pompey, that second *Mars*, whose haught renowne
 And noble deeds were greater then his fortunes,
 Proou'd to his losse, but euen in one assault,
 My hand, my hap, my hart exceeded his,
 When the Thessalian fields were purpled ore
 With eyther Armies murdred souldiers gore ;
 When hee (to conquering accustomed)
 Did (conquered) flie, his troopes discomfited.
 Now *Scipio*, that long'd to shew himselfe

Discent of African (so fam'd for Armes),
 He durst affront me and my warlike bands,
 Ypon the Coastes of Lybia, till he lost
 His scattered Armie: and to shun the scorne
 Of being taken captiue, kild himselfe.
 Now therefore let vs tryumph, *Anthony*;
 And rendring thanks to heauen, as we goe,
 For brideling those that dyd maligne our glory,
 Lets to the Capitoll.

70

75

Anth. Come on, braue Caesar,
 And crowne thy head, and mount thy Chariot.
 Th'impatient people runne along the streets,
 And in a route against thy gates they rushe,
 To see theyr *Caesar*, after dangers past,
 Made Conqueror and Emperor at last.

80

Caes. I call to witnes heauens great Thunderer,
 That gaist my will I haue maintaing this warre,
 Nor thirsted I for conquests bought with blood.
 I ioy not in the death of Cittizens;
 But through my selfe-wild enemies despight
 And Romains wrong was I constraind to fight.

85

Anth. They sought teclipse thy fame, but destinie
 Reuers'd th'effect of theyr ambition;
 And *Caesars* prayse increasd by theyr disgrace,
 That reckt not of his vertuous deeds. But thus
 We see it fareth with the eniuious.

90

Caes. I neuer had the thought to injure them.
 Howbeit I neuer meant my greatnes should
 By any others greatnes be o're-ruld.
 For as I am inferior to none,
 So can I suffer no Superiors.

95

Anth. Well, *Cæsar*, now they are discomfited,
 And Crowes are feasted with theyr carcases.
 And yet I feare you haue too kindly sau'd
 Those that your kindnes hardly will requite.

100

Caes. Why, *Anthony*, what would you wish mee doe?
 Now shall you see that they will pack to Spaine,
 And (ioyned with the Exiles there) encamp,
 Vntill th'ill spyrit, that doth them defend,
 Doe bring their treasons to a bloody end.

105

Anth. I feare not those that to theyr weapons flye,
And keepe theyr state in Spaine, in Spaine to die.

Caes. Whom fear'st thou then, *Mark Anthony?*

Anth. The hatefull crue

That, wanting powre in fielde to conquer you, 110
Haue in theyr coward soules deuised snares
To murder thee, and take thee at vnwares.

Caes. Will those conspire my death that liue by mee?

Anth. In conquered foes what credite can there be?

Caes. Besides theyr liues, I shd theyr goods restore. 115

Anth. O, but theyr Countries good concerns them more.

Caes. What, thinke they mee to be their Countries foe?

Anth. No, but that thou vsurpst the right they owe.

Caes. To Rome haue I submitted mighty things.

Anth. Yet Rome endures not the commaund of kings. 120

Caes. Who dares to contradict our Emporie?

Anth. Those whom thy rule hath rob'd of liberty.

Caes. I feare them not whose death is but deferd.

Anth. I feare my foe, vntill he be interd.

Caes. A man may make his foe his friend, you know.

Anth. A man may easier make his friend his foe.

Caes. Good deeds the cruelst hart to kindnes bring.

Anth. But resolution is a deadly thing.

Caes. If Cittizens my kindnes haue forgot,

Whom shall I then not feare?

Anth. Those that are not.

130

Caes. What, shall I slay them all that I suspect?

Anth. Els cannot *Caesars* Emporie endure.

Caes. Rather I will my lyfe and all neglect.

Nor labour I my vaine life to assure;

But so to die, as dying I may liue,

135

And leauing off this earthly Tombe of myne,

Ascend to heauen vpon my winged deeds.

And shall I not have liued long enough

That in so short a time am so much fam'd?

Can I too-soone goe taste *Cocytus* flood?

140

No, *Anthony*, Death cannot iniure vs,

'For he liues long that dyes victorious.

Anth. Thy prayses show thy life is long enough,

But for thy friends and Country all too-short.

Should *Caesar* lyue as long as *Nestor* dyd,
Yet Rome may wish his life eternized.

Caes. Heauen sets our time; with heauen may nought dispence.
Anth. But we may shorten time with negligence.

Caes. But Fortune and the heauens haue care of vs.
Anth. Fortune is fickle, Heauen imperious.

Caes. What shall I then doe?

Anth. As befits your state,
Maintaine a watchfull guard about your gate.

Caes. What more assurance may our state defend
Then loue of those that doe on vs attend?

Anth. There is no hatred more, if it be mou'd,
Then theirs whom we offend, and once belou'd.

Caes. Better it is to die then be suspitious.

Anth. Tis wisdom yet not to be credulcus.

Caes. The quiet life, that carelesly is ledd,
Is not aloneley happy in this world;

But Death it selfe doth sometime pleasure vs.

That death that comes vnsent for or vnseene,

And suddainly doth take vs at vnware,

Mee thinks is sweetest; And, if heauen were pleas'd,

I could desire that I might die so well.

The feare of euill doth afflict vs more

Then th'euill it selfe, though it be nere so sore.

155

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175

A Chorus of Caesars friends.

O Faire Sunne, that gentlie smiles
From the Orient-pearedl Iles,
Guilding these our gladsome daies
With the beautie of thy rayes:

Free fro rage of ciuill strife
Long preserue our *Caesars* life,
That from sable Affrique brings
Conquests whereof Europe rings

And faire *Venus*, thou of whom
The Eneades are come,
Henceforth vary not thy grace
From *Iulus* happy race.

Rather cause thy deerest sonne,
By his tryumphs new begun,
To expell fro forth the Land
Firce warrs quenchles fire-brand

180

That of care acquitting vs
(Who at last adore him thus),
He a peaceful starre appeare,
From our walls all woes to cleere.

185

And so let his warlike browes
Still be deckt with Lawrel boughes,
And his statues new set
With many a fresh-flowrd Coronet.

190

So, in euery place let be
Feasts, and Masks, and mirthfull glee,
Strewing Roses in the streeete,
When their Emperor they meete.

195

He his foes hath conquered,
Neuer leauing till they fled,
And (abhorring blood) at last
Pardon'd all offences past.

'For high *Love* the heauens among,
'(Their support that suffer wrong)
'Doth oppose himselfe agen
'Bloody minded, cruell men.

200

'For he short(e)neth their dayes,
'Or prolongs them with dispraise ;
'Or (his greater wrath to show)
'Giues them ouer to their foe.

205

Caesar, a Citizen so wrong'd
Of the honor him belong'd,
To defend himselfe from harmes,
Was enforc'd to take vp Armes.

210

For he saw that Enuies dart
(Pricking still their poysoned hart,
For his suddaine glory got)
Made his enuious foe so hote :

215

Wicked Enuie, feeding still
 Foolish those that doe thy will.
 For thy poysons in them poure
 Sundry passions euery houre;
 And to choller doth conuart
 Purest blood about the heart,
 Which (ore-flowing of their brest)
 Suffreth nothing to digest.

' Other mens prosperitie
 ' Is their infelicite;
 ' And their choller then 'is rais'd,
 ' When they heare another prais'd.

' Neither *Phoebus* fairest eye,
 ' Feasts, nor friendly company,
 ' Mirth, or what so-e're it be,
 ' With their humor can agree.

' Day or night they neuer rest,
 ' Spightfull hate so pecks their brest,
 ' Pinching their perplexed lunges
 ' With her fiery poysoned tongues.

' Fire-brands in their breasts they beare,
 ' As if *Tesiphon* were there;
 ' And their soules are pierc'd as sore
 ' As *Prometheus* ghost, and more.

' Wretches, they are woe-begone,
 ' For their wound is alwaiies one.
 ' Nor hath *Chyron* powre or skill
 ' To recure them of their ill.

220

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ACTVS QVINTVS

The Messenger. Cornelia. Chorus.

Mess. Unhappy man, amongst so many wracks
 As I haue suffred both by Land and Sea,
 That scorneful destinie denyes my death.
 Oft haue I seene the ends of mightier men,

Whose coates of steele base Death hath stolne into ; 5
 And in thy direful warre before mine eyes
 Beheld theyr corses scattered on the plaines,
 And endles numbers falling by my side,
 Nor those ignoble, but the noblest Lords.
 Mongst whom aboue the rest, that moues me most, 10
Scipio (my dearest Maister) is deceas'd ;
 And Death, that sees the Nobles blood so rife,
 Full-gorged triumphes, and disdaines my lyfe.

Corn. We are vndone.

Chor. *Scipio* hath lost the day.
 But hope the best, and harken to his newes. 15

Corn. O cruell fortune.

Mess. These mis-fortunes yet
 Must I report to 'sad *Cornelia*,
 Whose ceaseles griefe (which I am sorry for)
 Will agrauate my former misery.

Corn. Wretch that I am, why leaue I not the world ? 20
 Or wherefore am I not already dead ?
 O world, o wretch.

Chor. Is this th'vndaunted hart
 That is required in extremities ?
 Be more confirm'd. And, Madam, let not griefe
 Abuse your wisdom lyke a vulgar wit. 25
 Happly the newes is better then the noyse ;
 Let's heare him speake.

Corn. O no, for all is lost.
 Farewell, deere Father.

Chor. Hee is sau'd, perhaps.
Mess. Me thinks, I heare my Maisters daughter speake.
 What sighes, what sobs, what plaints, what passions 30
 Haue we endurde, *Cornelia*, for your sake ?

Corn. Where is thine Emperor?
Mess. Where our Captaines are.
 Where are our Legions ? Where our men at Armes ?
 Or where so many of our Romaine soules ?
 The earth, the sea, the vultures and the Crowes, 35

12 noblest *Haslitt* : but cf. Tant de braues Seigneurs *Garnier* 16 mis-
 fortunes *Qq.*

Lyons and Beares, are theyr best Sepulchers.
Corn. O miserable.

Chor. Now I see the heauens
 Are heapt with rage and horror gainst this house.

Corn. O earth, why op'st thou not?

Chor. Why waile you so?
 Assure your selfe that *Scipio* brauely dyed; 40
 And such a death excels a seruile life.

(Corn.) Say, Messenger.

(Chor.) The maner of his end
 Will haply comfort this your discontent.

Corn. Discourse the maner of his hard mishap,
 And what disastrous accident did breake 45
 So many people bent so much to fight.

Mess. *Caesar*, that wisely knewe his souldiers harts,
 And their desire to be approou'd in Armes,
 Sought nothing more then to encounter vs.

And therefore (faintly skymishing) in craft
 Lamely they fought, to draw vs further on.
 Oft (to prouoke our warie wel-taught troopes)
 He would attempt the entrance on our barrs,
 Nay, euen our Trenches, to our great disgrace,
 And call our souldiers cowards to theyr face. 50

But when he saw his wiles nor bitter words
 Could draw our Captaines to endanger vs,
 Coasting along and following by the foote,
 He thought to tyre and wearie vs fro thence;

And got hys willing hosts to march by night, 55
 With heauy Armor on theyr hardned backs,
 Downe to the Sea-side; where before faire *Tapsus*,
 He made his Pyoners (poore weary soules)
 The selfe-same day to dig and cast new Trenches,
 And plant strong Barricades; where he (encampt) 60
 Resolu'd by force to hold vs hard at work.

Scipio no sooner heard of his designes,
 But, being afeard to loose so fit a place,
 Marcht on the suddaine to the selfe-same Cittie,
 Where few men might doe much, which made him see 70

Of what importance such a Towne would be.
 The fields are spred, and as a houshold Campe
 Of creeping Emmets in a Countiey Farme,
 That come to forrage when the cold begins,
 Leauing theyr crannyes to goe search about,
 Couer the earth so thicke, as scarce we tread
 But we shall see a thousand of them dead :
 Euen so our battails, scattred on the sands,
 Dyd scour the plaines in pursuite of the foe.

75

One while at *Tapsus* we b̄egin t'entrench,
 To ease our Army, if it should retyre ;
 Another while we softly sally foorth ;
 And wakefull *Caesar* that doth watch our being,
 (When he perceiues vs marching o're the plaine)
 Doth leape for gl̄dnes, and (to murder vow'd)

85

Runnes to the tent, for feare we should be gone,
 And quickly claps his rustie Armour on.
 For true it is that *Caesar* brought at first
 An hoste of men to Affrique meanely Arm'd,
 But such as had braue spirits, and (combatting)

90

Had powre and wit to make a wretch a King.
 Well, forth to field they marched all at once,
 Except some fewe that stayd to guard the Trench.
 Them *Caesar* soone and subtly sets in ranke,
 And euery Regiment warn'd with a worde

95

Brauely to fight for honor of the day.
 He shewes that auncient souldiers need not feare
 Them that they had so oft disordered,
 Them that already dream'd of death or flight ;
 That tyer'd would nere hold out, if once they see

100

That they o're-layd them in the first assault.
 Meane-while our Emperor (at all poynts arm'd),
 Whose siluer hayres and honorable front
 Were (warlike) lockt within a plumed caske,
 In one hand held his Targe of steele embost,

105

And in the other grapt his Coutelas ;
 And with a cheerefull looke surueigh'd the Campe,
 Exhorting them to charge, and fight like men,
 And to endure what ere betyded them.

110

For now (quoth he) is come that happie day,

Wherein our Country shall approue our loue.
Braue Romans, know this is the day and houre,
That we must all hue free, or friendly die.

For my part (being an auncient Senator,
An Emperor and Consul) I disdaine
The world should see me to become a slae.

I'le eyther conquer, or this sword you see
(Which brightly shone) shall make an end of me.

We fight not, we, like thieues, for others wealth:
We fight not, we, t'enlarge our skant confines;

To purchase fame to our posterities,
By stuffing of our tropheies in their houses.

But t'is for publique freedom that we fight,
For Rome we fight, and those that fled for feare.

Nay more, we fight for safetie of our lyues,
Our goods, our honors, and our auncient lawes.

As for the Empire, and the Romaine state
(Due to the victor) thereon ruminate.

Thinke how this day the honorable Dames,
With blubbred eyes and handes to heauen vpreard,

Sit iuocating for vs to the Gods,

That they will blesse our holy purposes.

Me thinks I see poore Rome in horror clad,
And aged Senators in sad discourse,
Mourne for our sorrowes and theyr seruitude.

Me thinks I see them while (lamenting thus)
Theyr harts and eyes lye houering ouer vs.

On then, braue men, my fellowes and Romes friends,
To shew vs worthy of our auncestors:

And let vs fight with courage, and conceite
That we may rest the Maisters of the field;

That this braue Tyrant, valiantly beset,

May perrish in the presse before our faces;

And that his troopes (as tucht wyth lightning flames)

May by our horse in heapes be ouer-throwne,

And he (blood-thirsting) wallow in his owne.

Thys sayd, his Army cryng all at once

With ioyfull tokens did applaude his speeches,

Whose swift shrill noyse did pierce into the clowdes,

Lyke Northern windes that beate the horned Alpes.

115

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The clattering Armour, buskling as they paced,
 Ronge through the Forrests with a frightfull noyse,
 And euery Echo tooke the Trompets clange:
 When (like a tempest rais'd with whirle-winds rage)
 They ranne at euer-each other hand and foote; 155
 Where-with the dust, as with a darksome clowde,
 Arose, and ouer-shadowed horse and man.
 The Darts and Arrowes on theyr Armour glaunced,
 And with theyr fall the trembling earth was shaken.
 The ayre (that thickned with theyr thundring cryes) 160
 With pale, wanne clowdes discoloured the Sunne.
 The fire in sparks fro forth theyr Ármour flew,
 And with a dusky yellow chokt the heauens.
 The battels lockt (with bristle-poynted speares)
 Doe at the halfe lyke freely charge each other,
 And dash together like two lustie Bulls, 165
 That (iealous of some Heyfar in the Heard)
 Runne head to head, and (sullen) wil not yeeld,
 Till, dead or fled, the one forsake the field.
 The shyuered Launces (ratling in the ayre) 170
 Fly forth as thicke as moates about the Sunne:
 When with theyr swords (flesht with the former fight)
 They hewe their Armour, and they cleave their casks,
 Till stremes of blood like Riuers fill the downes;
 That being infected with the stench thereof 175
 Surcloyes the ground, and of a Champant Land
 Makes it a Quagmire, where (kneedeepe) they stand.
 Blood-thirstie *Discord*, with her snakie hayre,
 A fearfull Hagge, with fier-darting eyes,
 Runnes crosse the Squadrons with a smokie brand, 180
 And with her murdring whip encourageth
 The ouer-forward hands to bloode and death.
Bellona, fiered with a quenchles rage,
 Runnes vp and downe, and in the thickest throng
 Cuts, casts the ground, and madding makes a poole,
 Which in her rage free passage doth afford 185
 That with our blood she may annoynct her sword.
 Now we of our side vrge them to retreat,

And nowe before them we retyre as fast.
 As on the Alpes the sharpe Nor-North-east wind,
 Shaking a Pynetree with theyr greatest powre,
 One while the top doth almost touch the earth,
 And then it riseth with a counterbuffe:
 So did the Armies presse and charge each other,
 With selfe-same courage, worth, and weapons to ;
 And, prodigall of life for libertie,
 With burning hate let each at other flie.
 Thryce did the Cornets of the souldiers (cleerd)
 Turne to the Standard to be newe supplyde;
 And thrice the best of both was faine to breathe ;
 And thrice recomforted they brauely ranne,
 And fought as freshly as they first beganne.
 Like two fierce Lyons fighting in a Decart,
 To winne the loue of some faire Lyonesse,
 When they haue vomited theyr long-growne rage,
 And proou'd each others force sufficient,
 Passant regardant softly they retyre,
 Theyr iawbones dy'd with foming froth and blood,
 Their lungs like sponges, ramm'd within their sides,
 Theyr tongues discouerd, and theyr tailes long trailing :
 Till iealous rage (engendered with rest)
 Returns them sharper set then at the first ;
 And makes them couple, when they see theyr prize,
 With bristled backs, and fire-sparkling eyes,
 Tyll, tyer'd or conquer'd, one submits or flyes.
Caesar, whose kinglike lookes, like day bright starrings,
 Both comfort and encourage his to fight,
 Marcht through the battaile (laying still about him)
 And subtly markt whose hand was happiest ;
 Who nicely did but dyp his speare in blood,
 And who more roughly smear'd it to his fiste ;
 Who (staggering) fell with euery feeble wound,
 And who (more strongly) pac'd it through the thickest ;
 Him he enflam'd, and spur'd, and fild with horror.
 As when *Alecto*, in the lowest hell,
 Doth breathe new heate within *Orestes* brest,

Till out-ward rage with inward griefe begins
 A fresh remembrance of our former sins.
 For then (as if prouokt with pricking goades)
 Theyr warlike Armies (fast lockt foote to foote),
 Stooping their heads low bent to tosse theyr staues,
 They fiercely open both Battalions,
 Cleave, breake, and raging tempest-like o're turne
 What e're makes head to meet them in this humor.
 Our men at Armes (in briefe) begin to flye,
 And neither prayers, intreatie, nor example
 Of any of theyr leaders left aliuē
 Had powre to stay them in this strange carrier :
 Stragling, as in the faire Calabrian fields
 When Wolues, for hunger ranging fro the wood,
 Make forth amongst the flock, that scattered flyes
 Before the Shepheard, that resistles lyes.

Corn. O cruell fortune.

Mess. None resisting now,
 The field was fild with all confusion
 Of murder, death, and direfull massacres.
 The feeble bands that yet were left entyre
 Had more desire to sleepe then seeke for spoyle.
 No place was free from sorrow ; euery where
 Lay Armed men, ore-troden with theyr horses,
 Dismembred bodies drowning in theyr blood,
 And wretched heapes lie mourning of theyr maumes,
 Whose blood, as from a spunge, or bunche of Grapes
 Crusht in a Wine-presse, gusheth out so fast,
 As with the sight doth make the sound agast.
 Some should you see that had theyr heads halfe clouen,
 And on the earth theyr braines lye trembling .
 Here one new wounded helps another dying :
 Here lay an arme, and there a leg lay shiuer'd :
 Here horse and man (o're-turnd) for mercy cryde,
 With hands extended to the merciles,
 That stopt theyr eares, and would not heare a word,
 But put them all (remorceles) to the sword.
 He that had hap to scape, doth helpe a fresh
 To re-enforce the side wheron he seru'd.
 But seeing that there the murdring Enemie

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Pesle-mesle pursued them like a storme of hayle,
 They gan retyre, where *Iuba* was encampt ;
 But there had *Caesar* eftsoones tyranniz'd.
 So that, dispayring to defend themselues,
 They layd aside theyr Armour, and at last
 Offred to yeeld vnto the enemy ;
 Whose stony hart, that nere dyd Romaine good,
 Would melt with nothing but theyr deerest blood.

(*Corn.*) And Scipio, my Father ?

(*Mess.*) When he beheld

His people so discomfited and scorn'd ;
 When he perceiu'd the labour profitles
 To seeke by new encouraging his men
 To come vpon them with a fresh alarme ;
 And when he saw the enemies pursue

To beate them downe as fierce as thundring flints,
 And lay them leuell with the charged earth,
 Lyke eares of Corne with rage of windie showres,
 Their battailes scattered, and their Ensignes taken ;
 And (to conclude) his men dismayd to see

The passage choakt with bodies of the dead :
 Incessantly lamenting th'extreame losse,
 And souspirable death of so braue souldiers,
 He spurrs his horse, and (breaking through the presse)
 Trots to the Hauen, where his ships he finds,

And hopeles trusteth to the trustles windes.
 Now had he thought to haue arriu'd in Spayne,
 To raise newe forces, and returne to field ;
 But as one mischiefe drawes another on,

A suddaine tempest takes him by the way,
 And casts him vp neere to the Coasts of Hyppon,
 Where th' aduerse Nauie, sent to scoure the seas,
 Did hourelly keepe their ordinary course ;
 Where seeing himselfe at anchor, slightly shipt,
 Besieg'd, betraide by winde, by land, by sea,
 (All raging mad to rig his better Vessels
 The little while this naual conflict lasted),

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274 *Corn.* and *Mess.* om. Q., but in *Garnier*; hence thy Father *Dodsley*, *Reed*, *Collier*, *Haslitt*

Behold, his owne was fiercely set vpon,
Which being sore beaten, till it brake agen,
Ended the liues of his best fighting men.

There did the remnant of our Romaine nobles,
Before the foe and in their Captaines presence. 305

Before the toe and in their Captaines presence,
Dye brauely, with their fauchins in their fists.

Then *Scipio* (that saw his ships through-galled,
And by the foe fulfild with fire and blood,

His people put to sword, Sea, Earth, and Hell,
And Heaven it selfe conjur'd to injure him.)

And Heaven it sent comand to mure him,
Steps to the Poope, and with a princely visage

Looking vpon his weapon, dide with blood,
Sighing he sets it to his brest, and said :

Since all our hopes are by the Gods beguil'd,
What refuge now remains for my distress? 315

What refuge now remaines for my distresse,
But thee my deerest, nere-deceiuing sword?

Yea, thee, my latest fortunes firmest hope,
By whom I am assurede this hap to haue.

That, being free borne, I shall not die a slave. 320
Soe had he said, but evill receid.

Scarce had he said, but, cruelly resolv'd,
He wrencht it to the pommel through his sides,

That fro the wound the smoky blood ran bubling,
Where-with he stagged: and I stopt to him

To haue embrac'd him. But he (beeing afraid
32
Tittled the mane of his owne chiefe

I attend the mercy of his murd'ring foe
That stil pursued him, and oppress his ships)

Crawld to the Deck, and, lyfe with death to ease,
Headlong he threw himselfe into the seas.

Corn. O cruell Gods, O heauen, O direfull Fates,
O radiant Sunnes that lighte this world. 33

O radiant Sunne that slightly guildst our dayes,
O night starrs, full of infelicities,

O triple titled *Heccat*, Queene and Goddess,
Bereauue my lyfe, or lyuing strangle me:

Confound me quick, or let me sinck to hell; 33
Thrust me forth, that I may meet the wife

Thrust me fro forth the world, that mongst the spirits
Th' infernall Lakes may ring with my laments.

O miserable, desolate, distressful wretch,
Worner with mishaps, yet in mishaps abounding.

- What shall I doe, or whether shall I flye
To venge this outrage, or reuenge my wrongs ? 340
Come, wrathfull Furies, with your Ebon locks,
And feede your selues with mine enflamed blood.
- Ixions* torment, *Sysiph's* rolling stone,
And th' Eagle tyering on *Prometheus*,
Be my eternall tasks, that th' extreame fire 345
Within my hart may from my hart retyre.
I suffer more, more sorowes I endure,
Then all the Captiues in th' infernall Court.
O troubled Fate, O fatall misery,
That vnprouoked deal'st so partiallie. 350
- Say, freatfull heauens, what fault haue I committed,
Or wherein could mine innocence offend you,
When (being but young) I lost my first loue *Crassus*?
O wherein did I merrite so much wrong 355
To see my second husband *Pompey* slayne?
But mongst the rest, what horrible offence,
What hatefull thing (vnthought of) haue I done,
That, in the midst of this my mournfull state,
Nought but my Fathers death could expiate? 360
- Thy death, deere *Scipio*, Romes eternall losse,
Whose hopefull life preseru'd our happines,
Whose siluer haires encouraged the weake,
Whose resolutions did confirme the rest,
Whose ende, sith it hath ended all my ioyes, 365
- O heauens, at least permit of all these plagues
That I may finish the Catastrophe ;
Sith in this widdow-hood of all my hopes
I cannot looke for further happines.
- For, both my husbands and my Father gone,
What haue I els to wreak your wrath vpon ? 370
Now as for happy thee, to whom sweet Death
Hath giuen blessed rest for lifes bereauing,
O enuious *Julia*, in thy iealous hart
Venge not thy wrong vpon *Cornelia*. 375
- But, sacred ghost, appease thine ire, and see
My hard mishap in marrying after thee.
O see mine anguish ; haplie seeing it,
T' will moue compassion in thee of my paines,

And vrge thee (if thy hart be not of flynt,
Or drunck with rigor) to repent thy selfe,
That thou enflam'dst so cruell a reuenge
In *Caesars* hart vpon so slight a cause,
And mad'st him raise so many mournfull Tombes,
Because thy husband did reuiue the lights 380
Of thy forsaken bed ; vnworthely
Opposing of thy freatfull ielosie
Gainst his mishap, as it my helpe had bin,
Or as if second marriage were a sin.

(Chor.) Was neuer City where calamitie 390
Hath soiourn'd with such sorrow as in this :
Was neuer state wherein the people stood
So careles of their conquered libertie,
And careful of anothers tiranny.

(Corn.) O Gods, that earst of Carthage tooke some care, 395
Which by our Fathers (pittiles) was spoyl'd ;
When thwarting Destinie at Affrique walls
Did topside turuey turne their Common-wealth ;
When forcefull weapons fiercely tooke away
Their souldiers (sent to nourish vp those warrs); 400
When (fierd) their golden Pallaces fell downe ;
When through the slaughter th' Afrique seas were dide,
And sacred Temples quenchlesly enflam'd :
Now is our haples time of hopes expired.
Then satisfie yourselues with this reuenge, 405
Content to count the ghosts of those great Captains,
Which (conquered) perisht by the Romaine swords,
The Hannons, the Amilcars, Asdrubals,
Especially that proudest *Hanniball*,
That made the fayre Thrasymene so dezart. 410
For euen those fields that mourn'd to beare their bodies,
Now (loaden) groane to feele the Romaine corses.
Theyr earth we purple ore, and on theyr Tombes
We heape our bodies, equalling theyr ruine.
And as a *Scipio* did reuurse theyr powre, 415
They haue a *Scipio* to reuenge them on.

390 Chor. om. Qg., but in Garnier 391 soiour'd Qg. 395 Corn.
om. Qg., but in Garnier 411 mour'd Qg.

(Chor.) Weepe therefore, Roman Dames, and from henceforth
 Valing your Christall eyes to your faire bosoms,
 Raine showres of greefe vpon your Rose-like cheeks,
 And dewe your selues with springtides of your teares. 420
 Weepe, Ladies, weepe, and with your reeking sighes
 Thicken the passage of the purest clowdes,
 And presse the ayre with your continuall plaints.
 Beate at your Iuorie breasts, and let your robes
 (Defac'd and rent) be witnes of your sorrowes. 425

And let your haire, that wont be wreath'd in tresses,
 Now hang neglectly, dangling downe your sholders,
 Careles of Arte, or rich^b accoustrements,
 That with the gold and pearle we vs'd before
 Our mournfull habits may be deckt no more. 430

(Corn.) Alas, what shall I doe? O deere companions,
 Shall I, O, shall I liue in these lamentes,
 Widdowed of all my hopes, my haps, my husbands,
 And last, not least, bereft of my best Father,
 And of the ioyes mine auncestors enioy'd, 435
 When they enioy'd their liues and libertie?
 And must I liue to see great *Pompeys* house
 (A house of honour and antiquitie)
 Vsurpt in wrong by lawlesse *Anthony*?

Shall I behold the sumptuous ornaments 440
 (Which both the world and Fortune heapt on him)

Adorne and grace his graceles Enemy?
 Or see the wealth that *Pompey* gain'd in warre,
 Sold at a pike, and borne away by strangers?
 Dye, rather die, *Cornelia*: and (to spare 445
 Thy worthles life that yet must one day perish)
 Let not those Captains vainlie lie inter'd,
 Or *Caesar* triu mph in thine infamie,
 That wert the wife to th'one, and th'others daughter.

But if I die, before I haue entomb'd
 My drowned Father in some Sepulcher,
 Who will performe that care in kindnes for me?
 Shall his poore wandring lymps lie stil tormented,
 Tost with the salte waues of the wasteful Seas?

No, louely Father and my deerest husband, 455
Cornelia must liue (though life she hateth)
 To make your Tombes, and mourne vpon your hearses,
 Where (languishing) my fumous, faithful teares
 May trickling bathe your generous sweet cynders ;
 And afterward (both wanting strength and moysture, 460
 Fulfilling with my latest sighes and gasps
 The happie vessels that enclose your bones)
 I will surrender my surcharged life ;
 And (when my soule Earths pryson shall forgoe)
 Encrease the number of the ghosts be-low. 465

Non prosunt Domino, quae prosunt omnibus, Artes.

THO. KYD

458 fumous *Gassner*: famous *Qq.* See Note



THE TRAGEDYE OF *SOLYMAN AND* *PERSEDA.*

*VVherein is laide open, Loues
constancy, Fortunes incon-
stancy, and Deaths
Triumphs.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *Edward Alde* for
Edward White, and are to be sold at
the little North doore of Paules
Church, at the signe of
the Gun.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE text adopted is that of the undated Quarto, of which the only known extant copy is in the British Museum, with press-mark C. 34. b. 44. This Quarto, which has not hitherto been collated, gives the best text. The adoption of a reading from any other source is indicated in the footnotes, where also are given all variants found in the two Quarto editions of 1599. Of one of these editions there is a unique copy in the British Museum, with press-mark 11773. c. II, which, like the undated Quarto, has not hitherto been collated. Of the other edition of 1599 there are a number of specimens (in the British Museum, the Bodleian, South Kensington), but one of those in the British Museum, with press-mark 161. b. 4, is distinguished by the words *Newly corrected and amended* on the title-page. It is therefore convenient to call this edition 'the amended edition of 1599.' It was from Garrick's copy of this edition that Hawkins printed his text of the play, which Hazlitt reprinted with a few conjectural emendations. But mistakenly thinking that 'there was only one impression which received no fewer than three title-pages,' Hazlitt prefixed to his edition the title-page of the undated Quarto, which there is no sign of his having collated.

I have printed as prose a number of speeches, principally by Piston, the 'fool' of the play, which appear in the Quartos, and in the editions of Hawkins and Hazlitt, in doggerel form. The speeches of Basilisco, however, with their stilted vocabulary, I have retained in their original form, which is apparently intended to be irregularly metrical.

Though the undated Quarto has 'Solyman' on the title-page, it generally substitutes 'Soliman' in stage-directions and the text, and I have therefore kept this, the recognized form, in the title of the play.

References in the notes are as follow:—

Undated Q. = Quarto, undated, British Museum C. 34. b. 44

1599 = Quarto, 1599, British Museum 11773 c. II

1599 A = Quarto, 1599, British Museum 161. b. 4

Hawkins = T. Hawkins' edition in his *Origin of the British Drama*, vol. II (1773)

Hazlitt = W. C. Hazlitt's edition in his reissue of *Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. V (1874)

⟨DRAMATIS PERSONAE¹

Loue }
Fortune } In Induction and Chorus.
Death }

Soliman, *Emperor of the Turks.*

Haleb } his brothers.

Amurath

Brusor, *his general.*

Lord Marshal.

Philippo, *Governor of Rhodes.*

Prince of Cyprus, *his son-in-law.*

Erastus, *a knight of Rhodes.*

Guelpio } his friends.

Julio } his friends.

Piston, *his servant.*

Ferdinando.

Persedo, *beloved of Erastus.*

Lucina, *beloved of Ferdinando.*

Basilisco, *a braggart knight.*

Englishman

Frenchman } knights.

Spaniard

A Captain.

A Messenger.

Two Witnesses.

Knights, Ladies, Janissaries, Soldiers.⟩

¹ There is no list of *Dramatis Personae* in the *Qq.* Hawkins drew one up, which has been reproduced by Hazlitt. I have expanded it slightly, and made changes in the grouping.

THE TRAGEDIE
OF
SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA

ACTVS PRIMVS.

(SCENE I: INDUCTION.)

Enter Loue, Fortune, Death.

Loue. What, *Death* and *Fortune* crosse the way of *Loue*?

Fortune. Why, what is *Loue* but *Fortunes* tenis-ball?

Death. Nay, what are you both, but subiects vnto *Death*?

And I commaund you to forbeare this place;

For heere the mouth of sad *Melpomene*

5

Is wholy bent to tragedies discourse:

And what are Tragedies but acts of death?

Here meanes the wrathfull muse, in seas of teares

And lowd laments, to tell a dismall tale:

A tale wherein she lately hath bestowed

10

The huskie humour of her bloudy quill,

And now for tables takes her to her tung.

Loue. Why, thinkes *Death* *Loue* knows not the historie

Of braue *Erasthus* and his Rodian Dame?

Twas I that made their harts consent to loue;

15

And therefore come I now as fittest person

To serue for Chorus to this Tragedie:

Had I not beene, they had not dyed so soone.

Death. Had I not beene, they had not dyed so soone.

Fortune. Nay then, it seemes, you both doo misse the marke. 20

Did not I change long loue to sudden hate;
 And then rechange their hatred into loue;
 And then from loue deliuer them to death?
Fortune is chorus; *Loue* and *Death* be gone.

Death. I tell thee, *Fortune*, and thee, wanton *Loue*,

25

I will not downe to euerlasting night
 Till I haue moraliz'd this Tragedie,
 Whose cheefest actor was my sable dart.

Loue. Nor will I vp into the brightsome sphere,

30

From whence I sprung, till in the chorus place
 I make it knowne to you and to the world
 What interest *Loue* hath in Tragedies.

Fortune. Nay then, though *Fortune* haue delight in change,

Ile stay my flight, and cease to turne my wheele,

35

Till I haue showne by demonstration

What intrest I haue in a Tragedie:

Tush, *Fortune* can doo more then *Loue* or *Death*.

Loue. Why stay we then? Lets giue the Actors leaue,

And, as occasion serues, make our returne.

Exeunt.

⟨SCENE II.⟩

Enter Erastus and Perseda.

Erast. Why, when, *Perseda*? wilt thou not assure me?

But shall I, like a mastlesse ship at sea,
 Goe euery way, and not the way I would?
 My loue hath lasted from mine infancie,
 And still increased as I grew my selfe.

5

When did *Perseda* pastime in the streetes,
 But her *Erastus* ouer-eied her sporte?

When didst thou, with thy sampler in the Sunne
 Sit sowing with thy feres, but I was by,

Marking thy lilly hands dexteritie;

10

Comparing it to twenty gratiouse things?

When didst thou sing a note that I could heare,
 But I haue framde a dittie to the tune,

Figuring *Perseda* twenty kinde of ways?

When didst thou goe to Church on hollidaies,

15

But I haue waited on thee too and fro,

Marking my times as Faulcons watch their flight?

When I haue mist thee, how haue I lamented,
As if my thoughts had been assured true.
Thus in my youth : now, since I grew a man,
I haue perseuered to let thee know
The meaning of my true harts constancie.
Then be not nice, *Persedas*, as women woont
To hasty louers whose fancy soone is fled :
My loue is of a long continuance,
And merites not a strangers recompence.

Per. Enough, *Erastus*, thy *Persedas* knowes ;

*She whom thou wouldest haue thine, *Erastus*, knowes.*

Erast. Nay, my *Persedas* knowes, and then tis well.

Per. I, watch you vauntages ? Thine be it then—
I haue forgot the rest, but thats the effect ;
Which to effect, accept this carkanet :
My Grandame on her death bed gaue it me,
And there, euen there, I vow'd vnto my selfe
To keepe the same, vntill my wandring eye
Should finde a harbour for my hart to dwell.

Euen in thy brest doo I elect my rest ;
Let in my hart to keep thine company.

Erast. And, sweet *Persedas*, accept this ring
To equall it : receiue my hart to boote ;
It is no boot, for that was thine before :
And far more welcome is this change to me
Then sunny daies to naked Sauages,
Or newes of pardon to a wretch condemnd
That waiteth for the fearefull stroke of death.

As carefull will I be to keepe this chaine,
As doth the mother keepe her children
From water pits, or falling in the fire.
Ouer mine armour will I hang this chaine ;
And, when long combat makes my body faint,
The sight of this shall shew *Persedas* name,
And add fresh courage to my fainting limmes.
This day the eger Turke of Tripolis,
The Knight of Malta, honoured for his worth,
And he that's titled by the golden spurre,

The Moore vpon his hot Barbarian horse,
 The fiery Spaniard bearing in his face
 The empresse of a noble warriour,
 The sudden Frenchman, and the bigbon'd Dane,
 And English Archers, hardy men at armes, 60
 Eclipped Lyons of the Westerne worlde:
 Each one of these approoued combatants,
 Assembled from seuerall corners of the world,
 Are hither come to try their force in armes,
 In honour of the Prince of Cipris nuptials. 65
 Amongst these worthies will *Erastus* troupe,
 Though like a Gnat almongst a huie of Bees.
 Know me by this thy pretious carkanet;
 And if I thriue in valour, as the glasse
 That takes the Sun-beames burning with his force, 70
 Ile be the glasse and thou that heauenly Sun,
 From whence Ile borrow what I do atchieue:
 And, sweet *Persedas*, vnnoted though I be,
 Thy beauty yet shall make me knowne ere night.
Per. Yong slippes are neuer graft in windy daies; 75
 Yong schollers neuer entered with the rod.
 Ah, my *Erastus*, there are Europes Knights
 That carry honour grauen in their helmes,
 And they must winne it deere that winne it thence.
 Let not my beauty prick thee to thy bane; 80
 Better sit still then rise and ouertane.
Erast. Counsell me not, for my intent is sworne,
 And be my fortune as my loue deserues.
Per. So be thy fortune as thy features serues,
 And then *Erastus* liues without compare. 85

Enter a Messenger.

Here comes a Messenger to haste me hence.
 I know your message; hath the Princesse sent for me?
Mess. She hath, and desires you to consort her to the triumphes.

Enter Piston.

Pist. Who saw my Master? O sir, are you heere? The

59 bigbound undated Q.
 77 there] these Hazlitt 84 serue 1599 -99 A. See Note
 as doggerel in Qq

60 Arthers undated Q.

69 See Note

89-91 printed

Prince and all the outlandish Gentlemen are ready to goe
to the triumphs ; they stay for you. 91
Erast. Goe sirra, bid my men bring my horse, and a dozen staues.
Pist. You shall haue your horses and two dozen of staues.

Exit Piston.

Erast. Wish me good hap, *Perseda*, and Ile winne
Such glory as no time shall ere race out, 95
Or end the period of my youth in blood.
Per. Such fortune as the good *Andromache*
Wisht valiant *Hector* wounded with the Greekes,
I wish *Erastus* in his maiden warres.
 Orecome with valour these high minded knights 100
As with thy vertue thou hast conquered me.
Heauens heare my harty praier, and it effect.

Exeunt.

(SCENE III.)

Enter Phillippe, the Prince of Cipris, Basilisco, and all the Knights.

Phil. Braue Knights of Christendome, and Turkish both,
Assembled heere in thirsty honors cause,
To be enrolled in the brass leaued booke
Of neuer wasting perpetuitie,
Put Lambe-like mldenes to your Lyons strength, 5
And be our tilting like two brothers sportes,
That exercise their war with friendly blowes.
Braue Prince of Cipris, and our sonne in law,
Welcome these worthies by their seuerall countries,
For in thy honor hither are they come, 10
To grace thy nuptials with their deeds at armes.

Cyp. First, welcome, thrise renowned Englishman,
Graced by thy country, but ten times more
By thy approoued valour in the field ;
Vpon the onset of the enemy, 15
What is thy motto, when thou spurres thy horse?

Englishman. In Scotland was I made a Knight at armes,
Where for my countries cause I chargde my Launce :
In France I tooke the Standard from the King,

And gained the flower of Gallia in my crest :
 Against the light foote Irish haue I serued,
 And in my skinne bare tokens of their skenes ;
 Our word of courage all the world hath heard,
 Saint George for England, and Saint George for me.

Cyp. Like welcome vnto thee, fauē Knight of Fraunce ; 25
 Well famed thou art for discipline in warre :
 Vpon the incounter of thine enemy,
 What is thy mot, renowned Knight of Fraunce ?

Frenchman. In Italy I put my Knighthood on,
 Where in my shirt, but with my single Rapiere, 30
 I combated a Romane ^{much} renound,
 His weapons point impoysoned for my bane ;
 And yet my starres did bode my victory.
 Saint Denis is for Fraunce, and that fo· me.

Cyp. Welcome, Castilian, too among the rest, 35
 For fame doth sound thy valour with the rest.
 Vpon thy first encounter of thy foe,
 What is thy word of courage, braue man of Spaine ?

Spaniard. At foureteene yeeres of age was I made Knight,
 When twenty thousand Spaniards were in field ; 40
 What time a daring Rutter made a challenge
 To change a bullet with our swift flight shot ;
 And I, with single heed and leuell, hit
 The haughtie challenger, and strooke him dead.
 The golden Fleece is that we cry vpon, 45
 And Iaques, Iaques, is the Spaniards choise.

Cyp. Next, welcome vnto thee, renowned Turke,
 Not for thy lay, but for thy worth in armes :
 Vpon the first braue of thine enemy,
 What is thy noted word of charge, braue Turke ? 50

Bru. Against the Sophy in three pitched fields,
 Vnder the conduct of great *Soliman*,
 Haue I been chiefe commaunder of an hoast,
 And put the flint heart Perseans to the sword ;
(And) marcht *(a)* conquerour through Asia. 55

²⁰ gained ed. · glue Qq. · gave *Haslitt* 22 skenes] Kerns *Hawkins*,
Haslitt, wrongly 30 with my] with a 1599 36 rest] best *Haslitt*
 55 And and a add. ed. 55-6-7 transposed thus by ed.. 56-7-5 Qq.
 See Note

The desert plaines of Affricke haue I staind
 With blood of Moores, and there in three set battles fought:
 Along the coasts held by the Portinguze,
 Euen to the verge of golde abounding Spaine,
 Hath *Brusor* led a valiant troope of Turkes, 60
 And made some Christians kneele to *Mahomet*:
 Him we adore, and in his name I crie,
Mahomet for me and *Soliman*.

Cyp. Now, Signeur *Basilisco*, you we know,
 And therefore giue not you a strangers welcome, 65
 You are a Rutter borne in Germanie.
 Vpon the first encounter of your foe,
 What is your braue vpon the enemy?

Bas. I fight not with my tongue; this is my oratrix.

Laying his hand upon his sword.

Cyp. Why, Signeur *Basilisco*, is it a she sword? 70
Bas. I, and so are all blades with me: behold my instance;
 Perdie, each female is the weaker vessell,
 And the vigour of this arme infringeth
 The temper of any blade, quoth my assertion;
 And thereby gather that this blade, 75
 Being approoued weaker than this lym,
 May very well beare a feminine Epitheton.

Cyp. Tis well prooued; but whats the word that glories your
 Countrey?

Bas. Sooth to say, the earth is my Countrey,
 As the aire to the fowle, or the marine moisture 80
 To the red guild fish: I repute myself no coward;
 For humilitie shall mount. I keep no table
 To character my fore-passed conflicts.
 As I remember, there happened a sore drought
 In some part of Belgia, that the iucie grasse 85
 Was seared with the Sunne Gods Element:
 I held it pollicie to put the men children
 Of that climate to the sword,
 That the mothers teares might releue the pearchd earth.

59 golde abounding Spaine ed.: golde, aboording Spaine Qq.: gold,
 aboarding Spain Hawkins, Hazlitt. See Note 75-7 printed as prose in Qq.
 82 I... table beg. 83 Qq.

The men died, the women wept, and the grasse grew ; 90
 Else had my Frize-land horse perished,
 Whose losse would haue more grieued me
 Than the ruine of that whole countrey.
 Vpon a Time in Ireland I fought
 On horseback with an hundred Kernes 95
 From *Titans* Easterne vprise to his Western downefall ;
 Insomuch that my Steed began to faint :
 I, coniecturing the cause to be want of water, dismounted ;
 In which place there was no such Element.
 Enraged therefore, with this Semitor, 100
(I), all on foote, like an Herculian offspring,
 Endured some three or foure howers combat,
 In which processe my body distilled such dewy showers of swet
 That from the warlike wrinckles of my front
 My Palfray coold his thirst. 105
 My mercy in conquest is equall with my manhood in fight ;
 The teare of an infant hath bin the ransome of a conquered citie,
 Whereby I purchased the surname of *Pites adomant*.
 Rough wordes blowe my choller,
 As the wind dooth Mulcibers workehouse. 110
 I haue no word, because no countrey :
 Each place is my habitation ;
 Therefore each countries word mine to pronounce.
 Princes, what would you ?
 I have seen much, heard more, but done most. 115
 To be briefe, hee that will try me, let him waft me with his arme :
 I am his, for some fие launces.
 Although it go against my starres to iest,
 Yet to gratulate this benigne Prince,
 I will suppresse my condition. 120
Phil. He is beholding to you greatly, sir.
 Mount, ye braue Lordings, forwards to the tilt ;
 Myselue will censure of your chualtrie,
 And with impartiall eyes behold your deeds :
 Forward, braue Ladies, place you to behold 125
 The faire demeanor of these warlike Knights.

Exeunt.

Manet Basilisco.

Bas. I am melancholy : an humor of Venus belegereth me.
 I haue reected with contemptable frownes
 The sweet glances of many amorous girles, or rather ladies :
 But, certes, I am now captiuated with the reflecting eye 130
 Of that admirable comet *Perseda*.
 I will place her to behold my triumphes,
 And do woonders in hir sight.
 O heauen, she comes, accompanied with a child
 Whose chin beares no impression of manhood, 135
 Not an hayre, not an exrement.

Enter Erastus, Perseda, and Pyston.

Erast. My sweet *Perseda*.

Exeunt Erastus and Perseda.

Bas. Peace, Infant, thou blasphemest.
Pist. You are deceiued, sir ; he swore not.
Bas. I tell thee, Iester, he did worse ; he cald that Ladie his.
Pist. Iester : *O extempore, O flores.* 140
Bas. O harsh, vn-edicate, illiterate pesant,
 Thou abusest the phrase of the Latine.
Pist. By gods fish, friend, take you the Latins part? ile abuse you to.
Bas. What, saunce dread of our indignation?
Pist. Saunce? What languidge is that? I thinke thou art a word
 maker by thine occupation. 146
Bas. I, teermest thou me of an occupation?
 Nay then, this fierie humor of choller is
 Supprest by the thought of loue. Faire Ladie—
Pist. Now, by my troth, she is gon. 150
Bas. I, hath the Infant transported her hence?
 He saw my anger figured in my brow,
 And at his best aduantage stole away.
 But I will follow for reuenge.
Pist. Naye, buthere you, sir; I must talke with you before you goe.
Then Piston gets on his back and puls him downe.

Bas. O, if thou beest magnanimious, come before me. 156
Pist. Nay, if thou beest a right warrior, get from vnder me.

137 Peace . . . blasphemest sep. line Qg. 145-6 I . . . occupation sep. line Qg.

149 Supprest end of 148 Qg.

155 I . . . goe sep. line Qg.

Bas. What, wouldest thou haue me a *Typhon*,

To beare vp *Peleon* or *Ossa*? 159

Pist. *Typhon* me no. *Typhons*, but swear vpon my Dudgin dagger, not to go till I giue thee leaue, but stay with me, and looke vpon the tilters.

Bas. O, thou seekst thereby to dim my glory.

Pist. I care not for that; wilt thou not swear?

Bas. O, I sweare, I sweare. 165

He sweareth him on his dagger.

Pist. By the contents of this blade—

Bas. By the contents of this blade—

Pist. I, the aforesaid *Basilisco*—

Bas. I, the aforesaid *Basilisco*—Knight, good fellow, Knight, Knight—

Pist. Knaue, good fellow, Knaue, Knaue—Will not offer to go from the side of *Piston*— 171

Bas. Will not offer to go from the side of *Piston*—

Pist. Without the leaue of the said *Piston* obtained—

Bas. Without the leaue of the said *Piston* licensed, obtayned, and granted. 175

Pist. Inioy thy life and liue; I giue it thee.

Bas. I inioy my life at thy hands, I confesse it.

I am vp: but that I am religious in mine oath—

Pist. What would you do, sir; what wuld you do? Will you vp the ladder, sir, and see the tilting? 180

Then they go vp the ladders and they sound within to the first course.

Bas. Better a Dog fawne on me, then barke.

Pist. Now sir, how likes thou this Course?

Bas. Their Launces were coucht too hie, and their steeds ill borne.

Pist. It may be so, it may be so.

Sound to the second course.

Now, sir, how like you this course?

185

Bas. Prettie, prettie, but not famous;

Well for a learner, but not for a warriour.

Pist. By my faith, me thought it was excellent.

160-2 *Typhon* ... *Typhons* | but . . . dagger | not . . . leaue | but . . . tilters
Qq. 169-71 I ... *Basilisco* | Knight .. Knight | Knaue ... Knaue | Will
... *Piston* *Qq.* 174-5 licensed . . . granted *sep. line Qq.* 179-80 Will . .
tilting *sep. line Qq.* 182 thou] you 1599 183 and . . . borne *sep. line Qq.*

Bas. I, in the eye of an infant a Peacock's taile is glorious.

Sound to the third course.

Pist. O, well run. The baye horse with the blew taile, and the siluer knight are both downe; by Cock and Pie, and Mouse foot, the English man is a fine knight. 192

Bas. Now, by the marble face of the Welkin,
He is a braue warriour.

Pist. What an oath is there. Fie upon thee, extortioner. 195

Bas. Now comes in the infant that courts my mistresse.

Sound to the fourth course.

Oh that my launce were in my rest,
And my Beauer closd for this encounter.

Pist. O, well ran. My maister hath ouerthrowne the Turke.

Bas. Now fie vpon the Turke. 200
To be dismounted by a Childe it vexeth me.

Sound to the fift course.

Pist. O, well run, Maister. He hath ouerthrowne the Frenchman.

Bas. It is the fury of his horse, not the strength of his arme.
I would thou wouldest remit my oath,

That I might assaile thy maister. 205

Pist. I giue thee leaue: go to thy destruction. But, syrra, wheres thy horse?

Bas. Why, my Page stands holding him by the bridle.

Pist. Well, goe; mount thee, goe.

Bas. I go, and Fortune guide my Launce. 210

Exit Basilisco.

Pist. Take the braginst knaue in Christendom with thee. Truly, I am sorrie for him: he iust like a knight? heele iustle like a Iade. It is a world to heere the foole prate and brag: he will iet as if it were a Goose on a greene. He goes many times supperles to bed, and yet he takes Phisick to make him leane. Last night he was bidden to a gentle-womans to supper, and, because he would not be put to carue, he wore his hand in a scarfe, and said he was wounded. He weares a coloured lath in his scabberd, and when twas

190 ran 1599-99 A 190-3 O . . . taile | and . . . downe | by . . .
foot | the . . . knight Qg. 202 ran 1599-99 A 206-7 But . . . horse
sep. line Qg. 208 stands om. 1599 211-28 printed as doggerel in Qg.
212 iustle] iust 1599-99 A

found vpon him, he said he was wrathfull he might not weare no iron. He weres Ciuet, and, when it was askt him where he had that muske, he said, all his kindred smelt so : Is not this a counterfet foole? Well, ile vp, and see how he speedes.

224

Sound the sixth course.

Now, by the faith of a squire, he is a very faint knight ; why, my maister hath ouerthrowne him and his Curtall both to the ground. I shall haue olde laughing ; it will be better then the Fox in the hole for me.

228

(Exit.)• *(SCENE IV.)*

Sound: Enter Philippo, the Prince of Cypris, Erastus, Ferdinando, Lucina, and all the Knights.

Cyp. Braue Gentlemen, by all your free consents,
This knight vnknowne hath best demeand himself :
According to the proclamation made,
The prize and honor of the day is his.—
But now vnmiske thyselfe, that we may see
What warlike wrinkles time has charactered
With ages print vpon thy warlike face.

5

Engl. Accord to his request, braue man at armes,
And let me see the face that vanquished me.

French. Vnmaske thyself, thou well approoued knight. 10
Turke. I long to see thy face, braue warriour.

Luc. Nay, valiant sir, we may not be denide.

Faire Ladies should be coye to shewe their faces,
Least that the sun should tan them with his beames :
Ile be your Page this once, for to disarne you.

15

Pist. Thats the reason that he shall helpe your husband
to arme his head. Oh, the pollicie of this age is wonder-
full.

Phil. What, young *Erastus*? Is it possible?

Cyp. *Erastus*, be thou honoured for this deed.

20

Engl. So yong, and of such good accomplishment :
Thriue, faire beginner, as this time doth promise,
In vertue, valour, and all worthinessse :

Giue me thy hand, I vowe myselfe thy friend.

Erast. Thankes, woorthe sir, whose fauourable hand

25

Hath entred such a youngling in the-waire;

And thankes vnto you all, braue worthy sirs:

Impose me taske, how I may do you good,

Erastus will be dutifull in all.

Phil. Leauue protestations now, and let vs hie

30

To tred lauolto, that is womens walke;

There spend we the remainder of the day.

Exeunt. Manet Ferdinand.

Ferd. Though ouer-borne, and foyled in my course,

Yet haue I partners in mine infamy.

Tis wondious that so yong a toward warriour

35

Should bide the shlock of such approoued knights,

As he this day hath matcht and mated too.

But vertue should not enuie good desert.

Therefore, *Erastus*, happy laude thy fortune.

But my *Lucina*, how she changed her colour,

40

When at the encounter I did loose a stirrop,

Hanging her head as partner of my shame.

Therefore will I now goe visit her,

And please her with this Carcanet of worth

Which by good fortune I haue found to day.

45

When valour failes, then gould must make the way.

Enter Basilisco riding of a mule.

Bas. O cursed *Fortune*, enemy to *Fame*,

Thus to disgrace thy honored name,

By ouerthrowing him that far hath spred thy praise,

Beyond the course of *Titans* burning raies.

50

Enter Piston.

Page, set aside the iesture of my enemy;

Giue him a Fidlers fee, and send him packing.

Pist. Ho, God saue you, sir. Haue you burst your shin?

Bas. I, villaine, I haue broke my shin bone,

My back bone, my channell bone, and my thigh bone,

Beside two dossen small inferior bones.

55

Pist. A shrewd losse, by my faith, sir. But wheres your coursers taile?

Bas. He lost the same in seruice. 59

Pist. There was a hot piece of seruise where he lost his taile.
But how chance his nose is slit?

Bas. For presumption, for couering the Emperors Mare.

Pist. Marry, a foule fault; but why are his eares cut?

Bas. For neighing in the Emperours court.

Pist. Why, then, thy Horse hath bin a Colt in his time. 65

Bas. True, thou hast said.

Touch not the cheeke of my Palphrey,
Least he dismount me while my wounds are greene.

Page, run, bid the surgion bring his incision:

Yet stay, Ile ride along with thee my selfe. 70

Pist. And Ile beare you company.

Piston getteth vp on his Asse, and rideth with him to the doore, and meeteth the Cryer.

Enter the Cryer.

Pist. Come, sirra, let me see how finely youle cry this chaine.

Cry. Why, what was it worth?

Pist. It was worth more then thou and all thy kin are worth.

Cry. It may be so; but what must he haue that findes it?

Pist. Why, a hundred Crownes. 76

Cry. When, then, Ile haue ten for the crying it.

Pist. Ten Crownes? And had but sixpence for crying a little wench of thirty years old and vpwards, that had lost her selfe betwixt a tauerne and a bawdie house. 80

Cry. I, that was a wench, and this is Golde; she was poore, but this is rich.

Pist. Why then, by this reckoning, a Hackney man should haue ten shillings for horsing a Gentlewoman, where he hath but ten pence of a begger. 85

Cry. Why, and reason good: let them paie that best may, as the Lawyers vse their rich Clyents, when they let the poore goe vnder *Forma pauperis*.

Pist. Why then, I pray thee, crie the chayne for me *Sub forma pauperis*, for money goes very low with me at this time. 90

57-8 But . . . taile sep. line Qq. 6x chance] chanc'd it Hazlitt 72-102
printed as doggerel in Qq. 77 of it 1599-99 A

Cry. I, sir, but your maister is, though you be not.

Pist. I, but hee must not know that thou cryest the Chaine for me. I do but vse thee to saue me a labour, that anf to make inquirie after it.

Cry. Well, sir, youle see me considered, will you not? 95

Pist. I, marry, will I; why, what lighter painment can there be then consideration?

Cry. O yes.

Enter Erastus.

Erast. How now, sirra, what are you crying?

Cry. A chaine, sir, a chaine, that your man bad me crie,^{too}

Erast. Get you away, sirra. I aduise you meddle with no chaines of mine.

Exit Cryer.

You paltrie knaué, how durst thou be so bould
To crie the chaine, when I bid thou shouldest not?
Did I not bid thee onely vnderhand
Make priuie inquirie for it through the towne,
Least publike rumour might aduertise her
Whose knowledge were to me a second death?

Pist. Why, would you haue me runne vp and downe the towne,
and my shooes are doone? 110

Erast. What you want in shooes, ile giue ye in blowes.

Pist. I pray you, sir, hold your hands, and, as I am an honest
man, Ile doe the best I can to finde your chaine.

Exit Piston.

Erast. Ah, treacherous *Fortune*, enemy to *Loue*,
Didst thou aduance me for my greater fall? 115
In dalyng war, I lost my chiefest peace;
In hunting after praise, I lost my loue,
And in loues shipwrack will my lfe miscarrie.
Take thou the honor, and giue me the chaine,
Wherein was linkt the sum of my delight.
When she deliuered me the Carkanet,
Keep it, quoth she, as thou wouldest keep my selfe:
I kept it not, and therefore she is lost,
And lost with hir is all my happinesse,

And losse of happines is worse than death.
 Come therefore, gentle death, and ease my griefe;
 °Cut short what malice *Fortune* misintends.
 But stay a while, good *Death*, and let me liue;
 Time may restore what *Fortune* tooke from me:
 Ah no, great losses sildome are restord.
 What, if my chaine shall neuer be restord?
 My innocence shall clear my negligence.
 Ah, but my loue is ceremonious,
 And lookes for iustice at her louers hand:
 Within forst furrowes of her clowding brow,
 As stormes that fall amid a sun shine day,
 I read her iust desires, and my decay.

125

130

135

(SCENE V.)

Enter Solyman, Haleb, Amurath, and Ianesaries.

Sol. I long till *Brusor* be returnde from *Rhodes*,
 To know how he hath borne him gainst the Christians
 That are assembled there to try their valour;
 But more to be well assured by him
 How *Rhodes* is fenc'd, and how I best may lay
 My neuer failing siege to win that plot.
 For by the holy Alcaron I sweare
 Ile call my Souldiers home from *Persia*,
 And let the Sophie breath, and from the Russian broiles
 Call home my hardie, dauntlesse Ianisaries,
 And from the other skirts of Christendome
 Call home my Bassowes and my men of war,
 And so beleager *Rhodes* by sea and land.
 That Key will serue to open all the gates
 Through which our passage cannot finde a stop
 Till it haue prickt the hart of Christendome,
 Which now that paltrie Iland keeps from scath.
 Say, brother *Amurath*, and *Haleb*, say,
 What thinke you of our resolution?

5

10

15

20

Amur. Great *Soliman*, heauens onely substitute,
 And earths commander vnder Mahomet,
 So counsell I, as thou thyselfe hast said.

Hal. Pardon me, dread Soueraigne, I hold it not

- Good pollicie to call your forces home
 From *Persea* and *Polonia*, bending them 25
 Vpon a paltrie Ile of small defence.
 A common presse of base superfluous Turkes
 May soon be leuied for so slight a taske.
 Ah, *Soliman*, whose name hath shakt thy foes,
 As withered leaues with Autume thrownen downe, 30
 Fog not thy glory with so fowle eclipse,
 Let not thy Souldiers sound a base retire,
 Till *Persea* stoope, and thou be conquerour.
 What scandall were it to thy mightipesse,
 After so many valiant Bassowes slaine, 35
 Whose bloud hath bin manured to their earth,
 Whose bones hath made their deep waies passable,
 To sound a homeward, dull, and harsh retreate,
 Without a conquest, or a mean reuenge.
 Striue not for *Rhodes* by letting *Persea* slip; 40
 The ones a Lyon almost brought to death,
 Whose skin will counteruaile the hunters toile:
 The other is a Waspe with threatning sting,
 Whose Hunny is not worth the taking vp.
- Amur.* Why, *Haleb*, didst thou not heare our brother sweare
 Vpon the Alcaron religiously 46
 That he would make an vniuersall Campe
 Of all his scattered legions: and darest thou
 Infer a reason why it is not meete
 After his Highnes sweares it shall be so?
 Were it not <that> thou art my fathers sonne, 50
 And striuing kindnes wrestled not with ire,
 I would not hence till I had let thee know
 What twere to thwart a Monarchs holy oath.
- Hal.* Why, his highnes gaue me leauue to speake my will, 55
 And, far from flattery, I spoke my minde,
 And did discharge a faithfull subiects loue:
 Thou, *Aristippus* like, didst flatter him,
 Not like my brother, or a man of worth.
 And for his highnesse vowe, I crost it not, 60
 But gaue my censure, as his highnesse bad.

Now for thy chastisement know, *Amurath*,
 I scorne them, as a rechlesse Lion scornes
 •The humming of a gnat in Summers night.

Amur. I take it, *Haleb*, thou art friend to Rhodes.

65

Hal. Not halfe so much am I a friend to Rhodes
 As thou art enemy to thy Soueraigne.

Amur. I charge thee, say wherein; or else, by Mahomet,
 Ille hazard dutie in my Soueraignes presence.

Hal. Not for thy threats, but for my selfe, I say

70

It is not meete that one so base as thou
 Shouldst come about the person of a King.

Sol. Must I giue aime to this presumption?

Amur. Your Highnesse knowes I speake in dutious loue.

Hal. Your Highnesse knowes I speake at your command,

75

And to the purpose, far from flattery.

Amur. Thinks thou I flatter? Now I flatter not.

Then he kils Haleb.

Sol. What dismal Planets guides this fatall hower?

Villaine, thy brothers grones do call for thee,

Then Soliman kils Amurath.

To wander with them through eternall night.

80

Amur. O *Soliman*, for louing thee I die.

Sol. No, *Amurath*, for murthering him thou dyest.

Oh, *Haleb*, how shall I begin to mourne,

Or how shall I begin to shed salt teares,

For whom no wordes nor teares can well suffice?

85

Ah, that my rich imperiall Diadem

Could satisfie thy cruel destinie:

Or that a thousand of our Turkish soules,

Or twenty thousand millions of our foes,

Could ransome thee from fell deaths tirannie.

90

To win thy life would *Soliman* be poore,

And liue in seruile bondage all my dayes.

Accursed *Amurath*, that for a worthlesse cause

In blood hath shortned our sweet *Halebs* dayes.

Ah, what is dearer bond then brotherhood?

95

Yet, *Amurath*, thou wert my brother too,

If wilfull folly did not blind mine eyes.

I, I, and thou as vertuous as *Haleb*,
 And I as deare to thee as vnto *Haleb*,
 And thou as neere to me as *Haleb* was. 100
 Ah, *Amurath*, why wert thou so vnkind
 To him for vttering but a thwarting word?
 And, *Haleb*, why did not thy harts counsell
 Bridle the fond intemperance of thy tongue?
 Nay, wretched *Solyman*, why didst not thou 105
 Withould thy hand from heaping bloud on bloud?
 Might I not better spare one ioy then both?
 If loue of *Haleb* forst me on to wrath,
 Curst be that wrath that is the way to death.
 If iustice forst me on, curst be that iustice 110
 That makes the brother Butcher of his brother.
 Come, Ianisaries, and helpe me to lament,
 And beare my ioyes on either side of me:—
 I, late my ioyes, but now my lasting sorrow.
 Thus, thus, let *Soliman* passe on his way, 115
 Bearing in either hand his hearts decay.

Exeunt.

⟨SCENE VI.⟩

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Now, *Death* and *Fortune*, which of all vs three
 Hath in the Actors shounne the greatest power?
Haue not I taught *Erastus* and *Persedas*
 By mutuall tokens to seal vp their loues?
For. I, but those tokens, the Ring and Carkanet 5
 Were *Fortunes* gifts; *Loue* grues no gould or iewels.
Loue. Why, what is iewels, or what is gould but earth,
 An humor knit together by compression,
 And by the world's bright eye first brought to light,
 Onely to feed mens eyes with vaine delight? 10
Loues workes are more then of a mortall temper;
 I couple minds together by consent.
 Who gaue Rhodes Princes to the Ciprian Prince, but *Loue*?
For. *Fortune*, that first by chance brought them together;
 For, till by *Fortune* persons meete each other, 15

Thou canst not teach their eyes to wound their hearts.

Loue. I made those knights, of seuerall sect and countries,
Each one by armes to honor his beloued.

For. Nay, one alone to honor his beloued:

The rest, by turning of my tickle wheele,
Came short in reaching of faire honors marke.

20

I gaue *Erastus* onely that dayes prize,
A sweet renowne, but mixt with bitter sorrow;

For, in conclusion of his happines,

I made him loose the pretious Carcanet

25

Whereon depended all his hope and ioy.

Death. And more then so; for he that found the chaine,
Euen for that Chaine shall be deprived of life.

Loue. Besides *Loue* hath inforst a foole,

The fond Bragardo, to presume to armes.

30

For. I, but thou seest how he was ouerthrowne
By *Fortunes* high displeasure.

Death. I, and by *Death*
Had been surprisd, if Fates had guuen me leauue.

But what I mist in him and in the rest,

I did accomplish on *Haleb* and *Amurath*,

35

The worthy brethren of great *Soliman*.

But, wherefore stay we? Let the sequele proue
Who is (the) greatest, *Fortune*, *Death*, or *Loue*.

Exeunt.

(ACT II.

SCENE I.)

Enter Ferdinando and Lucina.

Ferd. As fits the time, so now well fits the place
To coole affection with our woords and lookes,
If in our thoughts be semblant sympathie.

Luc. My words, my looks, my thoughts are all on thee,
Ferdinando is *Lucinaes* onely joy.

5

Ferd. What pledge thereof?

Luc. An oath, a hand, a kisse.

32-3 By . . . displeasure | I . . . surprised | If . . . leauue Qg. 38 the add.
Hawkins 3 semblant Hazlitt: semblance Qg. 6 An . . . kisse sep. line Qg.

Ferd. O holy oath, faire hand, and sugred kisse :
 O neuer may *Ferdinando* lack such blisse.
 But say, my deare, when shall the gates of heauen
 Stand all wide opeⁿ, for celestiall Gods 10
 With gladsome lookes to gase at *Hymens* robes ?
 When shall the graces, or *Lucinas* hand
 With Rosie chaplets deck thy golden tresses,
 And *Cupid* bring me to thy nuptiall bed,
 Where thou in ioy and pleasure must attend 15
 A blisful war with me, thy chiefest friend ?
Luc. Full fraught with loue and burning with desire,
 I long haue longd for light of *Hymens* lights.
Ferd. Then that same day, whose warme and pleasant sight
 Brings in the spring with many gladsome flowers, 20
 Be our first day of ioy and perfect peace :
 Till when, receiue this precious Carcanet,
 In signe that, as the linkes are interlaced,
 So both our hearts are still combind in one,
 Which neuer can be parted but by death. 25

Enter Basilisco and Perseda.

Luc. And, if I liue, this shall not be forgot.
 But see, *Ferdinando*, where *Persedas* comes,
 Whom women loue for vertue, men for bewty,
 All the world loues, none hates but enuie.
Bas. All haile, braue Cauelere. God morrow, Madam, 30
 The fairest shine that shall this day be seene
 Except *Persedas* beautious excellency,
 Shame to loues Queene, and Empresse of my thoughts.
Ferd. Marry, thrise happy is *Persedas* chance,
 To haue so braue a champion to hir Squire. 35
Bas. Hir Squire ? her Knight—and who so else denies
 Shall feele the rigour of my Sword and Launce.
Ferd. O sir, not I.
Luc. Heres none but friends ; yet let me challenge you
 For gracing me with a malignant stile, 40
 That I was fairest, and yet *Persedas* fairer :
 We Ladies stand vpon our beauties much.

13 thy] my 1599 -99 A
correctly 39 Here is 1599 -99 A

18 light Qg.: sight Hazlitt, perhaps
42 Ladie 1599 -99 A

Per. Herein, *Lucina*, let me buckler him.

Bas. Not *Mars* himselfe had eare so faire a Buckler.

Per. Loue makes him blinde, and blinde can judge no coulours.

Luc. Why then the mends is made, and we still friends. 46

Per. Still friends? still foes; she weares my Carcanet.

Ah, false *Erastus*, how am I betraid.

Luc. What ailes you, madam, that your colour changes?

Per. A suddaine qualme; I therefore take my leaue. 50

Luc. Weele bring you home.

Per. No, I shall soone get home.

Why then, farewell: *Fernando*, lets away.

Exeunt *Ferdinando and Lucina.*

Ros. Say, worlds bright starre, whence springs this suddaine change?

Is it vnkindnes at the little praise

I gaue *Lucina* with my glosing stile? 55

Per. No, no; her beautie far surpasseth mine,

And from my neck her neck hath woone the praise.

Bas. What is it, then? If loue of this my person,

By fauour and by iustice of the heauens,

At last haue perct through thy traluent brest,

And thou misdoubts, perhaps, that ile proue coye;

O, be assur'd, tis far from noble thoughts

To tyrannise ouer a yeelding foe.

Therefore be blithe, sweet loue, abandon feare;

I will forget thy former cruetie. 65

Per. Ah, false *Erastus*, full of treacherie.

Bas. I alwayes told you that such coward knights

Were faithlesse swaines and worthie no respect.

But tell me, sweete loue, what is his offence?

That I with words and stripes may chastice him,

And bring him bound for thee to tread vpon. 70

Per. Now must I find the meanes to rid him hence.

Goe thou foorthwith, arme thee from top to toe,

And come an houre hence vnto my lodging;

Then will I tell thee this offence at large,

And thou in my behalfe shalt work reuenge. 75

Bas. I, thus should men of valour be imployd;

45 And . . . coulours sep. line Qq.: colour 1599-99 A 51 No . . . home
sep. line Qq.

53 Whence . . . change sep. line Qq.

This is good argument of thy true loue :
I go ; make reconing that *Erastus* dyes,
Vnlesse, forewarnd, the weakling coward flies.

80

Exit Basilisco.

Per. Thou foolish coward, flies? *Eraslus* liues,
The fairest shaped but fowlest minded man
That ere sunne saw within our hemyspheare.
My tongue to tell my woes is all to weake;
I must vnclaspe me, or my heart will breake:
But inward cares are most spent in with greefe;
Vnclasping, therefore, yeeldes me no releefe.
Ah, that my moyst and cloud compacted baine
Could spend my cares in showers of weeping raine;
But scalding sighes, like blasts of boisterous windes,
Hinder my teares from falling on the ground,
And I must die by closure of my wound.
Ah, false *Eraslus*, how had I misdoone,
That thou shouldst quit my loue with such a scorne?

Enter Erastus.

Heere comes the *Sy'non* to my simple heart :
Ile frame my selfe to his dissembling art.
Erast. Desire perswades me on, feare puls me back :
Tush, I will to her ; innocence is bould.
How fares *Persedas*, my sweete second selfe ?
Per. Well, now *Erastus*, my hearts onely ioy,
Is come to ioyne both hearts in vnion.
Erast. And till I came whereas my loue did dwell,
My pleasure was but paine, my solace woe.
Per. What loue meanes, my *Erastus*, pray thee tell.
Erast. Matchlesse *Persedas*, she that gau me strength
To win late conquest from many victors haſſds :
Thy name was conquerour, not my chiualrie,
Thy lookes did arme me, not my coate of steele,
Thy beauty did defend me, not my force,
Thy fauours bore me, not my light foote Steed ;
Therefore to thee I owe both loue and life.

80 weakling 1599-99 A: weakening undated Q. 82 shaped Hashitt.
shape Qg. 95 to my simple heart] of my heart 1599-99 A

But wherefore makes *Persedas* such a doubt,
As if *Erastus* could forget himselfe?
Which if I doe, all vengeance light on me.

Per. Aye me, how gracelesse are these wicked men : 115
I can no longer hould my patience.
Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring lookees,
And faine deep oathes to wound poor silly maides.
Are there no honest drops in all thy cheekees,
To check thy fraudfull countenance with a blush ? 120
Calst thou me loue, and louest another better?
~~H~~ heauens were iust, thy teeth would teare thy tongue
For this thy periurde false disloyalty :
If heauens were iust, men should haue open brests,
That we therein might read their guilefull thoughts. 125
If heauens were iust, that power that forceth loue
Would neuer couple Woolues and Lambes together.
Yes, heauens are iust, but thou art so corrupt
That in thee all their influence dooth change,
As in the Spider good things turne to poison. 130
Ah, false *Erastus*, how had I misdone,
That thou shouldest pawne my true affections pledge
To her whose worth will neuer equall mine?
What, is *Lucinaes* wealth exceeding mine?
Yet mine sufficient to encounter thine. 135
Is she more faire then I? Thats not my fault,
Nor her desart: whats beauty but a blast,
Soone cropt with age or with infirmities?
Is she more wise? her yeeres are more then mine.
What ere she be, my loue was more then hers , 140
And for her chastitie let others iudge.
But what talke I of her? the fault is thine:
If I were so disgratioues in thine eye
That she must needes inioy my interest,
Why didst thou deck her with my ornament? 145
Could nothing serue her but the Carcanet
Which, as my life, I gaue to thee in charge?
Couldst thou abuse my true simplicitie,
Whose greatest fault was ouer louing thee?
Ile keepe no tokens of thy periury: 150
Heere, giue her this; *Persedas* now is free,

And all my former loue is turnd to hate.
Erast. Ah stay, my sweete *Persedas*; heare me speake.
Per. What are thy words but Syrens guylefull songs,
 That please the eare but seeke to spoile the heart? 155
Erast. Then view my teares that plead for innocence.
Per. What are thy teares but Circes magike seas,
 Where none scape wrackt but blindfould Marriners?
Erast. If words and teares displease, then view my lookes
 That plead for mercy at thy rigorous hands. 160
Per. What are thy lookes but like the Cockatrice
 That seekes to wound poore silly passengers?
Erast. If words, nor teares, nor lookes may win remorse,
 What then remaines? for my perplexed heart
 Hath no interpreters but wordes, or teares, or lookes. 165
Per. And they are all as false as thou thy selfe.

Exit Perseda.

Erast. Hard doome of death, before my case be knowne;
 My iudge vniust, and yet I cannot blame her,
 Since Loue and iealousie mislead her thus:
 Myselfe in fault, and yet not worthie blame, 170
 Because that Fortune made the fault, not Loue.
 The ground of her vnkindnes growes, because
 I lost the pretious Carcanet she gaue me:
Lucina hath it, as her words import;
 But how she got it, heauen knows, not I. 175
 Yet this is some aleauement to my sorrow
 That, if I can but get the Chaine againe,
 I bouldly then shall let *Persedas* know
 That she hath wrongd *Erastus* and her frend.
 Ah, Loue, and if thou beest of heauenly power,
 Inspire me with some present stratagem. 180
 It must be so; *Lucinas* a franke Gaimster,
 And like it is in play sheele hazard it;
 For, if report but blazen her aright,
 Shees a franke gaimster, and inclinde to play. 185
 Ho, *Piston.*

Enter Piston.

169 misled 1599-99 A 172-3 cony. Hazlitt: The ground . . . lost |
 The pretious Carcanet she gaue to me Qg. 176 aleauement Hawkins: alleuement Hazlitt: aleageament Qg. 186 Ho, *Piston end of 185 Qg.*

Pist. Heere, sir, what would you with me?

Erast. Desire *Guelpio* and signior *Iulio* come speake with me, and bid them bring some store of crownes with them; and, sirra, prouide me foure Visards, foure Gownes, a boxe, and a Drumme; for I intend to go in mummetry. 191

Pist. I will, sir.

Exit Piston.

Erast. Ah, vertuous Lampes of euer turning heauens,

Incline her minde to play, and mine to win,

Nor do I couet but what is mine owne:

195

~~Then~~ shall I let *Perseda*, vnderstand

How iealousie had arm'd her tongue with malice.

Ah, were she not *Perseda*, whom my heart

No more can flie then iron can Adamant,

Her late vnkindnes would haue changed my minde. 200

Enter Guelpio, Iulio and Piston.

Guelp. How now, *Erastus*, wherein may we pleasure thee?

Erast. Sirs, thus it is; we must in mummerie

Vnto *Lucina*, neither for loue nor hate,

But, if we can, to win the chaine she weares:

For, though I haue some interest therein,

205

Fortune may make me maister of mine owne,

Rather than ile seeke iustice gainst the Dame:

But this assure your selues, it must be mine,

By game, or change, by one deuise or other:

The rest ile tell you when our sport is doone. 210

Iul. Why then, lets make vs ready, and about it.

Erast. What store of Crownes haue you brought?

Guelp. Feare not for money, man, ile beare the Boxe.

Iul. I haue some little replie, if neede require.

Pist. I, but heare you, Maister, was not he a foole that went to shoote, and left his arrowes behinde him? 216

Erast. Yes, but what of that?

Pist. Mary, that you may loose your money, and go without the chaine, vlesse you carrie false dice.

Guelp. Mas, the foole sayes true; lets haue some got. 220

188-91 printed as doggerel Qg. 202 in] to 1599 209 the first By
Be 1599-99 A 214 replie] relay Hazlitt. See Note 215-6 that . . . him
sep. line Qg. 218 and . . . dice sep. line Qg.

Pist. Nay, I vse not to go without a paire of false Dice; heere
are tall men and little men.

Iul. Hie men and low men, thou wouldest say.

Erast. Come, sirs, lets go:—Drumsler, play for me, and ile
reward thee:—and, sirra *Piston*, mar not our sport with your
foolery. 226

Pist. I warrant you, sir, they get not one wise word of me.

Sound vp the Drum to Lucinaes doore.

Luc. I, marrie, this shewes that *Charleman* is come:
What, shall we play heer^{en} content,
Since Signior *Ferdinand* will hau^e it so. 230

*Then they play, and when she hath lost her gold, Erastus pointed
to her chaine, and then she said:*

I, were it *Cleopatraes* vnion.

*Then Erastus winneth the Chaine, and looseth his gould, and Lucina
saies:*

Signior *Fernando*, I am sure tis you;—
And, Gentlemen, vnmiske ere you depart,
That I may know to whom my thankes is due
For this so courteous and vnlookt for sport. 235
No, wilt not be? then sup with me to-morrow:
Well, then ile looke for you; till then, farewell.

Exit Lucina.

Erast. Gentlemen, each thing hath sorted to our wish;
Shee tooke me for *Fernando*, markt you that?
Your gould shall be repaide with double thankes; 240
And, fellow Drumsler, ile reward you well.

Pist. But is there no reward for my false dice?

Erast. Yes, sir, a garded sute from top to toe.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. Dasell mine eyes, or ist *Lucinas* chaine?
False treacher, lay downe the chaine that thou hast stole. 245

Erast. He lewdly lyes that cals me treacherous.

Ferd. That lye my weapon shall put down thy throate.

Then Erastus slaiess Ferdinand.

221 heere...men sep. line Qg. 224 play ed.: pray Qq. 224-6 printed
as doggerel Qg. S.D. pointeth 1599 240 repaired 1599: repairde undated Q.
and 1599 A

Iul. Flie, *Erastus*, ere the Gouernour haue any newes,
Whose neere alye he was and cheefe delight.

Erast. Nay, Gentlemen, flye you and sauе your selues, 250
Least you pertake the hardness of my fortune.

Exeunt Guelpio and Iulio.

Ah, fickle and blind guidresse of the world,
What pleasure hast thou in my miserie?
Wast not enough when I had lost the Chaine,
Thou didst bereave me of my dearest loue; 255
But now when I should reposesse the same,
To cross me with this haplesse accedent?

Ah, if but time and place would giue me leauue,
Great ease it were for me to purge my selfe,
And to acuse fell *Fortune, Loue, and Death*; 260
For all these three conspire my tragedie.

But danger waites vpon my words and steps;
I dare not stay, for if the Gouernour
Surprise me heere, I die by marshall law;
Therefore I go: but whether shall I go? 265
If into any stay adioyning Rhodes,
They will betray me to *Phylippes* hands,
For loue, or gaine, or flatterie.

To Turkie must I goe; the passage short,
The people warlike, and the King renouwd 270
For all heroycall and kingly vertues.

Ah, hard attempt, to tempt a foe for ayde.
Necessitie yet sayes it must be so,
Or suffer death for *Ferdinandos* death,
Whom honors title forst me to misdoe 275
By checking his outragious insolence.

Piston, heere take this chaine, and giue it to *Persedas*,
And let her know what hath befallen me:
When thou hast deliuuered it, take ship and follow me,
I will be in Constantinople.— 280

Farewell, my country, dearer then my life;
Farewell, sweete friends, dearer then countrey soyle;
Farewell, *Persedas*, dearest of them all,
Dearer to me then all the world besides. 284

Exit Erastus.

Pist. Now am I growing into a doubtful agony, what I were best to do—to run away with this Chaine, or deliuer it, and follow my maister. If I deliuer it, and follow my maister, I shall haue thanks, but they will make me neuer the fatter: if I run away with it, I may liue vpon credit all the while I weare this chaine, or dominere with the money when I haue sold it. Hethereto all goes well; but, if I be taken—I, marry, sir, then the case is altered, I, and haltered to. Of all things I doe not loue to preach with a haulter about my necke. Therefore for this once, ile be honest against my will; *Perseda* shall haue it, but, before I goe, Ile be so bolde as to diue into this Gentlemans pōcket, for good luck sake, if he deny me not:—how say you, sir, are you content?—A plain case: *Qui tacet consitiri videtur.*

Enter Phylippo and Iulio.

Iul. See, where his body lyes.

Phil. I, I; I see his body all to soone:

300

What barbarous villaine ist that rifles him?

Ah, *Ferdinand*, the stay of my old age,

And cheefe remainder of our progenie—

Ah, louing cousen, how art thou misdone

By false *Erastus*—ah no, by treacherie,

305

For well thy valour hath been often tride.

But, while I stand and weepe, and spend the time

In fruitlesse plaints, the murtherer will escape

Without reuenge, sole salve for such a sore.—

Say, villaine, wherefore didst thou rifle him?

310

Pist. Faith, sir, for pure good will; seeing he was going towards heauen, I thought to see if he had a pasport to *S. Nicholas* or no.

Phil. Some sot he seemes to be; twere pittie to hurt him.

Sirra, canst thou tell who slew this man?

315

Pist. I, sir, very well; it was my maister *Erastus*.

Phil. Thy maister? and whether is he gone now?

Pist. To fetch the Sexten to bury him, I thinke.

Phil. Twere pittie to imprison such a sot.

Pist. Now it fits my wisdome to counterfeit the foole.

320

285-98 printed as doggerel Qg. 296 this] the 1599-99 A 302 Ferdinand
1599-99 A 311-3 Faith...will | Seeng...heauen | I...no Qg.

Phil. Come hether, sirra; thou knowest me
For the Gouernour of the cittie, dost thou not?

Pist. I, forsooth, sir.

Phil. Thou art a bondman, and wouldest faine be free?

Pist. I, forsooth, sir.

Phil. Then do but this, and I will make thee free,

325

And rich withall; leарne where *Erastus* is,

And bring me word, and Ile reward thee well.

Pist. That I will sir; I shall finde you at the Castle, shall I not?

Phil. Yes.

330

Pist. Why, ile be heere, as soone as euer I come again.

Exit Piston.

Phil. But for Assurance that he may not scape,

Weele lay the ports and hauens round about;

And let a proclamation straight be made

335

That he that can bring foorth the murtherer

Shall haue three thousand Duckets for his paines.

My selfe will see the body borne from hence,

And honored with Balme and funerall.

Exit.

⟨SCENE II.⟩

Enter Piston.

Pist. God sends fortune to fooles. Did you euer see wise man
escape as I have done? I must betraie my maister? I, but
when, can you tell?

Enter Perseda.

See where *Perseda* comes, to saue me a labour.—After my
most hearty commendations, this is to let you vnderstand,
that my maister was in good health at the sending hereof.
Yours for euer, and euer, and euer, in most humble wise,
Piston.

Then he deliuuered her the chaine.

Per. This makes me thinke that I haue been to cruell.

How got he this from of *Lucinas* arme?

10

Pist. Faith, in a mummery, and a pair of false dice. I was one
of the mummers my selfe, simple as I stand here.

334 a om. 1599 -99 A
-99 A 1-8 printed as doggerel Qg.
1599 11-2 I... here sep. line Qg.

336 paine 1599 -99 A
6 thereof 1599

1 men 1599
S.D. deliuereh

Per. I rather thinke it cost him very deare.

Pist. I, so it did, for it cost *Ferdinando* his life.

Per. How so?

15

Pist. After we had got the chaine in mummery,
And lost our box in counter cambio,
My maister wore the chaine about his necke ;
Then *Ferdinando* met vs on the way,
And reuil'd my maister, saying he stole the chaine. 20
With that they drew, and there *Ferdinando* had the prickado.

Per. And whether fled my poore *Erastus* then ?

Pist. To *Constantinople*, whether I must follow him.

But ere he went, with many sighes and teares
He deliuered me the chaine, and bad me giue it you 25
For perfect argument that he was true,
And you too credulous.

Per. Ah stay, no more ; for I can heere no more.

Pist. And I can sing no more.

Per. My heart had arm'd my tongue with iniury, 30
To wrong my friend whose thoughts were euer true.
Ah, poore *Erastus*, how thy starres malign.—
Thou great commander of the swift wingd winds,
And dreadfull *Neptune*, bring him backe againe :
But, *Eolus* and *Neptune*, let him go ; 35
For heere is nothing but reuenge and death :
Then let him go ; ile shortly follow him,
Not with slow sailes, but with loues goulden wings ;
My ship shall be borne with teares, and blowne with sighs ;
So will I soare about the Turkish land, 40
Vntill I meeete *Erastus*, my sweete friend :
And then and there fall downe amid his armes,
And in his bosome there power foorth my soule,
For satisfaction of my trespassse past.

Enter Basilisco armde.

Bas. Faire Loue, according vnto thy commaund, 45
I seeke *Erastus*, and will combat him.

Per. I, seeke him, finde him, bring him to my sight ;
For, till we meeete, my hart shall want delight.

Exit Perseda.

Bas. My petty fellow, where hast thou hid thy maister?

Pist. Marrie, sir, in an Armorours shop, where you had not
best go to him.

Bas. Why so? I am in honor bound to combat him.

Pist. I, sir, but he knowing your fierce conditions, hath planted
a double cannon in the doore, ready to discharge it vppon
you, when you go by. I tell you, for pure good will. 55

Bas. In Knightly curtesie, I thanke thee:

But hopes the coystrell to escape me so?

Thinkes he bare cannon shot can keepe me back?

Why, wherfore serues my targe of proofe but for the bullet?

That once put by, I rōughly come vpon him, 60

Like to the wings of lightning from aboue;

I with a martiall looke astonish him;

Then fals he downe, poore wretch, vpon his knee,

And all to late repents his surquedry.

Thus do I take him on my fingers point,

And thus I beare him thorough euery streete,

To be a laughing stock to all the towne:

That done, I lay him at my mistres feete,

For her to gue him doome of life or death. 69

Pist. I, but heere you, sir; I am bound, in paine of my maisters
displeasure, to haue a bout at cuffes, afore you and I part.

Bas. Ha, ha, ha.

Eagles are chalenged by paltry flyes.

Thy folly giues thee priuiledge; begon, begon.

Pist. No, no, sir: I must haue a bout with you, sir, that's flat,
least my maister turne me out of seruice. 76

Bas. Why, art thou wearie of thy life?

Pist. No, by my faith, sir.

Bas. Then fetch thy weapons; and with my single fist

Ile combat thee, my body all vnarmd.

Pist. Why, lend me thine, and saue me a labour.

Bas. I tell thee, if *Alcides* liued this day,

He could not weild my weapons.

49 petty] pretty Hawkins and Hazlitt, wrongly; see iv. 2. 61
where . . . him sep. line Qq. 53-5 printed as doggerel Qq.
66 through 1599 70-1 I . . . bound | In . . . displeasure | To . . . part
sep. lines Qq. 71 a bout) about Qq 72-3 Ha . . . flyes one line Qq.
75-6 Undated Q. inserts iii. 1. 34 between these lines. By a printer's blunder it
has been transferred from the top of fol. E 3 to the top of fol. E 2 83 weapon 1599

Pist. Why, wilt thou stay till I come againe?

Bas. I, vpon my honour.

Pist. That shall be when I come from Turkey.

85

Exit Piston.

Bas. Is this little desperate fellow gon?

Doubtlesse he is a very tall fellow;

And yet it were a disgrace to all my chualrie

To combate one so base:

90

Ile send some Crane to combate with the Pigmew;

Not that I feare, but that *I* scorne to fight.

Exit Basilisco.

(SCENE III.)

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Fortune, thou madest *Fernando* finde the chaine;

But yet by *Loues* instruction he was taught

To make a present of it to his Mistris.

For. But Fortune would not let her keepe it long.

Loue. Nay, rather, *Loue*, by whose suggisted power

5

Erastus vsde such dice, as, being false,

Ran not by Fortune, but necessitie.

For. Meane time, I brought *Fernando* on the way,

To see and chalenge what *Lucina* lost.

Death. And by that chalenge I abridgde his life,

10

And forst *Erastus* into banishment,

Parting him from his loue, in spight of *Loue*.

Loue. But with my goulden wings ile follow him,

And gue him aide and succour in distresse.

For. And doubt not to, but Fortune will be there,

15

And crosse him too, and sometimes flatter him,

And lift him vp, and throw him downe againe.

Death. And heere and there in ambush Death will stand,

To mar what *Loue* or Fortune takes in hand.

Exeunt.

<ACT III.

SCENE I. >

Enter Solymān and Brusor, with Ianisaries.

Sol. How long shall *Soliman* spend his time,
And waste his dayes in fruitlesse obsequies?
Perhaps my greefe and long continual moane
Ads but a trouble to my brothers ghoasts,
Which but for me would now haue tooke their rest. 5
Then, farewell, sorrow; and now, reuenge, draw neere.
In controuersie touching the Ile of Rhodes
My brothers dyde; on Rhodes ile be reuengd.
Now tell me, *Brusor*, whats the newes at Rhodes?
Hath the young prince of Cipris married 10
Cornelia, daughter to the Gouernour?

Bru. He hath, my Lord, with the greatest pompe
That ere I saw at such a festiuall.

Sol. What, greater then at our coronation?

Bru. Inferiour to that onely. 15

Sol. At tilt, who woone the honor of the day?

Bru. A worthie Knight of Rhodes, a matchlesse man,
His name *Erastus*, not twentie yeares of age,
Not tall, but well proportioned in his lims:
I neuer saw, except your excellencie, 20
A man whose presence more delighted me;
And had he worshipt Mahomet for Christ,
He might haue borne me through out all the world,
So well I loued and honoured the man.

Sol. These praises, *Brusor*, touch me to the heart,
And makes me wish that I had beene at Rhodes,
Vnder the habit of some errant knight,
Both to haue seene and tride his valour.

Bru. You should haue seene him foile and ouerthrow
All the Knights that there incountred him. 25

Sol. What ere he be, euen for his vertues sake,
I wish that fortune of our holy wars
Would yield him prisoner vnto Soliman;
That, for retaining one so vertuous,

3, 4 transposed in undated Q.

34 See note on ii. 2. 75-6

4 ghost 1599 A and undated Q.

- We may ourselves be famd for vertues. 35
 But let him passe : and, *Brusor*, tell me now,
 How did the Christians vse our Knights?
- Bru.* As if that we and they had been one sect.
- Sol.* What thinkst thou of their valour and demeanor ?
- Bru.* Braue men at armes, and friendly out of armes ; 40
 Courteous in peace, in battell dangerous ;
 Kinde to their foes, and liberall to their friends ;
 And, all in all, their deedes heroicall.
- Sol.* Then tell me, *Brusor*, how is Rhodes fenst ?
 For eyther Rhodes shall be braue. *Solymans*, 45
 Or cost me more braue Souldiers
 Then all that Ile will beare.
- Bru.* Their fleete is weake ;
 Their horse, I deeme them fiftie thousand strong ;
 Their footemen more, well exercised in war ;
 And, as it seemes, they want no needful vittaile. 50
- Sol.* How euer Rhodes be fencd by sea or land,
 It eyther shall be mine, or burie me.
- Enter Erastus.*
- Whats he that thus bboldly enters in ?
 His habite argues him a Christian.
- Erast.* I, worthy Lord, a forlorne Christian. 55
Sol. Tell me, man, what madnes brought thee hether ?
- Erast.* Thy vertuous fame and mine owne miserie.
- Sol.* What miserie? speake ; for, though you Christians
 Account our Turkish race but barbarous,
 Yet haue we eares to heare a iust complaint
 And iustice to defend the innocent, 60
 And pitie to such as are in pouertie,
 And liberall hands to such as merit bountie.
- Bru.* My gratiouss Soueraigne,
 As this Knight seemes by greefe tyed to silence, 65
 So his deserts binds me to speake for him :
 This is *Erastus*, the Rhodian worthie,
 The flower of chiualrie and curtesie.
- Sol.* Is this the man that thou hast so describde ?

47 Their . . . weake *sep. line Qq.* 53 What is he *Haslitt.* See Note 65
 As this Knight *end of 64 Qq.* 66 desert 1599

Stand vp, faire Knight, that what my heart desires,
Mine eyes may view with pleasure and delight.

70

This face of thine shuld harbour no deceit.

Erastus, ile not yet vrge to know the cause
That brought thee hether, least with the discourse

Thou shouldest afflict thy selfe,

75

And cross the fulnes of my ioyful passion.

But *(as a token)* that we are assurde

Heauens brought thee hether for our benefit,

Know thou that Rhodes, nor all that Rhodes containes,

Shall win thee from the side of *Soliman*,

80

If we but finde thee well inclind to vs.

Erast. If any ignoble or dishonourable thoughts

Should dare attempt, or but creepe neere my heart,

Honour should force disdaine to roote it out:

As ayre bred Eagles, if they once perceiue

85

That any of their broode but close their sight

When they should gase against the glorious Sunne,

They straight way sease vpon him with their talents,

That on the earth it may vntimely die

For looking but a scue at heauens bright eye.

90

Sol. *Erastus*, to make thee well assurde

How well thy speach and presents liketh vs,

Aske what thou wilt; it shall be graunted thee.

Erast. Then this, my gratiouse Lord, is all I craue,

That, being banisht from my natvie soile,

95

I may haue libertie to liue a Christian.

Sol. I, that, or any thing thou shalt desire;

Thou shalt be Captaine of our Ianisaries,

And in our Counsell shalt thou sit with vs,

And be great *Solimans* adopted friend.

100

Erast. The least of these surpassee my best desart,

Vnlesse true loyaltie may seeme desart.

Sol. *Erastus*, now thou hast obtaind thy boone,

Denie not *Soliman* his own request:

A vertuous enuie pricks me with desire

105

To trie thy valour: say, art thou content?

Erast. I, if my Soueraigne say content, I yeeld.

74 least . . . discourse beg. 75 Qq.
his own 1599: this owne 1599 A and undated Q.. this one Hawkins, Hazlitt

77 as a token add. ed.

104

Sol. Then giue vs swordes and Targets :—

And now, *Erastus*, thinke me thine enemie,
But euer after thy continual friend ; ,
And spare me not, for then thou wrongst my honour.

Then they fight, and Erastus overcomes Solyman.

Nay, nay, *Erastus*, throw not downe thy weapons,

As if thy force did faile ; it is enough

That thou hast conquered *Soliman* by strength :

By curtesie let *Soliman* conquer thee.

110

115

And now from armes to counsell sit thee downe.

Before thy comming I vowd to conquer Rhodes :

Say, wilt thou be our Lieutenant there,

And further vs in manage of these wars ?

Erast. My gracious Soueraigne, without presumption,

120

If poore *Erastus* shay once more intreatre,

Let not great *Solimans* command,

To whose behest I vowe obedience,

Inforce me sheath my slaughterering blade

In the deare bowels of my countrimen :

125

And were it not that *Soliman* hath sworne,

My teares should plead for pardon to that place.

I speake not this to shrinke away for feare,

Or hide my head in time of dangerous stormes :

Employ me else where in thy forraine wars,

130

Against the Persians, or the barbarous Moore,

Erastus will be formost in the battaile.

Sol. Why fauourst thou thy countrimen so much,

By whose crueltie thou art exylde ?

Erast. Tis not my countrey, but *Phylipos* wrath

135

(It must be tould), for *Ferdinandos* death,

Whom I in honours cause haue reft of life. .

Sol. Nor suffer this or that to trouble thee :

Thou shalt not neede *Phylippo* nor his Ile,

Nor shalt thou war against thy Countrimen :

140

I like thy vertue in refusing it,

But, that our oath may haue his currant course,

Brusor, goe leuie men ;

Prepare a fleet to assault and conquer Rhodes.

Meane time *Erastus* and I will striue 145

By mutuall kindnes to excell each other,

Brusor, be gon: and see not *Soliman*

Till thou hast brought Rhodes in subiection.

Exit Brusor.

And now, *Erastus*, come and follow me,

Where thou shalt see what pleasures and what sportes 150

My Minions and my Euenukes can deuise,

To drive away this melancholly moode.

Exit Soliman.

Enter Piston.

Pist. O, maister, see where I am.

Erast. Say, *Piston*, whats the newes at Rhodes?

Pist. Colde and comfortles for you; will you haue them all at once? 156

Erast. I.

Pist. Why, the Gouernour will hang you, and he catch you;

Ferdinando is buried; your friends commend them to you;

Persed hath the chaine, and is like to die for sorrow. 160

Erast. I, thats the greefe, that we are parted thus.

Come, follow me, and I will heare the rest,

For now I must attend the Emperour.

Exeunt.

⟨SCENE II.⟩

Enter Perseda, Lucina, and Basilisco.

Per. Accursed chaine, vnfortunate *Persed*.

Luc. Accursed chaine, vnfortunate *Lucina*.

My friend is gone, and I am desolate.

Per. My friend is gone, and I am desolate.

Returne him back, faire starres, or let me die. 5

Luc. Returne him backe, fair heauens, or let me die;

For what was he but comfort of my life?

Per. For what was he but comfort of my life?

But why was I so carefull of the Chaine?

148 After this line in margin of undated Q. there is a manuscript entry in a sixteenth or seventeenth century hand the daunce before Piston enters 155-6
will . . . once sep. line Qg.

Luc. But why was I so carelesse of the Chaine? 10

Had I not lost it, my friend had not been slaine.

Per. Had I not askt it, my friend had not departed,

His parting is my death.

Luc. His deaths my liues departing,
And here my tongue dooth stay with swolne hearts greefe.

Per. And here my swolne harts greef doth stay my tongue. 15

Bas. For whom weepe you?

Luc. Ah, for *Fernandos* dying.

Bas. For whom mourne you?

Per. Ah, for *Erastus* flying.

Bas. Why, Lady, is not *Basilisco* hefe?

Why, Lady, dooth not *Basilisco* liue?

Am not I worth both these for whom you mourne? 20

Then take each one halfe of me, and cease to weepe;

Or if you gladly would injoy me both,

Ile serue the one by day, the other by night,

And I will pay you both your sound delight.

Luc. Ah, how vnpleasant is mirth to melancholy. 25

Per. My heart is full; I cannot laugh at follie.

Exeunt Ladies.

Bas. See, see, *Lucina* hates me like a Toade,

Because that, when *Erastus* spake my name,

Her loue *Fernando* died at the same;

So dreadfull is our name to cowardice. 30

On the other side, *Persedas* takes it vnkindly

That, ere he went, I brought not bound vnto her

Erastus, that faint hearted run away.

Alasse, how could I? for his man no sooner

Informd him that I sought him vp and downe, 35

But he was gone in twinkling of an eye.

But I will after my delitious loue;

For well I wot, though she desemble thus,

And cloake affection with hir modestie,

With loue of me her thoughts are ouer gone, 40

More then was *Phillis* with her *Demophon*.

Exit.

〈SCENE III.〉

• Enter Philippo, the Prince of Cipris, with other Souldiours.

Phil. Braue prince of Cipris, and our sonne in law,
 Now there is little time to stand and talke ;
 The Turkes haue past our Gallies, and are landed :
 You with some men at armes shall take the Tower ;
 I with the rest will downe vnto the strand.
 If we be beaten backe, weeble come to you ;
 And here, in spight of damned Turkes, weeble gaine
 A glorious death or famous victorie.

Cyp. About it then.

Exeunt.

〈SCENE IV.〉

Enter Brusor and his Souldiers.

Bru. Drum, sound a parle to the Citizens.

The Prince of Cypres on the walles.

Cyp. What parle craues the Turkish at our hands ?

Bru. We come with mightie Solimans commaund,
 Monarch and mightie Emperor of the world,
 From East to West, from South to Septentrion.
 If you resist, expect what warre affordes,
 Mischife, murther, bloud, and extremitie.
 What, wilt thou yeeld, and trie our clemencie ?
 Say I, or no ; for we are peremtorie.

Cyp. Your Lord vsurps in all that he possesseth :
 And that great God, which we do truly worship,
 Shall strengthen vs against your insolence.

Bru. Now if thou plead for mercie, tis to late :
 Come, fellow Souldiers ; let vs to the breach
 Thats made already on the other side.

Exeunt to the battel.

Phylippo and Cipris are both slaine.

〈SCENE V.〉

Enter Brusor, with Souldiers, hauing Guelpio, Iulio, and Basilisco,
 with Perseda and Lucina prisoners.

Bru. Now Rhodes is yoakt, and stoopes to Soliman.
 There lies the Gouernour, and there his Sonne :

Now let their soules
 Tell sorrie tidings to their ancestors,
 What millions of men, opprest with ruine and scath, 5
 The Turkish armies did (oer-throw) in Christendome.
 What say these prisoners? will they turne Turke, or no?

Iul. First *Iulio* will die ten thousand deaths.

Guelp. And *Guelpio*, rather then denie his Christ.

Bru. Then stab the slaues, and send their soules to hell. 10
They stab Iulio and Guelpio.

Bas I turne, I turne; oh, saue my life, I turne.

Bru. Forbeare to hurt him: when we land in Turkie,
 He shall be circumcised and haue his rites.

Bas. Thinke you I turne Turque
 For feare of seruile death, that's but a sport? 15
 I faith, sir, no:
 Tis for *Persed*a, whom I loue so well
 That I would follow her, though she went to hell.

Bru. Now for these Ladies: their liues priuiledge
 Hangs on their beautie; they shall be preserued 20
 To be presented to great *Soliman*,
 The greatest honor Fortune could affoord.

Per. The most dishonour that could ere befall.

Exeunt.

(SCENE VI.)

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Now, *Fortune*, what hast thou done in this later passage?

For. I plast *Erastus* in the fauour

Of *Solyman*, the Turkish Emperour.

Loue. Nay, that was *Loue*, for I coucht my selfe

In poore *Erastus* eyes, and with a looke 5

Orespred with teares, bewitched *Solyman*.

Beside, I sat on valiant *Brusors* tongue,

To guide the praises of the Rhodian knight.

Then in the Ladies passions I showed my power;

And lastly *Loue* made *Basiliscos* tongue 10

To countercheck his hart by turning Turke,

And sauе his life, in spite of *Deaths* despight.

Death. How chance it then, that *Loue* and *Fortunes* power

Could neither sauе *Philippo* nor his sonne,

Nor *Guelpio*, nor signior *Julio*,

15

Nor rescue Rhodes from out the hands of *Death*?

For. Why, *Brusors* victorie was *Fortunes* gift.

Death. But had I slept, his conquest had been small.

Loue. Wherfore stay we? thers more behind

19

Which proues that, though *Loue* winke, *Loues* not starke blinde.

Exeunt.

(ACT IV.

SCENE I.)

Enter Erastus and Piston.

Pist. Faith, maister, me thinkes you are vnwise that you weare
not the high Sugerloafe hat, and the gilded gowne the Emperour
gaue you.

Erast. Peace, foole, a sable weed fits discontent.

Away, begone.

5

Pist. Ile go prouide your supper: a shoulder of mutton, and
neuer a Sallet.

Exit Piston.

Erast. I must confesse that *Solyman* is kinde,

Past all compare, and more then my desart:

But what helps gay garments, when the minds oprest? 10

What pleaseth the eye, when the sence is altered?

My heart is ouerwhelmd with thousand woes,

And melancholie leads my soule in triumphe;

No meruaile then if I haue little minde

Of rich imbrōderie, or costly ornaments,

15

Of honors titles, or of wealth, or gaine,

Of musicke, viands, or of dainty dames.

No, no; my hope full long agoe was lost,

And Rhodes it selfe is lost, or els destroyde:

If not destroide, yet bound and captiuate;

20

¹³ chanc'd *Haslitt* 20 Which proues end of 19 Qg. 1-3
Faith . . . vnwise | That . . . hat | And . . . you Qg. 4 Peace . . . begone
one line Qg. 6-7 a shoulder . . . Sallet sep line Qg.

If captiuate, then forst from holy faith ;
 If forst from faith, for euer miserable :
 For what is misery but want of God ?
 And God is lost, if faith be ouerthrowne.

Enter Soliman.

Sol. Why, how now, *Erastus*, alwais in thy dumpes ? 25
 Still in black habite fitting funerall ?
 Cannot my loue perswade thee from this moode,
 Nor all my faire intreats and blandishments ?
 Wert thou my friend, thy minde would iumpe with mine ;
 For what are friends but one minde in two bodies ? 30
 Perhaps thou doubts my friendships constancie ;
 Then doost thou wrong the measure of my loue,
 Which hath no measure, and shall neuer end.
 Come, *Erastus*, sit thee downe by me,
 And ile impart to thee our *Brusors* newes, 35
 Newes to our honour, and to thy content :
 The Gouernour is slaine that sought thy death.

Erast. A worthy man, though not *Erastus* friend.

Sol. The Prince of Cipris to is likewise slaine.

Erast. Faire blossome, likely to haue proued good fruite. 40

Sol. Rhodes is taken, and all the men are slaine,

Except some few that turne to Mahomet.

Erast. I, there it is : now all my friends are slaine,
 And faire *Persed*a murthered or deflowerd :
 Ah, gratious *Soliman*, now shewe thy loue 45
 In not denying thy poore supplyant.
 Suffer me not to stay here in thy presence,
 But by my selfe lament me once for all.
 Heere if I stay, I must suppresse my teares,
 And teares supprest will but increase my sorrow. 50

Sol. Go, then, go spend thy mournings all at once,
 That in thy presence *Soliman* may ioy ;
 For hetherto haue I reaped little pleasure.

Exit Erastus.

Well, well, *Erastus*, Rhodes may blesse thy birth.
 For his sake onely will I spare them more 55
 From spoile, pillage, and oppression,

Then *Alexander* spard warlike Thebes
 For *Pindarus*: or then *Augustus*
 Sparde rich Alexandria for *Arrius* sake.

Enter Brusor, Perseda, and Lucina.

Bru. My gratioues Lord, reioyce in happinesse : 60

All Rhodes is yoakt, and stoopes to *Soliman*.

Sol. First, thanks to heauen ; and next to *Brusors* valour,

Which ile not guerdon with large promises,

But straight reward thee with a bounteous largesse :

But what two Christian Virgins haue we here ? 65

Bru. Part of the spoile of Rhodes, which were preserued
 To be presented to your mightinesse.

Sol. This present pleaseth more then all the rest,
 And were their garments turned from black to white,
 I should haue deemd them *Junoes* goodly Swannes, 70
 Or *Venus* milke white Doues, so milde they are,
 And so adornd with beauties miracle.

Heere, *Brusor*, this kinde Turtle shall be thine;

Take her and vse her at thy pleasure:

But this kinde Turtle is for *Soliman*, 75
 That her captiuitie may turne to blisse.
 Faire lockes, resembling *Phoebus* radiant beames ;

Smooth forhead, like the table of high *Ioue* ;
 Small pensild eye browes, like two glorious rainbowes ;
 Quick lampelike eyes, like heauens two brightest orbes ; 80
 Lips of pure Corall, breathing Ambrosie ;

Cheekes, where the Rose and Lillie are in combate ;

Neck, whiter then the snowie Apenines ;

Brests, like two ouerflowing Fountaines,
 Twixt which a vale leads to the Elision shades, 85
 Where vnder, couert lyes the fount of pleasure

Which thoughts may gesse, but tongue must not prophane.

A sweeter creature nature neuer made :

Loue neuer tainted *Soliman* till now.

Now, faire Virgin, let me heare thee speake. 90

Per. What can my tongue vtter but grieve and death ?

Sol. The sound is hunnie, but the sence is gall.

59 *Arias Qq.* 77 lockes ed. See Note: looks Qq.
Hawkins, Hazlitt: to Qq.

79 two

Then, sweeting, blesse me with a cheerefull looke.

Per. How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant looke,

When they are stopt with flouds of flowing teares?

95

Sol. If tongue with grieve, and eyes with teares be fild,

Say, Virgin, how dooth thy heart admit

The pure affection of great *Soliman*?

Per. My thoughts are like pillers of Adamant,

Too hard to take an new impression.

100

Sol. Nay, then, I see, my stooping makes her proud;

She is my vassaile, and I will commaund.

Coye Virgin, knowest thou what offence it is

To thwart the will and pleasure of a king?

Why, thy life is doone, if I but say the word.

105

Per. Why, that's the period that my heart desires.

Sol. And die thou shalt, vnlesse thou change thy minde.

Per. Nay, then, *Persedas* growes resolute:

Solimans thoughts and mine resemble

Lines parallel that neuer can be ioyned.

110

Sol. Then kneele thou downe,

And at my hands receiue the stroake of death,

Domde to thy selfe by thine owne wilfulness.

Per. Strike, strike; thy words pierce deeper then thy blows.

Sol. *Brusor*, hide her, for her looks withould me.

115

Then Brusor hides her with a Lawne.

O Brusor, thou hast not hid her lippes;

For there sits *Venus* with *Cupid* on her knee,

And all the Graces smiling round about her,

So crauing pardon that I cannot strike.

Bru. Her face is couerd ouer quite, my Lord.

120

Sol. Why so: *O Brusor*, seest thou not

Her milke white necke, that Alabaster tower?

Twill breake the edge of my keene Semitor,

And peeces flying backe will wound my selfe.

Bru. Now she is all couered, my Lord.

125

Sol. Why now at last she dyes.

Per. O Christ, receiue my soule.

Sol. Harke, *Brusor*, she cals on Christ:

110 Lines parallel *Hawkins, Hazlitt*: Liues parallelise *Qg.*
me 1599-99 A 121-2 Why so | *O Brusor . . . necke | That . . . tower Qg.*

120 my]

I will not send her to him. Her words are musick,
 The self same musick that in auncient daies 130
 Brought *Alexander* from warre to banquetting,
 And made him fall from skirmishing to kissing.
 No, my deare, Loue would not let me kill thee,
 Though Maestie would turne desire to wrath.
 There lyes my sword, humbled at thy feete ; 135
 And I myselfe, that gourne many kings,
 Intreate a pardon for my rash misdeede.

Per. Now *Soliman* wrongs his imperiall state ;
 But, if thou loue me, and haue hope to win,
 Graunt *(me)* one boote that I shall craue of thee. 140

Sol. What ere it be, *Persededa*, I graunt it thee.

Per. Then let me liue a Christian Virgin still,
 Vnlesse my state shall alter by my will.

Sol. My word is past, and I recall my passions :
 What should he doe with crowne and Emperie 145
 That cannot gourne priuate fond affections ?
 Yet giue me leaue in honest sort to court thee,
 To ease, though not to cure, my maladie.

Come, sit thee downe vpon my right hand heere ;
 This seat I keep voide for another friend.— 150

Goe, Ianisaries, call in your Gouvernour,
 So shall I ioy betweene two captiue friends,
 And yet my selfe be captiue to them both
 If friendships yoake were not at libertie :—
 See where he comes, my other best beloued. 155

Enter Erastus.

Per. My sweete and best beloued.

Erast. My sweete and best beloued.

Per. For thee, my deare *Erastus*, haue I liued.

Erast. And I for thee, or els I had not liued.

Sol. What words in affection doe I see ? 160

Erast. Ah, pardon me, great *Soliman*, for this is she
 For whom I mourned more then for all Rhodes,
 And from whose absence I deriuied my sorrow. . .

129 Her . . . musick *sep. hne Qq.* 133 No my deare, Loue would *Qq.* :
 No, my deare loue would *Hawkins, Hazlitt.* See Note 140 Graunt me
Hawkins : Graunt *Qq.* 143 by] with 1599

Per. And pardon me, my Lord; for this is he
For whom I thwarted *Solimans* intreats,
And for whose exile I lamented thus. 165

Erast. Euen from my childhood haue I tendered thee;
Witnesse the heauens of my unfeined loue.

Sol. By this one accedent I well perceiue
That heauens and heauenly powers do manage loue. 170
I loue them both, I know not which the better:
They loue each other best: what then should follow,
But that I conquer both by my deserts,
And ioyne their hands, whose hearts are knit already?

Erastus and Perseda, come you hether, 175
And both giue me your hands—
Erastus, none but thou couldst win *Perseda*,
Perseda, none but thou couldst win *Erastus*,
From great *Soliman*; so well I loue you both:
And now, to turne late promises to good effect, 180
Be thou, *Erastus*, Gouernour of Rhodes:
By this thou shalt dismisse my garison.

Bru. Must he reape that for which I tooke the toile?
Come, enue, then, and sit in friendships seate;
How can I loue him that inioyes my right? 185

Sol. Giue me a crowne, to crowne the bride withall.

Then he crownes Perseda.

Perseda, for my sake weare this crowne.
Now is she fairer then she was before;
This title so augments her beautie, as the fire,
That lay with honours hand racket up in ashes, 190
Reuiues againe to flames, the force is such.
Remooue the cause, and then the effect will die;
They must depart, or I shall not be quiet.

Erastus and Perseda, meruaile not
That all in hast I wish you to depart; 195
There is an vigeant cause, but priuie to my selfe:
Commaund my shipping for to waft you ouer.

Erast. My gratiouse Lord, whe(n) *Erastus* doth forget this fauor,
Then let him liue abandond and forlorne.

Per. Nor will *Perseda* slacke euen in her praiers, 200
But still solicite God for *Soliman*,
Whose minde hath proued so good and gratiouse. *Exeunt.*

Sol. Farewell, *Erastus*: *Persedas*, farewell to.

Me thinks I should not part with two such friends,
 The one so renownd for armes and curtesie,
 The other so adorned with grace and modestie:
 Yet of the two *Persedas* mooues me most,
 I, and so mooues me, that I now repent
 That ere I gaue away my hearts desire;
 What was it but abuse of Fortunes gift?
 And therefore Fortune now will be reuengde:
 What was it but abuse of Loues commaund?
 And therefore mightie Loue will be reuengd:
 What was it but abuse of heauens that gaue her me?
 And therefore angrie heauens will be reuengd:
 Heauens, Loue, and Fortune, all thiese haue decreed
 That I shall loue her still, and lack her still,
 Like euer thirsting, wretched *Tantalus*:
 Foolish *Soliman*, why did I striue
 To do him kindnes, and vndoe my selfe?
 Well gouernd friends do first regard themselues.

Bru. I, now occasion serues to stumble him
 That thrust his sickle in my haruest corne.

Pleaseth your Maiestie to heare *Brusor* speake?

Sol. To one past cure good counsell comes too late;
 Yet say thy minde.

Bru. With secret letters woe her, and with gifts.

Sol. My lines and gifts will but returne my shame.

Luc. Here me, my Lord: let me go ouer to Rhodes,
 That I may plead in your affections cause;
 One woman may do much to win another.

Sol. Indeede, *Lucina*, were her husband from her,
 Shee happily might be woone by thy perswades;
 But whilst he liues there is no hope in her.

Bru. Why liues he then to greeue great *Soliman*?
 This onely remaines, that you consider
 In two extreames the least is to be chosen.
 If so your life depend vpon your loue,
 And that her loue depends vpon his life,
 Is it not better that *Erastus* die

Ten thousand deaths then *Soliman* should perish?
Sol. I, saist thou so? why, then it shall be so:

But by what means shall poore *Erastus* dye?
Bru. This shall be the meanes: Ill fetch him backe againe,
 Vnder couler of great consequence; 245
 No sooner shall he land vpon our shore,
 But witnes shall be ready to accuse him
 Of treason doone against your mightines,
 And then he shall be doomd by marshall law.

Sol. O fine deuise; *Brusor*, get thee gone: 250
 Come thou againe; but let the lady stay
 To win *Persedas* to my will: meane while
 Will I prepare the iudge and witnesses;
 And if this take effect, thou shalt be Viceroy,
 And faire *Lucina* Queene of *Tripolie*. 255
Brusor, be gone; for till thou come I languish.

Exeunt Brusor and Lucina.

And now, to ease my troubled thoughts at last,
 I will go sit among my learned Euenukes,
 And heere them play, and see my minions dance.
 For till that *Brusor* bring me my desire, 260
 I may asswage, but neuer quench loues fire.

Exit.

(SCENE II.)

Enter Basilisco.

Bas. Since the expugnation of the Rhodian Ile,
 Me thinkes a thousand years are ouerpast,
 More for the lack of my *Persedas* presence
 Then for the losse of Rhodes, that paltry Ile,
 Or for my friends that there were murthered. 5
 My valour euery where shall purchase friends,
 And where a man liues well, there is his countrie.
 Alas, the Christians are but very shallow
 In giuing iudgement of a man at armes,
 A man of my desert and excellency: 10
 The Turkes, whom they account for barbarous,
 Hauing forehard of *Basiliscoes* worth,

²⁴⁴ Ill . . . againe sep. line Qg. ²⁴⁹ by] my 1599 ²⁶¹ After
 this line there is in the margin of undated Q. a MS. note in a sixteenth or
 seventeenth century hand: the songe to be sung before Basilisco enters.

A number vnder prop me with their shoulders,
 And in procession bare me to the Church,
 As I had beene a second Mahomet. 15
 I, fearing they would adore me for a God,
 Wisely informd them that I was but man,
 Although in time perhaps I might aspire
 To purchase Godhead, as did *Hercules* ;
 I meane by doing wonders in the world : 20
 Amidst their Church they bound me to a piller,
 And to make triall of my valiancie,
 They lopt a collop of my tendrest member.
 But thinke you *Basilisco* squicht for that ?
 Euen as a Cow for tickling in the horne. 25
 That doone, they set me on a milke white Asse,
 Compassing me with goodly ceremonies.
 That day, me thought, I sat in *Pompeyes Chaire*,
 And viewd the Capitoll, and was Romes greatest glorie. 29

Enter Piston.

Pist. I would my maister had left some other to be his agent here : faith, I am wearie of the office alreadie. What, Seigniour *Tremomundo*, that rid a pilgrimage to beg cakebread ?

Bas. O take me not vnprouided, let me fetch my weapons.

Pist. Why, I meant nothing but a *Basolus manus*.

Bas. No, didst thou not meane to giue me the priuie stab ?

Pist. No, by my troth, sir. 36

Bas. Nay, if thou hadst, I had not feard thee, I ;

I tell thee, my skin holds out Pistoll prooфе.

Pist. Pistoll prooфе ? ile trie if it will hold out pin prooфе.

Then he prickes him with a pin.

Bas. O shoote no more ; great God, I yield to thee. 40

Pist. I see his skin is but pistol prooфе from the girdle vpward.

What suddaine agonie was that ?

Bas. Why, sawst thou not how *Cupid*, God of loue,

Not daring looke me in the marshall face,

Came like a coward stealing after me, 45

And with his pointed dart prickt my posteriors ?

Pist. Then here my opinion concerning that point ; the Ladies

¹⁴ bear *Haslett* ³⁰⁻³ printed as *doggerel Qg.* ⁴¹ but pistol prooфе from] pistol-proof, but from *Haslett* ⁴⁷⁻⁵³ printed as *doggerel Qg.*

of Rhodes, hearing that you haue lost a capitoll part of your Lady ware, haue made their petition to *Cupid* to plague you aboue all other, as one preuiditiali to their muliebritie. Now sir, *Cupid*, seeing you alreadie hurt before, thinkes it a greater punishment to hurt you behind. Therefore I would wish you to haue an eye to the back dore.

Bas. Sooth thou sayest, I must be fencd behinde;

Ile hang my target there.

55

Pist. Indeed that will serue to beare of some blowes when you run away in a fraye.

Bas. Siria, sirra, what art thou, that thus incrochest vpon my familiaritie without speciall admittaunce?

Pist. Why, do you not know me? I am *Erastus* man.

60

Bas. What, art thou that petty pigmie that chalenged me at Rhodes, whom I refused to combat for his minoritie? Where is *Erastus*? I owe him chastisement in *Persedas* quarrel.

Pist. Do you not know that they are all friends, and *Erastus* maryed to *Persedas*, and *Erastus* made gouernour of Rhodes, and I left heere to be their agent?

66

Bas. O coelum, O terra, O maria, Neptune.

Did I turne Turke to follow her so far?

Pist. The more shame for you.

Bas. And is she linkt in liking with my foe?

70

Pist. Thats because you were out of the way.

Bas. O wicked Turque, for to steale her hence.

Pist. O wicked turne coate, that would haue her stay.

Bas. The truth is, I will be a Turke no more.

Pist. And I feare thou wilt neuer prooue good christian.

75

Bas. I will after to take reuenge.

Pist. And ile stay heere about my maisters busines.

Bas. Farewell, Constantinople; I will to Rhodes.

Exit.

Pist. Farewell, counterfeit foole.—God send him good shipping.

Tis noisd about that *Brusor* is sent to fetch my maister back againe; I cannot be well till I heare the rest of the newes, therefore ile about it straight.

82

Exit.

〈SCENE III.〉

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Now, *Fortune*, what hast thou done in this latter act?

For. I brought *Persedas* to the presence

 Of *Soliman*, the Turkish Emperour,

 And gaue *Lucina* into *Brusors* hands.

Loue. And first I stunge them with consenting loue,

5

 And made great *Soliman*, sweete beauties thrall,

 Humble himselfe at faire *Persedas* feete,

 And made him praise loue, and *(his)* captiues beautie:

 Againe I made him to recall his passions,

 And giue *Persedas* to *Erastus* hands,

10

 And after make repentance of the deed.

For. Meane time I fild *Erastus* sailes with wnde,

 And brought him home vnto his native land.

Death. And I subordn *Brusor* with eniuious rage

15

 To counsell *Soliman* to slay his friend.

Brusor is sent to fetch him back againe.

Mark well what followes, for the historie

Prooues me cheefe actor in this tragedie.

Exeunt.

〈ACT V.

SCENE I.〉

Enter Erastus and Perseda.

Erast. *Persedas*, these dayes are our dayes of ioy :

 What could I more desire then thee to wife?

 And that I haue: or then to gouerne Rhodes?

 And that I doe, thankes to great *Soliman*.

Per. And thanks to gratiouse heauens, that so

5

 Brought *Soliman* from worse to better;

 For though I neuer tould it thee till now,

 His heart was purposd once to do thee wrong.

Erast. I, that was before he knew thee to be mine.

 And now, *Persedas*, lets forget oulde greefes,

10

 And let our studyes wholie be imployd

To worke each others blisse and hearts delight.
Per. Our present ioyes will be so much the greater,
 When as we call to minde forepassed greefes :
 So singes the Mariner vpon the shore,
 When he hath past the dangerous time of stormes :
 But if my Loue will haue olde greefes forgot,
 They shall lie buried in *Persedas* brest.

15

Enter Brusor and Lucina.

Erast. Welcome, Lord *Brusor*.

Per. And, *Lucina*, to.

Bru. Thankes, Lord *Gouernour*.

Luc. And thankes to you, Madame.

Erast. What hastie news brings you so soone to Rhodes, 21
 Although to me you neuer come to soone?

Bru. So it is, my Lord, that vpon great affaires,
 Importuning health and wealth of *Soliman*,
 His highnes by me intreateth you, 25
 As euer you respect his future loue,
 Or haue regard vnto his curtesie,
 To come your selfe in person and visit him,
 Without inquirie what should be the cause.

Erast. Were there no ships to crosse the Seas withall, 30
 My armes should frame mine oares to crosse the seas ;
 And should the seas turne tide to force me backe,
 Desire should frame me winges to flie to him ;
 I go, *Persedas* ; thou must giue me leauue.

Per. Though loth, yet *Solimans* commaund preuailes. 35

Luc. And sweete *Persedas*, I will stay with you,
 From *Brusor* my beloued ; and Ile want him
 Till he bring backe *Erastus* vnto you.

Erast. Lord *Brusor*, come ; tis time that we were gon.

Bru. *Persedas*, farewell ; be not angrie 40
 For that I carry thy beloued from thee ;
 We will returne with all speede possible,
 And thou, *Lucina*, vse *Persedas* so,
 That for my carrying of *Erastus* hence
 She curse me not ; and so farewell to both. 45

Per. Come, *Lucina*, lets in ; my heart is full. *Exeunt.*

19 And . . . to sep. line Qg.
 31 mine] me Hazlitt. See Note

20 And . . . Madame sep. line Qg.

(SCENE II.)

Enter Soliman, Lord Marshall, the two witnesses, and Ianisaries.

Sol. Lord marshall, see you handle it cunningly :

And when *Erastus* comes, our perjur'd friend,
See <that> he be condempnd by marshall law ;
Heere will I stand to see, and not be seen.

Marsh. Come, fellowes, see when this matter comes in question

You stagger not ; and, Ianisaries,

6

See that your strangling cords be ready.

Sol. Ah that *Persedas* were not half so faire,

Or that *Soliman* were not so fond,

Or that *Persedas* had some other loue,

10

Whose death might sauе my poore *Erastus* life.

Enter Brusor and Erastus.

See where he comes, whome though I deerely loue,

Yet must his bloud be spilt for my behoofe ;

Such is the force of marrow burning loue.

Marsh. *Erastus*, Lord Gouernour of Rhodes, I arrest you in
the Kings name.

16

Erast. What thinks Lord *Brusor* of this strange arrest ?

Hast thou intrapt me to this tretcherie,

Intended, well I wot, without the leauue

Or licence of my Lord, great *Soliman* ?

20

Bru. Why, then appeale to him, when thou shalt know,

And be assured that I betray thee not.

Sol. Yes, thou, and I, and all of vs betray him.

Marsh. No, no ; in this case no appeale shall serue.

Erast. Why then to thee, or vnto any else,

25

I heere protest by heauens vnto you all

That neuer was there man more true or iust,

Or in his deeds more loyall and vpright,

Or more louing, or more innocent,

Than I haue bene to gratioues *Soliman*,

30

Since first I set my feet on Turkish land.

Sol. My selfe would be his witnesse, if I durst ;

But bright *Persedas* beautie stops my tongue.

³ that add. ed.
name sep line Qg.

¹⁵ morrow-burning undated Q. and 1599 A

15-6 I ...

Marsh. Why, sirs, why face to face expresse you not
The treasons you reueald to *Soliman*? 35

(1) *Witn.* That very day *Erastus* went from hence,
He sent for me into his Cabinet,

And for that man that is of my profession.

Erast. I neuer saw them, I, vntill this day.

(1) *Witn.* His Cabine doore fast shut, he first began 40
To question vs of all sorts of fire-workes ;

Wherein, when he had fully resolued him

What might be done, he, spredding on the boord
A huge heape of our impeffall coyne,

All this is yours, quoth he, if you consent

To leaue great *Soliman* and serue in Rhodes. 45

Marsh. Why, that was treason ; but onwards with the rest.

Enter Piston.

Pist. What haue we heer ? my maister before the Marshall ?

(1) *Witn.* We said not I, nor durst we say him nay,

Because we were alreadie in his gallyes ; 50

But seemd content to flie with him to Rhodes :

With that he purst the gould, and gaue it vs.

The rest I dare not speake, it is so bad.

Erast. Heauens, heer you this, and drops not vengeance on them ?

The other Witn. The rest, and worst will I discourse in briefe. 55

Will you consent, quoth he, to fire the fleete

That lyes hard by vs heere in *Bosphoron* ?

For be it spoke in secret heere, quoth he,

Rhodes must no longer beare the turkish yoake.

We said the taske might easilie be performd,

But that we lackt such drugs to mixe with powder,

As were not in his gallyes to be got.

At this he lept for ioy, swearing and promising

That our reward should be redoubled.

We came aland, not minding for to returne, 65

And, as our duty and aleageance bound vs,

We made all knowne vnto great *Soliman* ;

But ere we could summon him a land,

His ships were past a kenning from the shoare :

36 1 *Witn. Hawkins : Witnesses Qq.*

54 drops] drop Hazlitt

55 worse 1599 -99 A

47 onward 1599 -99 A

65 for om. 1599 -99 A

Belike he thought we had bewrayd his treasons.

70

Marsh. That all is true that heere you haue declarde,
Both lay your hands vpon the Alcaron.

1 *Witn.* Foule death betide me, if I sweare not true.

2 *Witn.* And mischiefe light on me, if I sweare false.

Sol. Mischiefe and death shall light vpon you both.

75

Marsh. Erastus,

Thou seest what witnes hath produced against thee.

What answerest thou vnto their accusations?

Erast. That these are Synons, and my selfe poore Troy.

Marsh. Now it resteth I appoint thy death;

80

Wherein thou shalt confesse ile fauour thee,

For that thou wert beloued of *Soliman*:

Thou shalt foorthwith be bound vnto that post,

And strangled as our turkish order is.

Pist. Such fauour send all Turkes, I pray God.

85

Erast. I see this traime was plotted ere I came:

What bootes complaining wheres no remedy?

Yet giue me leauue, before my life shall end,

To moane *Persedas*, and accuse my friend.

Sol. O vniust *Soliman*: O wicked time,

90

Where filthie lust must murther honest loue.

Marsh. Dispatch, for our time limited is past.

Erast. Alas, how can he but be short, whose tongue

Is fast tide with galling sorrow.

Farewell, *Persedas*; no more but that for her:

95

Inconstant *Soliman*; no more but that for him:

Vnfortunate *Erastus*; no more but that for me:

Loe, this is all; and thus I leauue to speake.

Then they strangle him.

Pist. Marie, sir, this is a faire warning for me to get me gon.

Exit Piston.

Sol. O sauе his life, if it be possible;

100

I will not loose him for my kingdomes worth.

Ah, poore *Erastus*, art thou dead already?

What bould presumer durst be so resolued

For to bereaue *Erastus* life from him,

Whose life to me was dearer then mine owne?

105

70 bewrayd] betrayd 1599 -99 A
78 accusation 1599 -99 A

76 Erastus . . . thee one line Qq.

Wast thou? and thou? Lord Marshall, bring them hether,
 And at *Erastus* hand let them receiue
 The stroke of death, whom they haue spoild of life.
 What, is thy hand to weake? then mine shall helpe
 To send them down to euerlasting night,
 To waite vpon thee through eternall shade;
 Thy soule shall not go mourning hence alone:
 Thus die, and thus; for thus you murtherd him.

110

Then he kils the two Janisaries, that kild Erastus.

But, soft, me thinkes he isⁿ not satisfied:
 The breath dooth murmure softly from his lips,
 And bids me kill those bloudie witnesses
 By whose treacherie *Erastus* dyed.
 Lord Marshall, hale them to the towers top,
 And throw them headlong downe into the valley;
 So let their treasons with their liues haue end.

115

120

1 *Witn.* Your selfe procured us.

2 *Witn.* Is this our hier?

Then the Marshall beares them to the tower top.

Sol. Speake not a worde, least in my wrathfull furie
 I doome you to ten thousand direfull torments.
 And, *Brusor*, see *Erastus* be interd
 With honour in a kingly sepulcher.
 Why, when, Lord marshall? great *Hectors* sonne,
 Although his age did plead for innocence,
 Was sooner tumbled from the fatall tower
 Then are those periurde wicked witnesses.

125

Then they are both tumbled downe.

Why, now *Erastus* ghost is satisfied:
 I, but yet the wicked Judge suruiues,
 By whom *Erastus* was condemnd to die.
Brusor, as thou louest me, stab in the marshall,
 Least he detect vs vnto the world,
 By making knowne our bloody practises;
 And then will thou and I hoist saile to Rhodes,
 Where thy *Lucina* and my *Perseda* liues.

130

135

Bru. I wil, my lord:—lord Marshal, it is his highnes pleasure

That you commend him to *Erastus* soule.

Then he kils the Marshall.

Sol. Heere ends my deere *Erastus* tragedie, 140

. And now begins my pleasant Comedie;
But if *Persedas* vnderstand these newes,
Our seane will prooue but tragicomicall.

Bru. Feare not, my Lord; *Lucina* plaies her part,
And wooes apace in *Solimans* behalfe. 145

Sol. Then, *Brusor*, come; and with some few men
Lets saile to Rhodes with all conuenient speede:
For till I fould *Persedas* in mine armes,
My troubled eares are deft with loues alarmes.

Exeunt.

〈SCENE III.〉

Enter Persedas, Lucina, and Basilisco.

Per. Now, signior *Basilisco*, which like you,
The Turkish or our nation best?

Bas. That which your ladyship will haue me like.

Luc. I am deceiued but you were circumcised.

Bas. Indeed I was a little cut in the porpuse. 5

Per. What meanes made you to steale backe to Rhodes?

Bas. The mightie pinky-ey'd, brand bearing God,
To whom I am so long true seruitor,
When he espyde my weeping flouds of teaines
For your depart, he bad me follow him: 10
I followed him, he with his fier brand
Parted the seas, and we came ouer drie-shod.

Luc. A matter not vnlikely: but how chance,
Your turkish bonnet is not on your head?

Bas. Because I now am Christian againe, 15
And that by naturall meanes; for as the old Cannon
Saiest very pretily: *Nihil est tam naturale,*
Quod eo modo colligatum est:
And so foorth.

5 porpuse] prepuce *Hazlitt*. See Note 6 the first to om. 1599
7 pinky-ey'd *Hazlitt*: pickanyd 1599: pinckanyed 1599 A pinckanied
undated Q. pinck-an-ey'd *Hawkins*. See Note 13 chance] chanceth *Hazlitt*
unnecessarily 16-20 And . . . for as | The old . . . pretily | *Nihil* . . .
colligatum est | And so . . . follow her Qq

So I became a Turke to follow her ;
To follow her, am now returnd a Christian.

Enter Piston.

Pist. O lady and mistris, weepe and lament, and wring your hands ; for my maister is condemnd and executed.

Luc. Be patient, sweete *Persedas*, the foole but iests.

Per. Ah no ; my nightly dreames foretould me this,
Which, foolish woman, fondly I neglected.

But say, what death dyed my poore *Erastus* ?

Pist. Nay, God be praisd, his death was reasonable ;
He was but strangled.

Per. But strangled ? ah, double death to me :
But say, wherefore was he condemnd to die ?

Pist. For nothing but hie treason.

Per. What treason, or by whom was he condemnd ?

Pist. Faith, two great Knights of the post swore vpon the Alcaron that he would haue firde the Turkes Fleete. 35

Per. Was *Brusor* by ?

Pist. I.

Per. And *Soliman* ?

Pist. No ; but I saw where he stood,
To heere and see the matter well conuaid.

Per. Accursed *Soliman*, prophane Alcaron :

Lucina, came thy husband to this end,
To leade a Lambe vnto the slaughter-house ?
Hast thou for this, in *Solimans* behalfe,
With cunning wordes tempted my chastitie ?
Thou shalt abie for both your trecheries.

It must be so. *Basilisco*, dooest thou loue me ? speake.

Bas. I, more then I loue either life or soule :

What, shall I stab the Emperour for thy sake ?

Per. No, but *Lucina* ; if thou louest me, kill her. 50

Then Basilisco takes a dagger and feelest vpon the point of it.

Bas. The point will marre her skin.

Per. What, darest thou not ? gue me the dagger then—
Theres a reward for all thy treasons past.

Then Perseda kills Lucina.

Bas. Yet dare I beare her hence, to do thee good.

Per. No, let her lie, a prey to rauening birds:

55

Nor shall her death alone suffice for his;

Rhodes now shall be no longer *Solymans*:

Weele fortifie our walles, and keepe the towne,

In spight of proud, insulting *Solman*.

I know the lecher hopes to haue my loue,

60

And first *Persed*a shall with this hand die

Then yeeld to him, and liue in infamie.

*Exeunt.**Manet Basilisco.*

Bas. I will ruminante: Death, which the poets

Faine to be pale and meager,

Hath depriued *Erastus* trunke from breathing vitaltie,

65

A braue Cauelere, but my aprooued foeman.

Let me see. where is that *Alcides*, surnamed *Hercules*,

The onely Club man of his time? dead.

Where is the eldest sonne of *Pryam*,

That abraham-coloured Trojan? dead.

70

Where is the leader of the Mirmidons,

That well knyt *Accill(es)*? dead.

Where is that furious *Ajax*, the sonne of *Telamon*,

Or that fraudfull squire of *Ithaca*, iclipt *Vlisses*? dead.

Where is tipsie *Alexander*, that great cup conquerour,

75

Or *Pompey* that braue warriour? dead.

I am my selfe strong, but I confesse death to be stronger:

I am valiant, but mortall;

I am adorned with natures gifts,

A giddie goddesse that now gueth and anon taketh:

80

I am wise, but quiddits will not answer death:

To conclude in a word: to be captious, vertuous, ingenious,

Are to be nothing when it pleaseth death to be enuious.

The great Turque, whose seat is Constantinople,

Hath beleagred Rhodes, whose chieftaine is a woman:

85

I could take the rule vpon me;

But the shrub is safe when the Cedar shaketh:

I loue *Persed*a, as one worthie;

But I loue *Basilisco*, as one I hould more worthy,

My fathers sonne, my mothers solace, my proper selfe.

90

Faith, he can doe little that cannot speake,
 And he can doe lesse that cannot runne away :
 Then sith mans life is as a glasse, and a phillip may cracke it,
 Mine is no more, and a bullet may pearce it :
 Therefore I will play least in sight.

95

Exit.

〈SCENE IV.〉

Enter Soliman and Brusor, with Janisaries.

Sol. The gates are shut ; which prooues that Rhodes reuolts,
 And that *Persedea* is not *Solimans* ;
Ah, Brusor, see where thy *Lucina* lyes,
 Butcherd dispightfullie without the walles.

Bru. Vnkinde *Persedea*, couldst thou vse her so ? 5
 And yet we vsd *Persedea* little better.

Sol. Nay, gentle *Brusor*, stay thy teares a while,
 Least with thy woes thou spoile my commedie,
 And all to soone be turnd to Tragedies.
Go, Brusor, beare her to thy priuate tent, 10
 Where we at leisure will lament her death,
 And with our teares bewaile her obsequies ;
 For yet *Persedea* liues for *Soliman*.—

Drum, sound a parle :—were it not for her,
 I would sacke the towne, ere I would sound a parle. 15

The Drum soundes a parle. *Persedea comes vpon the walls in mans apparell.* Basilisco and Piston, *vpon the walles*.

Per. At whose intreatie is this parle sounded ?
Sol. At our intreatie ; therefore yield the towne.

Per. Why, what art thou that boldlie bids vs yeeld ?
Sol. Great *Soliman*, Lord of all the world.

Per. Thou art not Lord of all ; Rhodes is not thine. 20
Sol. It was, and shall be, maugre who saies no.

Per. I, that say no, will neuer see it thine.
Sol. Why, what art thou that dares resist my force ?

Per. A Gentleman, and thy mortall enemie,
 And one that dares thee to the single combate. 25

Sol. First tell me, doth *Persedea* liue or no ?
Per. She liues to see the wrack of *Soliman*.

Sol. Then I will combate thee, what ere thou art.

Per. And in *Erastus* name ile combat thee;

And heere I promise thee on my Christian faith,

30

Then will I yeeld *Persedas* to thy hands,

If that thy strength shall ouer match my right,

To vse as to thy liking shall seeme best.

But ere I come to enter single fight,

First let my tongue vtter my hearts despight ;

35

And thus my tale begins : thou wicked tirant,

Thou murtherer, accursed homicide,

For whome hell gapes, and all the vgly feendes

Do waite for to receive thee in their iawes :

Ah, periur'd and inhumaine *Soliman*,

40

How could thy heart harbour a wicked thought

Against the spotlesse life of poore *Erastus* ?

Was he not true? would thou hadst been as iust.

Was he not valiant? would thou hadst bin as vertuous.

Was he not loyall? would thou hadst been as louing

45

Ah, wicked tirant, in that one mans death

Thou hast betrayde the flower of Christendome.

Dyed he because his worth obscured thine?

In slaughtering him thy vertues are defamed :

Didst thou misdoe him in hope to win *Persedas* ?

50

Ah, foolish man, therein thou art deceiuied ;

For, though she liue, yet will she neare liue thine ;

Which to approoue, Ile come to combate thee.

Sol. Iniurious, foule mouthd knight, my wrathfull arme

Shall chastise and rebuke these iniuries.

55

Then Perseda comes down to Soliman, and Basilisco and Piston

Pist. I, but heere you, are you so foolish to fight with him?

Bas. I, sirra ; why not, as long as I stand by ? . . .

Sol. Ile not defend *Erastus* innocence,

But *(die)* maintaining of *Persedas* beautie.

Then they fight, Soliman kils Perseda.

Per. I, now I lay *Persedas* at thy feete,

60

But with thy hand first wounded to the death :

²⁸ I will] Ile Qg. ³² That if Qg.: transp ed. ⁵⁹ But die maintaining of emend. ed.. But thee maintaining of undated Q.: But thee in maintaining 1509 -90 A

Now shall the world report that *Soliman*
 Slew *Erastus* in hope to win *Perseda*,
 And murtherd her for louing of hir husband.
Sol. What, my *Perseda*? ah, what haue I done? 65
 Yet kisse me, gentle loue, before thou die.
Per. A kisse I graunt thee, though I hate thee deadlie.
Sol. I loued thee deerelie, and accept thy kisse.
 Why didst thou loue *Erastus* more then me?
 Or why didst not giue *Soliman* a kisse 70
 Ere this vnhappy time? then hadst thou liued.
Bas. Ah, let me kisse thee too, before I dye.

Then Soliman kills Basilisco.

Sol. Nay, die thou shalt for thy presumption,
 For kissing her whom I do hould so deare.
Pist. I will not kisse her, sir, but giue me leaue 75
 To weepe ouer hir; for while she liued,
 She loued me deereley, and I loued her.
Sol. If thou didst loue her, villaine, as thou saidst,
 Then wait on her thorough eternal night.

Then Soliman kills Piston.

Ah, *Perseda*, how shall I mourne for thee? 80
 Faire springing Rose, ill pluckt before thy time.
 Ah heauens, that hitherto haue smilde on me,
 Why doe you vnkindly lowre on *Solyman*?
 The losse of halfe my Realmes, nay, crownes decay,
 Could not haue prickt so neere vnto my heart 85
 As doth the losse of my *Persedaes* life:
 And with her life I likewise loose my loue;
 And with her loue my hearts felicitie.
 Euen for *Erastus* death the heauens haue plagued me.
 Ah no, the heauens did neuer more accuse me 90
 Then when they madē me Butcher of my loue.
 Yet iustly how can I condemne my selfe,
 When *Brusor* liues that was the cause of all?
 Come *Brusor*, helpe to lift her bodie vp.
 Is she not faire? 95
Bru. Euen in the houre of death.

65 ah, what] all that 1599 -99 A
 78 saidst] sayest Hazlitt, unnecessarily

70 didst thou not 1599 -99 A

Sol. Was she not constant?

Bru. As firme as are the poles whereon heauen lies.

Sol. Was she not chaste?

Bru. As is *Pandora* or *Dianas* thoughts.

100

Sol. Then tell me, (his treasons set aside)

What was *Erastus* in thy opinion?

Bru. Faire spoken, wise, courteous, and liberall;

Kinde, euen to his foes, gentle and affable;

And, all in all, his deeds heroyacall.

105

Sol. Ah, was he so?

How durst thou then, yngratiouse counseller,

First cause me murther such a worthy man,

And after tempt so vertuous a woman?

Be this, therefore, the last that ere thou speake—

110

Ianisaries take him straight vnto the block;

Off with his head, and suffer him not to speake.

Exit Brusor.

And now *Persedas*, heere I lay me downe,

And on thy beautie (*Ile*) still contemplate,

Vntil mine eyes shall surfeit by my gasing.

115

But stay; let me see what paper is this?

Then he takes vp a paper, and reedes in it as followeth.

Tyrant, my lips were sawst with deadly poyson,

To plague thy hart that is so full of poyson.

What, am I poisoned? then, Ianisaries,

Let me see Rhodes recouerd ere I die.

120

Souldiers, assault the towne on every side;

Spoile all, kill all; let none escape your furie.

Sound an alarum to the fight.

Say, Captaine, is Rhodes recouered againe?

Capt. It is, my Lord, and stoopes to *Soliman*.

Sol. Yet that alayes the furie of my paine

125

Before I die, for doubtlesse die I must.

I, fates, iniurious fates, haue so decreed;

For now I feele the poyson gins to worke,

And I am weake euen to the very death.

Yet some thing more contentedly I die

130

For that my death was wrought by her deuise,

Who, liuing, was my ioy, whose death my woe.

Ah, Ianisaries, now dyes your Emperour,
Before his age hath seene his mellowed yeares.
And if you euer loued your Emperour,
Affright me not with sorrowes and lamentes:
And when my soule from body shall depart,
Trouble me not, but let me passe in peace,
And in your silence let your loue be showne.
My last request, for I commaund no more,
Is that my body with *Persedas* be
Interd, where my *Erastus* eyes intombd,
And let one Epitaph containe vs all.
Ah, now I feele the paper tould me true;
The poison is disperst through euerie vaine,
And boyles, like *Etna*, in my frying guts
Forgiue me, deere *Erastus*, my vnkindnes.
I haue reuenged thy death with many deaths:
And, sweet *Persedas*, flie not *Soliman*,
When as my gliding ghost shall follow thee,
With eager moode, thorow eternall night.
And now pale Death sits on my panting soule,
And with reuenging ire dooth tyrranise,
And sayes: for *Solmans* too much amissee,
This day shall be the peryod of my blisse.

155

Then Soliman dyes, and they carry him forth with silence.

〈SCENE V.〉

Enter Chorus.

For. I gaue *Erastus* woe and miserie
Amidst his greatest ioy and iolltie.
Loue. But I, that haue power in earth and heauen aboue,
Stung them both with neuer failing loue.
Death. But I bereft them both of loue and life.
Loue. Of life, but not of loue; for euen in death
Their soules are knit, though bodyes be disioynd:
Thou didst but wound their flesh, their minds are free;
Their bodies buried, yet they honour me.
Death. Hence foolish *Fortune*, and thou wanton *Loue*:

5

10

148 death 1599· deaths 1599 *A and undated Q.* 155 After this line the
Q. print a superfluous *Exeunt* S. D. with] in 1599

Your deeds are trifles, mine of consequence.
For. I give worlds happiness and woes increase.
Love. By joining persons I increase the world.
Death. By wasting all I conquer all the world.

And now, to end our difference at last,
In this last act note but the deeds of Death.
Where is *Erastus* now, but in my triumph?
Where are the murtherers, but in my triumph?
Where Iudge and witnesses, but in my triumph?
Wheres falce *Lucina*, but in my triumph?
Wheres faire *Persedas*, but in my triumph?
Wheres *Basilisco*, but in my triumph?
Wheres faithfull *Piston*, but in my triumph?
Wheres valiant *Brusor*, but in my triumph?
And wheres great *Soliman*, but in my triumph?
Their loues and fortunes ended with their liues,
And they must wait vpon the Carre of Death.
Packe, *Loue* and *Fortune*, play in Commedies;
For powerfull *Death* best fitteth Tragedies.
Loue. I go, yet *Loue* shall neuer yeeld to *Death*.

Death. But *Fortune* shall; for when I waste the world,
Then times and kingdomes fortunes shall decay.
For. Meane time will *Fortune* gourne as she may.

— 1 —

Death. I, now will *Death*, in his most haughtie pride,
Fetch his imperiall Carre from deepest hell, 35
And ride in triumph through the wicked world ;
Sparing none but sacred *Cynthias* friend,
Whom *Death* did feare before her life began :
For holy fates haue grauen it in their tables
That *Death* shall die, if he attempt her end,
Whose life is heauens delight, and *Cynthias* friend. 40

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop,
at the little North doore of S. Paules Church at the signe of the Gunne.

14 wastning Qg. 19 Where Judge and witnesses, 1599: Wheres Judge
and witnesse, 1599 A and undated Q. 26 fortune 1599 A

The Housholders Philosophie.

VVherein is perfectly and profitably described,
the true Oeconomia and forme of
Housekeeping.

With a Table added thereunto of all the notable
things therein contained.

*First written in Italian by that excellent Orator and Poet
Signor Torquato Tasso, and now translated
by T. K.*



AT LONDON
Printed by J. C. for Thomas Hacket,
and are to be sold at his shop in Lombard-street,
vnder the signe of the Popes head.
M. D. LXXXVIII.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THIS translation is reprinted here for the first time from the Black-Letter Quarto in the British Museum. In this copy, however, the first line of the title is missing, and above the wood-cut are printed the words, 'Whe:evnto is anexed a dairie Booke for | all good huswiues,' though no such 'dairie Booke' appears in the volume. The title-page has, therefore, been reproduced from that of the copy in the Bodleian. I have made some changes in the punctuation, and have introduced quotation marks in the passages of dialogue. I have also expanded in a number of places the abbreviated forms of 'quoth,' 'that,' and 'the.' The marginal notes are added to the translation by T. K., whose identity with Thomas Kyd is discussed in the Introduction. The Index also is his addition, and in reprinting it from the Quarto, I have kept the references to the original paging.

TO

THE WORSHIPFVLL AND VERTVOVS GENTLEMAN

MAISTER THOMAS READE

ESQVIER

HEALTH AND ALL HAPPINES

Worth more then this, digested thus in haste,
Yet truely set according to the sence;
Plaine and vnpollished for making waste
Of that which *Tassos* pen so highly gracde,
This worke I dedicat to your defence.
Let others carpe, tis your discretion
That must relieue myne imperfection.

Your worships most affectionate

T. K.

A CATALOGVE OR INDEX
OF THOSE THINGS WORTH THE MEMORY
CONTAINED IN THIS BOOKE

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FINIS

THE
HOVSHOLDERS PHILOSOPHIE

IT was then about that time of the yeere that the Grape-gatherers were wont to presse their Wines, and that the Trees were seene (in some place) dispoiled of their fruite, when I (in the habitte of an vnknowne Pilgrim) rode betwixt *Nouara* and *Vercellis*; where, seeing the ayre wexe blacke, and enuironed on every side with 5 clowdes ready to raine, I began to set spurs to my Horse; but the whilst I heard a confused cry of dogs, and turning me about, I beheld a little Kidde surchargd, pursued, and anon ouertaken by two swift Grey-hounds, in so much as it there died at my feete. The vnxpected pleasure of which game stayed me til a youth of 10 eightene or twenty yeeres of age, tall of stature, of a good aspect, well proportioned, tough sinewed, and of a strong constitution, beating and crying out vpon the doggs, tooke the poore Kidde fro forth their mouthes, and gaue it to a pesaunt attending on him, that laid it on his shoulders, and at a beck of the youth gat him 15 swiftly on before. Whereupon the young man, turning towards me, said: ‘Tell, me, sir, of courtesie, whither is your iourney?’ ‘I would to *Vercellis*’ (quoth I) ‘this euening, if the time would giue me leaue.’ ‘You might happily get thither’ (quoth he) ‘were it not that the Riuier that runneth before the Cittie, and that deuid- 20 eth the confines of *Piemount* from those of *Millan*, is so ouerflowen that you can hardlie passe it; so that I would aduise you, if it please you, to lodge with me this euening, for not far hence, neere that Riuier, I haue a little Cottage where you may repose yourselfe with less disease then in any other place nigh there- 25 abouts.’

Whilst he thus spake, I stedfastly beheld him, and me thought I perceiued in his very countenaunce a kind of gentilitie and grace ; so that (iudging him to be of no base -or meane condiccion) seeing him a foote, giuing my Horse to a hyreling that came 5 with me, I dismounted. ‘ Thereupon’ (quoth he) ‘ you shall aduise your selfe yonder on the Ryuerside, whether you were better to passe on or staie : and thether will I goe before, not to arrogat anie superioritie, but as your guide, because perhaps you are not well acquainted with the waie.’ ‘ Fortune’ (quoth I) ‘ doth 10 fauour mee with too noble a conduct. God graunt in other things she shewe her selfe as prosperous.’ Heere I became silent, and I folowed him, but he regarded oft, and ofte ouerlooked, and looked on me as if he were desirous, it seemd, to vnderstande of whence I was : so that I preuented his desire, and in some sort to satisfie him, 15 said I was neuer till nowe in this Countrey, but heretofore going into *Fraunce* I past by *Pyemount*; ‘ howbeit I repent me not that I came this waie, for the Countrey is very pleasant, and inhabited of people passing courteous.’ Here perceiving that I ministred occasion of speech, he could no longer hide what he desired, but sayd 20 ‘ Tell me,’ I pray you, ‘ what are you, what Countreyman, and what good fortune ledde you into these parts?’ ‘ I was borne’ (quoth I) ‘ in *Naples*, a famous Cittie of *Italie*, my mother a Neapolitan, my father of *Bergamo*, a Cittye situate in *Lombardy*; my name and surname I conceale, for they are so obscure, as if 25 I shoulde report them, yet you coulde not be the more enformed of my state. The wrath of *Fortune* and of mightie me(n) I shun, howbeit I am eftsoones shrowded vnder the estate of Sauoy.’ ‘ Vnder a magnanimous, iust, and gratious Prince you sojourne then’ (quoth he). But modestlie remembred that I desired to 30 conceale some part of mine estate, he enquired no further of me. ‘ Wee had nowe walked little more then halfe a mile but wee arived on the side of the Ryuuer, swifter then which neuer ranne arrowe fro forth the strongest bow of *Parthia*: and it was swoln so high as it farre surpast the wonted limmits, neither coulde it be constrained in the compasse whereunto it was accustomed. And it 35 was told me by the Countreymen commorants there that the *Passador* woulde not put off from the other side, but that (vpon what occasio(n) they knew not) he had refused to waft ouer some French Gentlemen that would haue gyuen more then 40 ordinary for their passage. Whereupon, turning to the youth that

was my guide, I said that necessity now bound me to accept his courtesie, which notwithstanding I had not yet determined to refuse. ‘Albeit’ (quoth he) ‘I had rather acknowledge this fauour proceeding from your owne disposition then from Fortune, it pleaseth me notwithstanding that she hath wrought it in such sort as wee shall haue no neede to doubt of your abode.’

Thus more and more he confirmed mine opinion that he was neither of ignoble birth nor meane capacitie; wherupon content to be consorted with so well accomplished an Hoste, ‘the sooner’ (quoth I) ‘you shall please that I receiue the fauour to be lodged, ¹⁰ the more shall I accept of it.’ And therewithall he ledde me to his house that was not far situate from the Riuerside, and it was as high as on the outside we might easily perceiue it comprehended diuers roomes and stories, one aboue another. Before the house there was a little Court enuironed with Trees, and there ¹⁵ they ascended by double staires which were without the Gate, eyther of them containing ffe and twentie large and most commodious steps. On the top of the staires we entred into a faire Hall, four square and of conuenient greatnes, for it had two porthals on the right, and two on the left side, and as manie in the vpper ²⁰ end. Directly against the Gate whereby wee entred was there another Gate, and thereby we descended by as manie other steps into a little Court, about the which were prettie lodgings for seruaunts, and houses for Corne; and thence we past into a Garden large enough, and filled with fruitfull Trees, verie ²⁵ orderlie and artificially disposed. The Hall was furnished with hangings and every other ornament beseeeming the lodging of a Gentleman. In the midst thereof was the Table coueied, and the Cupboorde charged with curious plates of *Candie*, furnished with all sorts of daintie fruits. ‘Faire and passing well placed’ ³⁰ (quoth I) ‘is this goodlie house, and it can not be possest but of some noble Gentleman who, though amongst the woods and in a Countrey Towne, lets not yet to imitate the delicacy and neatness of the Cittie: but are you the lord thereof?’ ‘Not I’ (quoth he), ‘my Father is, whom God graunt a long life, neither ³⁵ denie I him to be a Gentleman of the Cittie, or vnexperienced in Courte or on the worldes conditions, albeit he hath spent the greater part of his time in the Countrey; hauing a Brother that hath long

³ quoth he add ed.

¹⁰ (quoth I) the sooner Q.

beene a Courtier in *Rome*, and that yet abideth there, highlie fauoured of the good Cardinall *Vercellis*, whose valour and authoritie in these quarters highly are accou[n]ted.' 'And in what part of *Europe* and of *Italie*' (quoth I) 'is that good Cardinall 5 knowne, and not accounted of?'

Thus as we were reasoning, there mette vs another youth of lesse yeeres, but no lesse gentle spirit, that brought worde of his Father's comming, who eftsoones was returned from surueighing his possessions. And anon there came the Father on horsebacke,
 10 attended with a footeman and another seruitor that rode before ; who, dismounted, immediately came vp the staires. He was a man of midle age, yet neerer threescore then fiftie ; of countenance verie pleasant myxed with comelie grauitie ; and by the whiteness of his hayre and beard (that only made him seeme old)
 15 his dignity was much augmented. I, framing my passage towardes the good man and maister of the house, saluted him with that reuerence which I thought fitting both his yeres and such as he should seeme. And hee, turning to his elder Sonne with a pleasant countenance, asked him whence I was ; 'for I haue
 20 neuer seene him hereabouts or elsewhere' (quoth he) 'to my remembraunce.' To whom his Sonne made aunswer thus : 'He cometh from *Nouara*, and trauails towards *Turyno*' ; but making neerer to his Father, he whispred to him in such sorte that hee would enquire no further of my state, but saide, 'whence soeuer
 25 he be, hee is welcome heré a shore, for hee is happened on a place, where, to our powre, honour and seruice alwaies hath beene vsed to strangers.' I, thanking him for his courtesie, praid that, as I willingly receaued thys fauour of him, so in other things I might shew myselfe mindful and regardant.
 30 These things thus discoursed, the seruaunts had prouided water for our hands, and (hauing washt) we sate as it pleased the good old Gentleman, who desired to doo me honor, beeing a straunger. Forthwith was the Table furnished with fruits, as Mellons, Cytrons, and such like, which, at the end of Supper, were, at a wincke of
 35 his, reserued and set vp, and then he began thus : 'The good old man, *Coricius*, the Gardener, of whom I remember I haue read in *Virgill*,

Nocte domum dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.

Hved home at night and fild his bord with delicats vn bought.

'And in imitation wherof *Petrarch* speaketh, reasoning of his Plowman :

*Epoi la mensa ingombra,
Di pouere viuande,
Simil a quelle ghiande
Le quar fuggendo tutt' il mondo onora.*

5

And then he decks his boord about
With meats of meane esteeme,
Like to those Jayes whose flight contents
The world, cause faire they seeme.

10

'So that you neede not meruaile if, I, after their fashion, fill your Table with vnbought viands, which, though they bee not such as you are vsed to taste elsewhere, remember you are in a Country Town, and lodged in the house of a poore Host.' 'I hold it' (quoth I) 'a happy thing to haue no neede to send for necessaries to the 15 Cittie for the supply of good manners, I meane, not of good meate; for thereof, sir, me seemes heere wants no store.' 'It lightlie happeneth not' (quoth hee) 'that I send to the Cittie for any thing necessarie or fit for the life of a poore Gentlema(n), for (God be praised) I haue aboundinge of euery thing ministred 20 vnto me vpon myne owne ground, the which I have deuided into foure parts or formes, call them what you will. The first and greatest part I plow and sowe with wheate and all kind of graine. The second part I leaue for Trees and plants which are also necessarie either for fire, the vse of Architecture, and other instru- 25 ments of houshold; as also in those places that are sowne are manie rewes of Trees, whereupon the Vines, after the manner of our *petit* Countries, are laid and fostered. The third is Meadowe ground whereon the Heards and little flocks I haue are wont to graze. The fourth I have reserued for hearbes, flowers, and rootes, 30 where also are some store of hyues for Bees, because beyond this Orchard, wherein you see that I haue gryft so many fruitfull Plants, and which, you see, is somewhat seperat fro(m) my possessions there is an other garden full of all sorts of sallet hearbes and other rootes.' 'You haue well deuided your lands' (quoth I) 'and it 35 is well seene you are studious of *Varro*, not of *Virgil*/only. But these Mellons heere that are so sweet, are they also growing vpon your owne grounde?' 'Yea' (quoth hee) 'and if they please you, eate of them and tarry not for me. For if I haue eaten but a little, it

hath not beene for sparing them, but because I deeme them scarce wholesome : for, albeit they be sweet of sauour and pleasant to the tast, neuerthelesse hanging alwaies on the earth and not discouered on al sides to the Sunne, it must needs be that there they 5 soke up the superfluous humours of the earth ; which most commonly being vnpossible to be wel or equallie ripened by the vertue of the Sunne, which cannot enter into every part, it happeneth that there are few good mellons to be found, but that many of them taste like Goords and Cowgomers which also hang vpon the 10 earth vnripened.'

Here he became silent, and I, to shew that I allowed of that he spake, said little, knowing that olde fren, or they that grow in yeeres, were euer more desirous of reasoning and talk then any other thing, for we can not please them better then to harken to 15 their speeches with attention. But he then, almost at a staie, said, because his wife was wanting . 'Sir, my wife beeing withdrawne from your presence happily lookes to be inuited ; therefore, if it please you, I will cause her to bee called. For albeit I knowe that modest strangers are more abasht with the company 20 of women than of men, yet not onely the Towne, but the custome of our Countrey, carieth a certain priuiledge, whereof it will be wel that you begin to aduise your selfe.'

The Wife, beeing called, came and sat her down at the vpper end of the Table, in that place that was purposelie left empty for 25 her, and the good man of the house beganne againe : 'Nowe haue you seene' (quoth he) 'all my deerest thinges, for heauen hath not graunted me a maiden Child, for which I were to thanke the(m) much, were it not but that my wife lamenteth oft for want of one to beare her company, for my Sonnes are for the most part absent 30 and employed otherwise ; wherefore I thought good to haue married myne eldest Sonne, had he not much disliked and intreated to the contrarie.' 'I cannot' (quoth I) 'in anie sort commend this custome of marrying yong me(n) so soone. For it standeth not with reason that they should first be getting Children before themselves were come vnto their growtheth, wherunto me thinks your Sonne heere hath attained : besides, the fathers ought to excede their children alwaies eyght and twenty or thirty yeares at the least, for otherwise they are in the vigor of their yeeres when the youth of their sonnes begin to flourish, insomuch 35 as their desires are yet vnaccomplished, which, if by none other

meanes, yet by example of their children they might moderate : and oft it is the cause that such regarde is scarcely had or vsed to them by their Children, as is due to Parents ; for many times they are companions and brothers in their conuersation, nay, nowe and then (which is most abhominable) they are ryualls and competitors ; in loue, where, if they exceeded more in yeres, their Fathers could not match them in theyr young desires, but (beeing decrepit) shulde solely expect and approue that ayde and comfort at theyr hands, which is their due, and nature bindeth children vnto. And herein I remember that apt forme of speech vsed by *Lucretius*,¹⁰ *Natis munire senectam*. For by nature Chyldren are the fortresse and defences of their Parerts ; neither coulde they be such were they not of able and sufficient yeeres, whe(n) their Parents are ariued and come vnto their age. Whereunto your selfe being eftsoones nigh, mee thinks you ought to hold your selfe no less¹⁵ satisfied of the helpe you haue tha(n) of the good conditions of your Sonne, who, though he cannot yet find in his hart to be married, shall happily conforme him selfe thereunto ten or twelue yeeres hence, and time inough.' Whilst I speake thus, I remembred that my argument was more acceptable to the Sonne than²⁰ the father, and he, according to my remembraunce, said : 'I hunted not all in vaine to day, for I haue not onely kild, but, more then I looked for, I haue happened on an honest aduocat to pleade my cause.' And therupon he carued me of the daintiest morsels of the Kid, and laid it on my trenchour ; whereof some was roste,²⁵ some was backt after the manner of mynced meate. With the Kidde was serued (in seuerall dyshes) some part of a wylde Boare, drest, after our Countrey fashion, with Larde, and in two other dyshes two payre of Pygeons, the one roasted, the other boyled. 'This wilde boare' (quoth the good man) 'was taken by a Gentle-³⁰ man, a friende and neighbor of ours, who often time participates the profit of his sports with my Son ; the Pigeons, them I haue from my owne Douehouse, and with these fewe haue we furnished a poore Supper ; as for Beefe and such like, I holde it rather a trouble to the stomach and the Table then a necessarie meate³⁵ for this contagious weather.' 'It suffiseth mee' (quoth I), 'if it bee not more then needes, to eate of two kinds of wilde flesh : and me thinks I haue supped with noble men to night, in whose time, wee reade, there was none other flesh eaten then Beefe, Porke, and Venizon and such like ; for the banquets of *Agamemnon*, as⁴⁰

we read in *Homer* (although, by the opinion of *Lucian*, they might deserue to haue old *Nestor* at the(m) almost as a *Parasite*), were not furnished with other viands. And the companions of *Vlisses* bare not so many mishaps and heates of the Sunne for the desire of Feisants or Partrich, but to feede vpon Beefe. *Virgil* likewise 5 inducith *Aeneas* that in *Affrick* slew seauen Harts; where, after the judgment of some, it shold haue beene some other thing, for in *Affrick* are no Harts bred; but in hauing regard to the conuenience and custome of Noblemens dyet, he faigned or forgat that which properlie is vsed and eaten in that prouince.¹⁰

'And wherefore' (quoth tfe olde man) 'did the Poets faigne that Noble men of their time did eate such kinde of flesh?' 'Because' (quoth I) 'they are of great nourishment, and they (as those that exercised themselues with much labour) had neede of great nourishment which Birds cannot yeelde, that are so 15 easilie digested: but the flesh of wild Beasts, although they be of great nourishment, yet are they wholesome because they be much exercised and stirring, and theyr fatte is farre more natuall then that of Swine, or other Beastes that fatteneth by the hande, for it is not so soone puft vp and fattened as those 20 Beasts that commonly are stald and foddered. Therefore it was aptly said of *Virgil*, speaking of *Aeneas* soldiours,

Implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferina(e)

And they are filled every one
With olde wine and fat venison.

25

'For they fedde therof at will without any noisome or superfluous fulness.' Heerewithall I held my peace, and the olde man began thus: 'The discourse that you haue made of Wine, and of the auncient times of Noble men, makes mee remember that which I haue hearde obserued of *Homer*, who euermore in praysing 30 Wine called it *Nigrum et dulce*, which two conditions, me thinks, are not very commendable; and so much the more it seemeth strange vnto me that he should giue Wine commendations of

Wines of the Eastern parts.
that sort, the more I haue obserued that the wines of *Leuant* which are brought ouer heere to vs are white of colour, as are the 35 *Malmesey*s and the *Romaine* wyne which I haue tasted of in *Venice*; without that, the wines which in the Kingdome of *Naples* are called *Grecian* wines, because they were made of the Grapes that grow in *Greece*, bee white, or rather, gold-coloured, as that

aboue all the rest is wherof we haue spoken. And those wines are more properlie white that are of the *Rheyne of Germanie*, and those others that growe in colde Countries where the Sunne hath not so much force as it can rypen Grapes before the time of 5 Grape-gathering, albeit happilie the manner of their making may also be the cause of their whitnes.'

Heere I aunswere that the Wines were termed sweete of *Homer* with that kind of *Metaphor* wherwith al things, either pleasing to the sences or acceptable to the minde, are required to be sweete. 'Howbeit, I denie not that perhaps he loued sweete Wines himselfe, which als^t most contenteth me; neither is this sweetnes of Wine vnplesant or hurtful but at some seasons: and the *Malmesey* (and) *Greeke* and *Romain* Wines wherof wee haue made mencion, all of them haue some kind of 15 sweetnes, which is neuerthelesse lost the older the Wine is; whereupon we reade:

Inger mi calices amariores.

Pray fill with bitter wines
These challices of mine.

20 'This was not because the Poet desired bitter Wyne (for there is none to whom bitternes is not vnplesant), but because olde Wine, loosing the sweetnes, yeeldeth that shaip and heddie taste which he calleth bitter; and I would so wishe you to vnderstande that it is called sweete of *Homer*, as it was called bitter by 25 *Catullus*: afterward *Homer* calleth it black, hauing reference to some particular Wine that was then in price as is nowe our *Lachrima*, which, though it bee prest from one selfe same Grape as the Wine of *Greece* is, hath yet a vermillion couller.' Hauing 30 aunswere thus, I tasted of a cup of delicat white Wine with my Mellons, and afterward, beeing begun to by him, I pledged him of a Cup of neate Claret wine, and, vpon interposition of some words, we ended our merry Supper. For the meate taken awaie, there was sette on the Table all sorts of fruite in great abundance, whereof when the old man had onely tasted, hee began thus to 35 reason.

'I haue many times hearde much quest(i)oning of the noblesse and varietie of seasons, and I haue seene two Letters that are extant to be reade, of *Mutius* the one, and the other of *Tasso*,

Which we
call redde
Wine.

wherein they contende of the woorthines betwixt Winter and Sommer, but me thinks no time may be compared to *Autumn*. For the Sommer with extreame heate, and the Winter with extreame colde, are otherwhile so intolleable, as we can neither
5 temperate the one with fruits nor the other with pastimes. and they are not onely a hynderaunce to the Mariner, who in the Winter is enforced to keepe the Hauen, to the trauailer, Souldier, and huntsman, who in Sommer are constrained to retyre them from the heate, raynes and tempests vnder the shade of a Tree,
10 or shroude of a Church, whether they first find—but to the house-keeper also, who without man^y inconueniences cannot haue the time so much as to surueigh his grounds. The one season, then, is full of labour and of sweat, neither enioyeth it the third part
15 of the fruite it bringeth forth for spoile of weather, wormes and windes. The other, slothfull and sleepie betwixt idlenes and eating, vniustly consummeth that which the labour of another time hath yielded. Which iniustice is indifferently to be noted by the difference betwixt the day and night. For in Winter the daie, which is most vnworthy, yeeldeth to the night, whereof it is
20 vnreasonable that it should be ouercome, and being short, colde, and cloudie it giveth not men conuenient time to worke or to contemplate. So that our operations and contemplations are enclozed with darknes and reserued to the night, a time nothing necessarie for the one nor other. For the sences that aie
25 ministers of vnderstanding cannot so entirely exercise their office in the night. In the Summer the daie becomes victor, and raigneth not like a Lord, but like an extreame Tirant that vsurpeth more then needes, leauing the night not so much time as that therein we may sufficiently restore our bodies resolued with
30 the exceeding heate and contagions of the day; of whose shortnes not onely the Louers (that would haue it long) were wont to lament, but the goodwife of the house also, who euen then that shee woulde nestle in the armes of her Husband, is by him forsaken and awaked.' And therwithall hee laughed so hartilie, looking vpon
35 his wife, that she blushing held downe her head, and he proceeded.
'These, if I be not beguiled, are the inconueniences and discomodities of the Winter and Sommer, whereof the Spring and *Autumn* are not to be touched, for they are fraught with millions of delights, and in their times the Sun (like a most indifferent
40 Gouernour) formeth the day and night of such equalitie, as the

one hath little cause to complaine of the other. But if wee wyll co(m)pare *Autumn* and the Spring togeather, we shall soone finde the springe so farre inferior to *Autumn* as hope is to effects, and floures to fruits, whereof *Autumn* most aboundeth of all other seasons. Besides that, whatsoeuer fruite Sommer hath brought forth endureth euen vntill then, and manie other hath *Autumn* only proper to his season, whereof as one especiall is Grape-gathering for the wine-presse, which is, or ought to bee, one of the cheefest cares the Housekeeper should haue; for, if hee be deceiued by his seruaunts in gathering of his Corne, he thereof 10 only feeles some losse and discymmoditie, but if in making of his Wines they practise neuer so little falsehood, he doth not only suffer the losse, but shame, when it happeneth that hauing honorable guests he cannot commende his Supper with good Wines, without which *Non solum frigescit Venus*, but all his meats 15 are mard that might be drest by the most excellent Cooke the Duke hath. Therefore I conclude that *Autumn* is the most noble and best season of the yeere, and that which is indeed most acceptable to the Housekeeper: and I remember I haue hearde my Father saie, who (if the troth reported of him may but 20 be beleeuued) was for naturall (and) *Morall Philosophie* and eloquent deuise more then meanelie learned, that in this season the world began, as indeede wee may assuredlie beleue it did.' 'That' (quoth I) 'hath beene the opinion of some Doctors of the *Hebrues*, and Christians of great account, which notwithstanding, 25 beeing no Article of our belief, euery manne may credite as he list. I, for my part, am one of them that hold the contrary, and it seemeth to me more likelie that (the world beginning, as it is supposed) it the(n) began about the Spring, which I will thus constraine my selfe to proue.

' You shall vnderstand that Heauen is round, and hath all his parts so vniforme as in it there can bee perceiued neither beginning nor ende, ryght nor left, vnder nor ouer, before nor behind, which are the sixe positions of place, vnesse it happilie be in respect onely of the motion, because that is the right side whereof the motion 35 hath his beginning; but because the motion of the Sunne goes against the *Primum mobile*, it may bee doubted whether these sixe differences of place ought chiefely to be taken according to the

21 and add. ed.; cf. 'della naturale e morale filosofia.' *Tasso*

motion of the *Primum mobile*, or according to the motion of the Sun. Neuerthelesse, forasmuch as all things contained in thys our variable and corruptible world chieflye depende vpon the motion of the Sunne, which is the cause of generation and of corruption, 5 and is indeede the father of all liuing things, it is requisite that the motion of the Sunne determine the 'differences of the place. According therefore to the motions of the Sun, our Pole is the higher which, according to the motion of the *Primum mobile*, shuld be the lower. This beeing thus, if we will seeke in what 10 season it is like the world began, we shal see it is most reasonable that it then began when the Sun remouing foregoes not, but aprocheth vs. Besides, it beginneth with generation, not with corruption, for according to the custome of nature things are first engendred and afterward corrupted: but the Sun remouing out of 15 *Aries*, it approcheth vnto vs, and there giueth beginning to the generation and engendering of thinges. It is likelye, then, that when the world began, the Sun was in *Aries*, which without doubt he shall see is so that diligently considereth what was said in *Platos Tymeus* of God the Father to those inferior Gods. True it 20 is that who so taketh the positions of place from the motion of the *Primum mobile*, it must followe that the Pole Antartick is the higher by Nature, and that the wold began in that season wherin the Sunne, remouing, approcheth neerer vnto our *Antipodes*, and beginneth generation in those parts of the other world that are 25 opposite to these: which who so graunteth, it would seeme more likely that the world began in the *Autumnal equinoctial* when the Sunne was in *Libra*; and yet it would follow that it began in the Spring, because this that is *Autumn* to vs is their Spungtime, in respect whereof, the beginning of the motion should be taken. 30 But the first opinion, as by naturall reason it is most likelie, so also may it be most commodiously consorted with perswasions For our worlde was dignified with the presence of the true Sonne of GOD, who made choyse to die in *Ierusalem*, which, according to the Cosmographicall dyscription of some, is in the midst of our 35 Hemysphere. Moreouer it was his will to dye in the Spring, of purpose to redeeme our humaine generation in that time wherein at first he had created it.' And heere I ceased, when the olde man, mooued with my speeches, beganne earnestlie to looke vpon me, and said.

40 'I haue entertained a greater guest then I expected, and you'

(quoth he) ‘are peraduenture one of those of whom the crye is come into our Countrey, who vpon some common fault are fallen into mis-fortunes, wherof you are as worthy to be pardoned (co(n)sidering your offence) as to be praised and admired for your speeches.’ ‘Report’ (quoth I), ‘that coulde not happily blazon mine estimation or sufficiencie whereof you are too courteous a commender, is now deriu’d from my misfortunes. But what or whosoeuer I may bee, I am one that speake more for truth sake then of hatred, dispraise of others, or superfluous conceit of mine opinions.’ ‘If you be such an one’ (quoth he), ‘for I will not search or pry into your state, yett cannot but be an indifferent and fit judge of a matter which my Father (loaden both with age and with experience) participated vnto me a fewe yeeres before his death, giuing vp the gouernment of his house and care of his familie to me.’ And whilst he thus spake, the Seruants tooke away, and the auncient Gentlewoman, giuing thanks, arose, and was attended by her Sonnes, who after a while returning, I beganne: ‘Syr, it shall be very acceptable vnto mee to heare the dyscourse your Father made vnto you, as you were in purpose to haue tolde me, but, because it would bee greeuous vnto me to harken thereunto with the dysease of those that are about vs, I beseech you commaund your Sons to sitte,’ who obeying the gentle commaunds of their father, the goed olde man began thus.

‘About that time that *Charles* the fift desposed his Monarchie, and withdrew himselfe from the worlde, as from a tempest, to contemplation and a quiet life, my good Father, beeing then threescore and tenne yeeres old, my selfe somewhat more then thirtie, called mee to him, and began to reason with me thus. “The deedes of greatest Kings, that turne the eyes of all the world vpon theyr actions, albeit that for their greatnes and magnificence it seemes they can haue no proportion of comparison with priuat men, neuerthelesse they mooue vs now and then with the authority of theyr examples to imitate them in such sort as we behold the prouidence of our almighty God followed by Nature, not onlie in man, a reasonable creature whose dignity doth come so neere the Angels, but also in the industrie of other little creatures. Whereby it should not seeme so strange to vs if now that *Charles* the fift, that thrise renowned Emperor, hath thus deposed and discharged him of the weight of his so famous Monarchie, I also thinke by his example to disgrace me of this

petit gouernment of houshold, which to my priuat personne is no lesse then is his Empire to his Maiestie. But first, before I shall surrender this that rather appertaines to thee then to thy Brother, as well in that thou art his elder as also more enclind to husbandry (a thing most needful and appropriate to housekeeping), I will so instructe thee touching things belonging to good gouernment as I was taught not long since of my Father, who, sprung of simple parentage, and heyre of a small patrimonie, with industrie, sparing, and good husbandry did much augment it, which hath not beene deteriorated since by mee, but twice as much encreased since my father left it. Howbeit if I haue not looked to my husbandry with so great care, nor liued so sparingly as he prescribed, neuerthelesse (let me boldly say thus much^{to} to thee, my Son) the knowledge that I had touching the nature of things, and fellowship of the worlde more then he, hath beene the cause that I with little more expence haue easely accomplisht what he (being vnlettered and not experimented in the world) did hardly compasse with much sparing, and with exceeding toyle euen of his owne person.

Now, to begin, I say thus· that the care of a good householder is deuided into two thinges, that is his body and hys goods. In his personne he is to exercise three offices, viz. of a *Father*, a *Husband*, and a *Maistér*. In his goods two purposes are proposed, *Conservacion* and *Encrease*, touching euery of which I will particularly reason; and first of hys body rather then hys goods, because the care of reasonable thinges is more woorth then that of things vnreasonable.

The good Housekeeper, then, ought principally to haue care in choosing of his wife, with whom hee must sustaine the persone of a Husbande, which happily is termed by a tylle more effectuall, *Consort*: for the Husband and the wyfe ought indeed to be companions and consorts of one selfe fortune; all the good and all the euill incident to life ought by them to be common and indifferently sustained. In such sort as the soule communicateth her operations with the bodie, and the body with the soule, so that when any part of the bodie grieueth vs the mind can hardly be content, and vpon the malcontentment of the minde followes the infirmities or weakenes of the bodie: so shoulde the Husband lament the sorrowes of the Wife, and the Wife the troubles of the Husband. And the like communitie shoulde be in all offices and

all operations. And so much is that coniunction that the man hath with the Wife like to that which the body hath with the soule, as not without reason the name of Consort or Felow is to be attributed to the Husband and the Wife, as to the Soule it hath beene heretofore attributed. Forasmuch as *Petrarch*, reasoning of the 5 soule, saith :

L'errante mra Consortie.

My wandering Companion.

“In imitation perhaps of *Dante*, who in his *Canzonet of Noblesse* said that the soule was espoused to the bodie. Albeit, for some 10 other respect, it ought rather to bee resembled to the Husband then the wife. And euen as after that the bande that tyes the body and the soule togeather is disceuered, it seemeth not that the soule can bee conioynd with any other body (wherfore foolish is that opinion of some that imagined the soule did passe from 15 one vnto another, as dooth the Pilgrim passing from one lodging to another), so shoulde it seeme conuenient then that woman or man, that haue beene diuorced by death from that first band of Matrimonie, ought not to be knit vnto a second. Nor without great admiration should *Dydo* have continued her vnwillingnes 20 of hauing a second husbande, who speaketh thus in the book of *Virgils Aeneidos*:

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Ante, pudor, quam te violam aut tua uera resoluam.
Ille meos, primus qui me sibi iunxit, Amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum seruetque sepulchro.

25

First wold I that the parched earth did rive and raught me in, Or that th' almighty would with lightning drive me to the deepe; Ere I to lose or violate my chastity beginne. 30 He hath my loue that first had me; (interd) he his shal keepe.

“Notwithstanding, forasmuch as custome and the Lawes dyspence with them in this, the woman, as well as the man, may without shame vndertake the second Marriage, especially if they doo it for desire of succession, a desire most naturall in all 35 reasonable creatures; but happier are they that haue but once in all theyr life beene tyed with that band.

“Howe much the greater then and straighter the coniunction

is of the husbande and the Wife, so much the more ought euery one prouide to be indifferently matched ; and truely this equality of marriage is in two speciall things to be considered—Estate and Age. For as two Palfreys or two Oxen of vnequall stature
5 cannot be coupled vnder one selfe yoake, so a noble woman matching with a man of base estate, or, contrarily, a Gentleman with a Begger, cannot be consorted well vnder the bands of wedlock. But when it happeneth yet that, by some accident of Fortune,
10 a man marrieth a woman of so high a birth, hee ought (not forgetting that he is her husband) more honor and esteeme of her then of his equall or of one of nearer parentage, and not only to account her his companion in loue and in his life, but (in dyuers actions of publique aparance) holde her his superior. Which honor is not yet accompanied with reuerence as is that
15 which for manner sake wee are wont to doe to others. And she ought to consider that no distinction of nobilitie can be so great but that the league which Nature hathordeined betwixt men and women farre exceedeth it, for by Nature woman was made mans subiect. But if a man shal take to wyfe an inferior or meane
20 woman, he also ought to weygh that Matrimonie maketh equall many differences, and, further, that he hath not taken her for a slauie or seruaunt, but for a fellow and companion of his life. And thus touching the estate of man and wife, let this suffice.

“Nowe passing to the age, I say that the Husband prouide
25 to choose his wife rather yong then olde, not onelie because a woman is more apt to child-bearing in youth the(n) otherwise, but because (according to the testimony of *Hesiodus*) she can better receiue and retaine all formes of customes and conditions wherewith it shall content her Husband to commend her. And
30 for this, that the life of a woman is conscribd and ordinarily concluded in lesser tyme then Mans, and sooner waxeth olde, as one in whom naturall heate is not apportioned vnto superfluous moisture, the man ought to excede the woman so many yeeres, as the beginning of the ones age match not with the others, so
35 that one of them before the other become vnable and vnfitt for generation. Now if it happen that the Husband take a wife with these conditions, he shall furthermore easily exercise in her that superioritie that hath been graunted vnto man by Nature, where otherwise it often commeth to passe that he shal find her
40 so exceeding waiward, crabbed and disobedient, that where he

thought hee made his choyse of a companion that shold helpe to lighten and exonerat that ponderous and heauie loade which our humanity affordeth, he findes he is nowe matcht and fallen into the handes of a perpetuall enemie, who euermore none otherwise impugneth and resisteth him then our immoderate desires that 5 in our minds so much oppose themselues to reason: for such is woman in respecte of man as is desire in comparison of vnderstanding; and euen as desire (which of it selfe is vnreasonable) is, by obeying to vnderstanding, formed and beautified with many faire and necessary vertues, so a woman that conformes her selfe 10 to her Husband is adorned with those vertues wherof by being obstinat she continueth unfurnished. It is then a vertue in a woman to knowe howe to honor and obey her husband, not as a Seruant doth his Maister, or the bodye the mind, but ciuilly and in such sort as we see the Cittizens in wel gouerned Citties obey 15 the Lawes, and reuerence their Magistrates; or so as in our soules, wherein as wel the well dysposed powers as the orders of the Cittizens within their Citties compell affections to be subiect vnto reason. And heerein it hath beene conuenientlyordeined of Nature; for being needful that in the fellowship of 20 ma(n) and wife the offices and dueties should be diuers, and the operations of the one varying from the others, it is conuenient also that their vertues should be diuers.

“The vertues proper to man are *Wisedome, Fortitude, and Liberalitie*: To woman, *Modestie and Chastitie*; wherwith both 25 the one and the other of them may very well perform those operations that are requisite: but albeit *Chastitie or Shamefastnes* be not properly the vertues of a man, yet ought a good Husband to offend the league of Matrimonie as little as he possibly may, and not to be so incontinent as (beeing absent for a season from 30 his wife) he cannot abstaine from pleasures of the flesh; for if hee himselfe doo not first violate the bandes by so defiling of the marriage bedde, he shall doubtles much confirme the womans chastitie, who by nature libidinous, and no lesse inclined to veneerie then man, onely by shame, loue, or feare may not be 35 withdrawn from breaking of her faith vnto her Husbande.

“Amongst which three affectio(n)s *Feare* is as worthy of praise as blame, where the other two are indeede most commendable. And therefore not without great reason was it said of *Aristotle* that *Shamefastnes*, which merits no praise in a man, is most 40

praise worthy in a woman: and his Daughter very excellently approues that no colour better graceth or adornes a womans cheeke than that which shamefastnes depainteth; which increaseth and draweth as earnest loue and desire of others to them, as happily those other artificiall Oyles and dawbings which 5 they vse decreaseth and with draweth from them, beeing in deede fitter for vizards, pageants, and poppets then wholesome, handsome, or toothsome. And truely as a woman of discretion will in no wise marre her naturall co(m)plexion, to recouer it with slime or artificiall coullered trash, so ought the husband 10 in no sort to be consenting to such follies. But because it behoueth the rule and authoritie of the Husband to be moderate in those things chiefly which appertaine to women, which, for that they are receiued and kept of custome, can not bee condemnd as arguments of much vnshamefastnes, he can practise no 15 way better to dyswade her from such muddy making faire her face then with shewing himselfe a hater, contemner, and carelesse of those that are faire with that filthy spunging, proigning, painting, and polishing themselves. As for women desirous to seeme faire to please others I cannot say; but of honest women 20 desirous to content their Husbands I may boldly speake, that at such time as they shall see their tricking vp their selues with Die and suche like filth pleaseth not their husbands eyes, they, I know, of modestie and loue will suddainly forbeare it. Much more easie to be entreated should the husbande be in graunting 25 her those things whereof her bodie with conuenient ornaments should be sufficiently apparelled, for albeit superfluous pompe be fitter for a stage or Theater then the person of an honest Matron, notwithstanding herein much may be attributed to vse, neyther should a womans fantasie so sharplie be offended, con- 30 sidering that by nature shee is so desirous to adorne and beautifie her bodie. For albeit we see that Nature in other creatures hath effected that the bodies of the Male be more adorned then the Females (as the Hart with his fayre and bushie braunched hornes, the princely Lyon with his proude and feltred locks 35 which the Females neuer haue), and hath embroidered the Peacockes taile with more variety of colours then those of theyr Hens, neuerthelesse wee may perceiue that in the shape of man

Ouid De
med facci
Certus a-
mor mo-
ru(m) est;
tormam
populabi-
tui aetas

she hath had more regard to the beauty of the Female then the Male. For the flesh of women, as it is more soft and daintie, so are they ordinarielie more desired to be gazed on, neyther are their faces shadowed with beards, which albeit they becom
5 men, beeing proper vnto vs, yet can we not deny but that the countenaunces of youthes, vppon whose faces hayre neuer came, are fayrer and farre more louely then those of bearded men. And *Loue* by the iudicall figures of antiquitie hath beene portraied like a Boy; so *Bacchus*, so *Apollo*, who of all the
10 other Gods were most fayre, were deciphered without beards, but with long curled locks trussed^{up} in tresses; whereupon the Poets call him *Phoebus* with these *Epythetons* almost co(n)tinually,
Non tosato o chiomato. But hayre (which is a great orname(n)t Vnkempt
of Nature) groweth not so hastilie vppon a man nor so soft
15 and fine as vppon women, who delight in theyr hayre as Trees
doo in theyr leaues; and therefore at the death of theyr
husbands spoyling and disrobing themselues of all theyr other
ornaments, they vse yet in some place of *Italie* to cut away
theyr hayre, which also was an auncient custome, as we read of
20 *Hellen* in *Euripides*. How much the more regard then Nature
hath had to the beauty of women, so much the more conuenient
it is that they account of it, and maintaine the same with comely
ornaments.

“ Wherefore when thou shalt take a wife, such an one as I
25 desire thou maist haue, fayre, yong, equall in estate with thee,
modest, discreet, courteous, and brought vp in good discipline
vnder the education of a graue Matron and wise mother, how
much the more she shall content thee, so much the more thou
shouldest contend not to discontent her. Wherein thou oughtest
30 not onely giue consent that she may goe apparelled as others
of her calling doo—not restraining her from going to feasts and
other publique shewes where other honest women and those of
credit doo assemble, nor on the other side to giue her the bridle
of libertie so much that she be forwarde with the first at all
35 dauncings, Comedies, and other such assemblies—but also not
to forbid her those honest recreations and desires which are as
incident to youth as flowrs to the Spring time, least she hate or
feare thee with the dread wherewith base slaues or seruaunts are
kept vnder by theyr Maisters; nor yet to be so easily induced to
40 watch or follow her as she thereby become so bold and hardy that

she lay aside honest shame (a decent thing in honest wome(n)), which also is a kind of feare distinguished from seruile base feare, and is as easily accompanied with loue as seruile feare with hate. And of this feare, which more properly is tearmed shamefastnes or reuerence, spake *Homer*, saying :

O my beloved father in law whom I have hourelly feard

“ Neither should he onely cause or procure shamefastnes in all her actions and busines of her life, but also in her entertainment and embracings, for the Husband commeth not with those prophanie and superstitious cleppings as the delicate and wanton Louer doth, which maketh me the lesse to meruaile that the kysses of *Bell' ingannus* Paramour seemed sweeter to her then her husbandes: albeit I beleue that there was neuer greater sweet in loue then that which moderatly springs of honest Matrimonie. And I could compare the embracings of the Husbande and the Wife to the temperate suppers of well dieted men, wherein they taste no lesse commodity of the meats then the most incontinent and surfeiting co(m)panion, but hapely so much the more by how much more their sences (ruld by reason) are vpright Judges of theyr opposites and indigested contraries. Neither will I yet desist in this mine enterprise. For when *Homer* faigned that *Juno*, taking away *Venus* garter, went to seeke her Husband on the Mount of *Ida*, and hauing enticed hym with loue and louely termes and amorous games,

25 *Lay down with him vpo(n) the grasse al couered with a clowde.*

he meant none otherwise but this, that she taking vpon her the person of a Louer, and depositing the habit of a Wife, went to seeke *Jupiter*. For the faire wordes, pleasing fashyons, and daintie whispering speech, that she had taken wyth the garter from *Venus*, were things more beseeming a Louer then a Wife: wherefore it was conuenient that, beeing ashamed of her selfe, a Clowde shoulde bee sent to hide her. And when he saith *Ioue* had not the(n) so much desire towards her as before when he first tooke her to his Wife, it giueth vs to vnderstand that married women are not forbidde for a little while to represent the person of yong Louers; which, notwithstanding, she must speedilie reforme, because it is most vnseemlie in them that (as a Father or Mother, Maister or Maistres of a house) desire to rule theyr family wyth honest and enterchaungable loue which ought to bee twixt man and wife,

who are also to liue vnder the lawes of Matrimonie. For if a man, hauing an vicious or vnchaste wife, should presently kyll her, or in some other sort but punish her according to the Lawes, he may be happily employed better in some other action ; which to es-
5 chew (taking a wyfe of our decipering) he shall neuer neede to be aduertised by vs.

“ Now proceeding to the education of Children, the care of them should be deuided so betweene the Father and the Mother as she may nurse and he may teache them : for the mother ought not to
10 deny her milke to her owne Children, vnesse she be preuented or forbidden by infirmitie, forasmuch as that first and tender age of infancie, apt to be molded of any fashion, oftentimes with the milke sucketh the conditions of the Nursse. Besides, if the mylke altered not the bodies and consequently the manners of yong
15 sucklings, the Nurses shoulde not be so narrowly forbidde the often vse of wynes ; but the Nurses beeing ordinary base persons, it followes that the first nourishment which the little ones receiue of them cannot be so gentle or so delicate as the Mothers, so that who so denieth the nursing of her child in some sort denies to be
20 the mother of it, because the Mother is chieflie knowne and commended by the bringing of her children vp.

“ But that first age past ouer that is nourished with milk, the little ones doo yet continue in their Mothers custodie, who are vsed to be so kind and tender ouer them as oftentimes they bring
25 them vp too delicatly. For which the Father is commaued to prouide this reamedy : that, forasmuch as that first age abounds in naturall heate, he accustome them to cold ; for restraining the naturall heate within, and causing that which the Philosophers call *Antiperistasis*, the complexion of the child becommeth strong
30 and lustie. And it was the manner of some nations, and especially those of *Aquitain* and thereabouts, as we read in *Aristotle*, to wash their newe borne Children in the Riuers, to indurat and harden them against the cold, which custome is by *Virgil* attributed to the *Latinis*, as it is to be noted in these verses :

35

*Durum a stirpe genus, natos ad flumina primum
Deferimus, saeuoque gelu duramus et vndis.
Venatu inuigilant pueri, sylvasque fatigant;
Flectere ludus equos, et spicula tendere cornu.*

Antiperi-
stasis,
where heate
expels cold,
or cold ex-
pulses
heate ; it is
applied to
well water,
which is
therefore
cold in
winter be-
cause, the

lygh parts
of the ayre
being cold,
the heate
withdraw-
eth to the
lowerparts.

A painful people by our byrth, for first our babes we bring,
Like vs to be inurd to cold, and plundge them in the spring :
But bigger growne, they tende the chase, and tire the woods, to frame
Their horses fit for seruice and their archery for aime.

“ “ Which custome as I commende not, because to vs that haue 5
not vsed it it seemes extreame, so yet I thinke good to aduise
thee that, if it shall please God to giue thee Children, thou doo
not bring them vp vnder so soft and easie discipline as they
become such milke sops as were those Phrygians, of whom the
same Poet in that same booke of his *Aeneidos* maketh mention : 10

Vobis picta croco et fulgenti murice vestis....
Et tunicae manicas, et habent sedimicula mitrae.
O vere Phrygaea (neque enim Phryges), ite per alta
Dindyma, ubi assuetis biforem dat tibia cantum.
Tympana vos buxusque vocal(n)t Berecyntia matris
Idaeae; Sinite arma viris, et cedite ferro. 15

Your robes are dyed with Saffron and with glistring purple buds,
Your cote hath mittins, and your high Priests hats are made like hoods.
O Phrygia in deede (nor Phrygians yet), scale you high Ida hyl,
Where trumpets eccho clang to those that of the custome skyll ; 20
Cebiles Berecyntian pypes and Tymberils, you see,
Do call you thence; leue armour then to such as Souldiers be.

Whom (me thinks) at this day they of some Citties in *Lombardy*
are like, for if any there be valiant, many of the Phrygians also
were couragious. Nor would I yet that thou sholdest bring them 25
vp so hardly or seuerely as the Lacedemonians were accustomed,
or as *Achylles* of *Chyro* was. I would not (I say) that thou
sholdest bring the(m) vp so fiercely, for such an education
makes the(m) rather wilde and sauadge, which though the
Lacedemonians reputed fitting for a noble man, yet was not 30
Achilles such an one in his conditions as others of our time
need to propose him or his behauour for theyr example.

“ “ Thy priuate estate requires that so thou teach and bring vp
thy Children as they may become good members of the Cittie
where thy selfe inhabitest, or they shall dwel, good seruitors and 35
subiects to their Prince, which, in theyr trades if they be Mer-
chaunts, in good letters if they bee learned, and in wares if they
be able, they may shew themselues. Neither shall thy Children
be vnfurnished of all or one of these professions, if thou see that

they become not wewish and of a womanish, effeminate complexion, but of a strong and manlie constitution, and that they exercise themselues in practise of the mind and body, al alike or both togeather. But because al this part of education and bringing vp of Children is, or ought to be, in a manner the care of a Father 5 and good Housekeeper, because it is wholie pollitique that should prescribe an order to the Father, howe he is to educate and bring vp his Children, to the ende that the Citties discipline may conforme and be agreeable therewith—I will lay a part this argument, or at least dysioyne it from the rest which I will speake of 10 housekeeping ; and it shall suffice me soly to aduise and counsell that thou bring them vpp in the feare and loue of God, honor of their Parents, and in their Princes seruice and obedience, and that they be continually exercised in those most commendable practises of mind and body as become them, and may better 15 their estate with praise and honesty.

“ We haue now spoken so much as hath beene conuenient for thee to doo in the person of a Husband and a Father; eftsoones it remaineth that we come to the consideration of the third person, I meane, that of a Gouernour or Maister, terme it as you 20 list, which soly hath relation to the seruant. And if we shall giue credite to antiquities written of housekeeping and gouernment of families, the Maister ought to holde them satisfied with labor, victuall, and chastisement, and to keepe them exercised in obedience. But forasmuch as theyr Seruaunts in olde times were slaues 25 taken in warres, and afterward called seruaunts *a seruando* (for that they were preserud from death), and are at this day for the most part manumitted and enfranchized, meethinks this laijter part of *chastisement* might well be left, as nothing requisite for our times or customes (except percase in those partes where slaues 30 yet serue); and in steede thereof the Maister to giue them admonition, which should not be such neyther, as is vsed by the father to the son, but compleat and vttered with more austertie and signiorising termes ; and if that will not serue, to suffer the disobedient, stifnecked, and vnprofitable seruant to depart, and 35 to prouide himselfe of one that better may content him. And yet one thing hath beene forgotten of those men of elder times, which was not conuenient for slaues, but not onely fitting, but most needful for freemen, and this is sallarie or wages. With wages, meate, work, and admonition, them the Housekeeper shall 40

so gouerne hys familie as they shall rest content of him, and he
be satisfied of their labour. But because (albeit the Lawes and
vsages of men are variable and diuers, as wee see perteinently in
this of seruaunts, who for the greater number are at thys day free-
5 men) yet forasmuch as the Lawes and dyfferences of Nature are
not chaunged either by alteration of time or variety of customes,
whatsoever others saye, thou art thus to vnderstand, that this
distinction of *Soueraigne*, *Ruler*, *Gouernour*, or *Maister*, is first
founded vpon Nature, for some are naturally borne to commande,
10 and others to obey. And hee that is borne to obey, were hee of
the Kings blode, is neuerthelesse a seruaunt, though he be not
so reputed; because the people that onely haue regarde to exterior
things iudge none otherwise of the conditions of men then they
doo in Tragedies of him they call the King, who, apparrelled in
15 Purple and glistering all in Golde and precious stones, represents
the person of *Agamemnon*, *Atreus*, or *Etheocles*; where if he
chaunce to faile in action, co(m)lines, or vtteraunce, they doe
not yet derogat from his olde title, but they say *The King hath
not playde his part well*. Likewise he that represents the person of
20 a nobleman, or Gentleman, that in this life (which is a Theater of
the world) hath beene deposed or bereft of his dignitie, he shall
neuerthelesse be called the Noble or the Gentleman stil, though
he be happily *Dauus*, *Syrus*, or *Geta*. But when it happeneth
that some one is found, not onely seruile in condition and of
25 fortune, but base of mind, grosse of vnderstanding, and, as
Petrarch sayth, *Nudo di iudicio e pouero d' argomento* (*Naked of
judgment, and poore of argument*), as the greater number are, he
may be properly termed a Seruaunt; and of him and such like
the good Housekeeper (that woulde haue such persons serue him
30 as he might commaund with reason) may well furnish his house,
seeking no further vertue in them then that they may be capable
of his commaundements, and execute them willingly; wherein
they differ from Horses, Mules, and other Beastes whom Nature
hath also framed apt to learne, and to be ruled, tamed, and guided
35 by man, for they in the absence of their Maisters record the
things commaunded, which these no longer knowe then they are
learned, or scarce performe euen when they are commaunded.
So that a seruaunt may be called *Animal rationale, a Reasonable
Creature*, by participation, euen as the *Moone* and the *Starres*
40 receiue light by participation with the sunne, or as mens appetites

by participation with the light of vnderstanding become reasonable : for as our appetites receyue within themselues the forme of that vertue which reason hath imprinted in them, so doth the seruaunt ieserue the forme of those impressions whatsoeuer commaunded or required in him by his Maister, and of them and 5 of theyr Maister sometimes may be sayde as *Petrarch*, speaking of himselfe and *Laura*, reasoneth :

*Si che son fatto uom ligio
Di lei, ch' alto vestigio
M' impresse al core e fece 'l suo simile.*

10

So that I see I am become hir tiege man and hir thrall,
That made impressions in my hart, and printed hyrs withall.

“ And because the authority of *Hesiodus*, that auncient Poet, shall not beguile thee, who, reckoning vp the properties of house-keeping, placed the Oxe instede of the seruaunt, I wil thou 15 vnderstand more properlie that the manner wherwith seruaunts are gouerned differeth much from that wherwith we gouerne Beasts. For that enstruction or kinde of teaching Beastes is not discipline, but an vse and custome dissonant and segregat from reason, not vnlike as the right hande holdeth and disposeth any sort of weapon 20 better then the left, albeit there is no more reason in it then in the other. But the mind also of Seruaunts is accompanied with reason, and may become discipline, as is that of Children ; wherfore they speake without sence and conjecture vnreasonable that rob and reaue their Seruaunts of the vse of reason : con- 25 sidering it is no lesse needful for them then Children but more peraduenture, they hauing alreadye so much temperaunce and strength as not only serueth to defend the(m)selues, but to rescue many times and assist their Maisters, in the perill of some ciuill broyle or other troubles that may often betide them. And 30 therefore was it well sayde of that Thoscan Poet :

Ch' innanzi a buon signor fa seruo forte.

Before his maister, whom he likes,
The sturdy seruaunt stoutly strikes.

“ And not without cause were *Mylos* seruaunts commended so 35 by *Cicerio* in his Oration *pro Milone*, and all those others of whom we reade some memorable matters in *Valerius Maximus*, with

many more, whose examples, if I should but practise to recount, I should soone forget my purpose—that *Seruaunts are properly those that are borne to obey*, who therfore are not capable of any office within the Cittie because they want vertue, whereof they
5 taste but barely so much as onely makes them apt and ready to obey. But if thou hast perused Histories, and redd of that moste perillous conflict amongst the *Romains* which they called *Cyull warre*, because it was begunne and stirred vp by seruaunts, and likewise in our time of the Armies which the *Soldane* gathered
10 of slaues; and at this day of those feareful Hostes which the great Turke mustereth, and for the most part maketh of the like: thou shalt then record and bring to mind our plain distinction that absolutely will resolute thee, and discharge the greatest doubt thou canst imagine—*manie are seruaunts by*
15 *Fortune that are free by Nature*. And it is not to be meruailed at that many cruell conflicts and daungerous warres are caused and continued by such as these. Howbeit it is a great argument of basenes that seruile *fortune* can engender seruile euils in a gentle mind. And yet, for instance, I remember an example
20 of the Scythians worth while the noting, who hauing assembled an Armie of me(n) against theyr seruants that had then rebelled, knowing none other meane or policy to pacifie or put the(m) down, they aduisde to carry with them to the field (besides their weapons) many whips and bastonadoes, which (making them
25 remember the strypes and strokes that in theyr seruitude they had receiued) put them presently to flight.

“But returning to those Seruaunts whereof a house or familie in deede should be composed or furnished, I cannot commend those that are neither fitte for warre in mind nor body, but such
30 as are of strong complexion, fit for labor, countrey busines, and household exercise. These would I deuide into two formes, the one vnder the other, as the one of superintendents, surueighors, or work-maisters, the other of workmen. The first shall be the stewarde to whom by the Maister of the house should the hous-
35 holde care bee commended. The next, to whom the busines of the stable and of horses should be gyuen, as in great houses it hath beene accustomed. The thyrd, the Baylieffe, to whom the Toun affaires belong and are committed. The others shall bee such inferiours as shall be controld, and at commaundment of
40 those higher officers.

“But forasmuch as our fortune hath not gyuen vs that wealth whereby we should expect to haue our houses so distinguisched and multiplyed with offyccers, it shal suffise thee to prouide one for all, that may be Stewarde, Horsekeeper, and Bailieffe, and him commaunde the rest, that are thy Hyndes and meaner seruaunts, 5 to obey: gyuing euery one hys sallary or day wages, more or lesse as in theyr labours they deserue: ordeyring victuall for them, for as they may rather haue too much then want. Howbeit yet thou art to feede thy Seruaunts with some other meate then such as shall be set vpon thyne owne boorde, where dysdayne not nowe 10 and than to see such grosse or hōly kind of fare as according to the season shall be happilye purueighed or prouided for thy seruaunts, to the ende that they, seeing thyselfe somtimes vouchsafe to taste therof, may the more willinglye be satisfied therw^(ith); amongst which, those relicts and fragme(n)ts of 15 that finer fare that shall be taken from thy Table may be serued, still hauing some respect to the estate and desert of euery one. But because a family well fedde and truely paid may with idlenes and ease become pestilent, breeding euill thoughts, and bringing forth worse works—not vnlike those 20 Pooles and standing waters, which (hauing no recourse) putrifie the good and engender naughtie Fish—thy cheefe care and the duetie of thy Steward shall be thys, to keepe eurie one particulerlie exercised in his particuler office, and generallie all, in such busines as thou canst not seuerallie set them to. For 25 euerie thing that belongs to the keeping of a house cannot necessarily bee doone by him that hath another charge: the Stewarde he must purueigh the meates; the Chamberlaine make the bedds and brush; the Horsekeeper rubbe the horses and clese the stable; and consequently euery other otherwise be 30 occupied. The carefull Steward or surueighor of the house should therefore (wyth dyscretion) dispose the works that are or cannot be deuided or distributed, nowe to one, nowe to another; but, aboue the rest, to haue a speciall care that in the house, Cortes, Tables, or Coffers, be no vncleanes, filth, 35 or Rubbishe, but that the very walles and pauements, lofts and sellers, Harnes and implements of houshold, maie bee pollished and kept so cleane, that (as we terme it) it may shine like Siluer, or looke as bright as Christall. For cleanliness is not onelie pleasing or delightfull to beholde, but adioyneth worth, and 40

bettereth things by Nature base and filthie, as continuallie beastlines and filth corrupt, disgrace, and spoile thinges otherwise of value and account: besides, Cleanlines increaseth and preserueth the health, as much as sluttishness annoyeth and impayreth it. Nay, what more is, euery seruant should per-
ticulerlie haue such care of scōwring and keeping cleane those tooles and instruments he works withall, and that belong vnto his office, as the Souldiour hath to see his weapons to be bright; for such are, is, or should be euery toole to him that hath the exercise thereof, as are the weapons which the Souldiour vseth: whereupon *Petrarch*, speaking of the Ploughman, writeth thus:

L'auaro Zappator l' armi riprende.

The Ploughman takes his weapons once againe.

" " After the imitation of *Virgil*, who, before he had called those instruments weapons; which the Countreymen did vse, wrote thus: 15

Dicendum et quae sint duris agrestibus arma

And tel the weapo(n)s wherwithal the sturdy clownes ca(n) work.

" " And where also he termes the Bakers instruments weapons :

Tum Cererem corruptam vndis, cerealiaque arma

Expediunt fessi rerum.

Aeneid,
I. lib. 2

20

Then run the weary forth to fetch the watrie, rotten Corne,
And baking weapon.s, &c.

" " But because it sometime happeneth that one is too much charged with labor, and another hath more day then work, one should so helpe another as wee see by vse in our owne bodies; 25 when the one leg is weary we can rest it on the other, or when the right hand is ouer labored, we can ease it wyth the left; and when entercourse of loue and courtesie entreats not thus amongst them, then shoulde the Maister himselfe commaund the negligent and vnprofitable Seruant to help and ease the weary and the well 30 imployed.

" " But aboue all, me thinks, the *Charitie* of Maisters and loue of Seruants to their fellowes in their sicknes is especiallie to be vsd and shewn, at which time the sicke are to be seuerally lodged from the whole, and nourished with more choise and 35 daintie meate: nor shoulde the Maister of the house dysdaine, or shew himselfe so scornful or vnkind as not to visite them; for if

bruite beasts reioyce to see their Maisters cheerish them, as we may dailie see in dogs, how much more may we beleue that men and reasonable creatures are comforted therwith? Wherupon it comes to passe that good seruants, liking and affecting of their Maisters, vnderstand the(m) at a beck, and obey them at a winck 5 of the eye, or bent of the brow, not as a water-spaniel, But as the hand is stirred to obey the mind, so prompt and ready is the seruant to obey his Maister. For as the hand is said to be *The instrument of instruments*, being it (indeede) that serues to feede, apparrell, and keepe cleane the rest of the limns, which are also 10 called instruments, so is the Seruant said to bee an instrument of instruments, because he keepeth all the instruments of houshold occupied not only to liue, but to liue wel, wherin he differeth from all the other instruments. For where they are *Inanima*, things without soule, he is *Animatus*, and diuinelie is enriched with 15 a soule; and heerein differeth from the hand for that the hand is fastned and vnited to the bodie, but he seperate and disioyned from his Maister, and is also different fro(m) Artificers, for *Artificers are Instruments of those things which properly they call workmanship*; but the Seruaunt is *Instrument of the action*, which 20 also is distinguished from workmanship. So that the seruaunt, if you will rightly vnderstand him, is *Animatum actionis et Instrumentum separabile, A lively and several instrument of action*. But forasmuch as of actions, some are placed in care of families and housholde busines, some stretch further and extend to ciuil 25 administration, there are some Gentlemen (amongst who(m) I wish thee to be numbred) that vse to keepe a youth who in theyr ciuill gouernment doth seme to write and mannedge some of their affaires, and him they call theyr Clerke; but these doo farre differ from the other, considering that for the most part 30 they are or ought to be not of seruile or materiall witt, but capable of fashions, or apt to studie or contemplat; and betwixt them and their Maisters can be properly no seruitude or signiority, but rather that kind of friendship which by *Aristotle* is applied in the highest. Albeit in those good worldes of the Romaine Com- 35 mon wealth these were taken fro(m) that number of other seruants, and such an one was *Terence*, the wryter of Comedie, who was so familiar with *Lelius* and *Scipio* as it is thought there is somewhat of theyr doonings in his works. The like was *Tyro* (of whom are many Letters extant that were written by *Tullie*), who 40

beeing an excellent *Grammarien*, was also a most diligent obseruer of some little things whereof *Cicero* was rather a dysprayser then ignoraunt. But because that vse of seruice as wee talkt of is (at this day) vtterly extinguished betwixt Maisters and 5 Seruants of such singularity, those lawes of friendship ought to be obserued and maintained in more high degree. And heereupon was that Treatise of vnder officers (especially) writte(n) by *Signior Giovanni della Casa*, which (for that thou art desirous to peruse his workes) I knowe must many times be redd and redd again by 10 thee; I will therefore particularize none, but refer thee to the booke.

“ And nowe because we haue sufficiently spoken (though not so much as you desire) touching the regard of the person, for that our speeche hath reference as well to Maydens as men Seruaunts, 15 and because there hath beene nothing left out that belongeth to a Husband, a Maister, or a Housekeeper, I thinke it requisite to come to that which we deuised and deuided for the second part of our discourse, that is of *Wealth* or *substance*, wherein we wil effectually make mention of the duetie of a Huswife and of 20 womens busines. The care of *wealth* or *substance*, as we said before, is employed to *Conseruation* and *Encrease*, and is deuided betwixt the Master and Mistresse, because the encrease is as proper to the Maister as the keeping to the Mistresse; howbeit to him that particularly considereth the care of the encrease it is 25 proper to the Maister, and the other common, whatsoeuer others heeretofore haue spoke(n) to this purpose. But forasmuch as nothing can be encreased that is not first and wholy kept togeather, the Housekeeper that is desirous to preserue his wealth should particularly know the quallitie and quantity of his reuenues 30 and expences, wherewith he is to keepe his house, and to mainaine his family with credit, and (measuring the manner of his reuenewes with the issue of his charges) so to liue as his expence may prooue the least; making that proportion with his cominges in as *fourre* to *eight*, or *sixe* at least, for he that spends as much as 35 he receiuies of his possessions cannot recouer those losses which by chaunce or Fortune may betide him (as by fires, tempests, inundations, and other such) nor supply the necessity of some expence which (beeing accidental) cannot be prouided for. Furthermore (to be certified of his substance and the value of 40 his riches) it behooues that he himself haue seene and measured

his possessions, euen with those compasses which gaue begining to *Geometry* in *Egypt*: which, though they be diuers according to the variety of Countreys, is (notwithstanding) no occasion of *substantiall difference*. It also behoueth that he knowe that what he reapes be aunswerable vnto that he sowed, and with 5 what proportion the earth restoreth that which it receiueth: and as requisit it is that hee take the like notice of all whatsoeuer els belongeth to husbandry or grazing; and no lesse to harken after the prices that are sette by publique Magistrates or by consent of Marketfolks within the Countrey where he dwelleth, 10 then to be enformed how they buy or sell in *Turyno, Myllan, Lyons, or Venice*, wherof beeing well aduertised and instructed he cannot be deceiued by his Bailieffe, beeing a Husbandman, or abused by his Factor, beeing a Merchaunt. But forasmuch as I haue said that he ought to be aduised, both of the quantity 15 and qualitie of that which he possessest, I call not onely that *Quantitie* which is measured by *Geometrie* (as are Fieldes, Meadowes, Woods), or that which is accustomd to be numbred by *Algorisme* (as Flocks and Heards), but that which is accounted, (as gold or siluer coyned), for in the quadering and making euen 20 of the enteries with the expences no quantity is more to be considered then that of money which may bee gathered and received of Rent and such like reuenewes, which is often changing and incertaine; for Landes are not alwaies let at one rate, their price and profits rise and fall as other meane things, or things of more 25 account. In which incertainty and variable state of thinges a good Husbands iudgment, experiance, and dilligence so much preuailes as not only is sufficient to preserue, but to encrease his substance, which beeing in the manurance and handling of an ignorant, or ouerweener, dooth not only decrease but perisheth. 30

“ That call I *Quality* of substance, then, that is artificiall or naturall, of liuing things, or things without life: *Artificiall* are moueables or houshold implements, and hapely the house it selfe, and money which was first found out by mans appointment. Because we may liue without it, as they dyd in the old time 35 wherin exchaunge of things was made with out retурne of money: afterward (by the lawe of man) was money inuented, whereupon it was called *Numus* of *Νομός*, which (by the Greeke interpretation) signifieth *Law*, which, commodiously fitting and making equall things exchanged, hath made the entercourse of buying and 40

selling very easie, and more certaine then when they onely vsed exchaunge.

“*Arteficiall* riches may all those things be called wherein the Workmanship of the Maister is rather solde and more esteemed
5 then the matter or the thing made: *Naturall* are those that are produced by Nature, wherof also some are without life, as Lands, Medowes, Mettals, and some with life, as Flocks and Heards, whereof the good Housekeeper (oftentime) receiueth profit. Further it commeth into the consideration of *Quallitie* to
10 know whether the Landes or possessions lye neere or far fro(m) any Cittie; if they ioynē to any standing Lake or Poole, by the exhalation of whose euill vapours the ayre becommeth filthy and infected; or whether any Springs or Ryuers be adiacent, which by ofte recorse and refluence may gather vertue to refine and
15 purge the ayre; and whether they be guirt or enuironed with hylles, or lye open to the winds; whether vpon the bancks to any nauigable water, or in a champant Countrey, whereby the commodities raised thereupon may be transported easily in Carres or other carriages vnto the Cittie; or whether it lie steepeward
20 downe the hyls, vneasie and painful to be past, so that he must needs be chargde w~~(ith)~~ sompter men; whether it be neere to any high way or common street through which the Trauailers, *Italian* Merchants, or those of *Germany* or *Fraunce* are vsed to passe; or far from frequence or resort of Passengers, or such as
25 vse to bartre or exchange; if aloft, where it lyes in prospect, or below in some valley, where it may be ouerflowne: all which conditions, as they much increase and deminish the price and value of the things possesst, so may they be occasion of sparing in expences and teach thee to conserue and multiply thy Reue-
30 newes, if (like a good husband) thou aduise thee and consider it.

“But to come somewhat more perticularly to the care and regard that is (indeede) required, he should so prouide that whatsoeuer is necessary for the vse of his house in the Cittie be brought from his Ferme or Mannor in the Countrey; and to
35 leauie his house there furnished of so much as may suffice him and his family when he shall bee disposed to sojourne there, and to sell the rest at such conuenient time as things are deerest; and with the mony that ariseth thereof to buy those things which his owne possessions yeeld not and yet are necessary for a Gentle-
40 man, now and then when they are better cheape. All which he

may easily doo, if, in sparing that expence he vsed at first, he reserue some mony ouerplus. Againe he may keepe his mony by him many times when, by his own coniecture, opinion of Prognostications, or speech of other mens experience, he heares or feareth any dearth or scarcity; and then to lay it out when hee perceiues the great aboundinge of the yere and fruitfulnes of seasons, remembryng that example of *Thales*, who (throgh his knowledge of naturall things) suddainly became rich with a bargaine that he made for Oyle. This shall bee the Husbands care. Thales, one of the seuen wise men of Greece.

- 10 But such things whatsoeuer as are brought into the house, eyther from the Countrey, or bought abbut in Markets, shall be wholy recommended to the wyues charge, who is to keep and set the vp in seuerall places according to their natures; for some would be kept moyst and cold, and some dry; othersome would be one
- 15 while set in the Sunne, another while in the wind; some wilbe long kept, othersome a little while: all which a good huswife well considering, shold cause those that wyl not keepe to be first eaten, and make store of the rest. Howbeit, those also that will not keepe without corruption may be holpen many waies,
- 20 and made to keep long. For Salt and Vineger doo not onely keep flesh long time sweete and seasoned, but fish and fowle, which will bee suddainly corrupt. Besides, many sorts of fruits that will quickly putrefie and perish, if they be sharpe or tarte (otherwise not) will be long maintaintyd in Vineger. Likewise
- 25 the hanging vp in smoke or baking of some kinds of flesh or fish and diuers sorts of fruits drawes away theyr moysture (that is cause of theyr corruption) and maketh that they may bee kept the longer.

“Again, there are some things, which (beeing dried) wold become both hard and naught to eate without some kinde of liquor or conserues; whereof a good Huswife makynge store for her prouision, if it happen that by some mischance or hynderaunce whatsoeuer there can not come sufficient store of meate from the market for her husbands Table, or that they suddainly are driuen to entertaine a straunger, she may (in a minut) furnish her messe with those iuncets, and that in such good sort as there shalbe no misse of any other meats. She must also haue regard that all her houshold corne be some ground for bread, and othersome made fit for drink, and so distribute it indifferentlie with equall measure

both to the men and maid seruants used for those purposes amongst

whom she shall haue one aboue the rest (as the Maister hath his Stewarde or *Cashur*) that shall keepe one keye, and she another, and that, though the Maister or Mistres be abroade, there may be one to deluer out such thinges as shall be needful, and to bid a stranger 5 drinke ; which custome is not gueason in some houses, where the Steward or Butler beares the keyes as well of houshold necessaries as all things els, pleasing the Maister and not vnpleasant to the appetites of those he entertaineth. Therefore a good Huswife should so prouide that all things whatsoeuer (if occasion of resort 10 of straungers be not to the contrary) may be sparingly disposed, for thrift or liberalitie is as needful in a woman as a man. Besides she shold busie herselfe in viewing and surueighing such things as she charged to be kept, measuring things to be measured, and keeping iust account of things that are to be accounted : neyther 15 ought her care only extende to the spending of them, or vnto other things rehearsed, but also to the wynes whiche the older they are and the longer they are kept become so much the better. I speake of choyse wynes which get strength with age ; for the small wynes, and those of little spirite that quickly lose their 20 strength, should be first dronk or sold if thou haue any quantitie. But her principall care should be of Lynnen or of wollen weauing, wherewith she may not onely make prouision necessary and fitt for the ability and credite of her house, but honestly gaine, which is as requisite in her as is her Husbands profit gathered by the buying, 25 selling, or exchanging other things. Neither ought a good Huswife to dysdaine or scorne to set her hand nowe and then to some work—I mean not in the Kitchin, or other soyled places which may spoile or ray her garments, because such busines are not to be manedged and handled by noble Matrons (yet to be seene vnto by such 30 whose state may tollerate such thrift), but in those onely that without noysomnes or filthines she may be bolde to touch ; and such are properly the wheeles, lombes, and other instruments that appertaine to weauing, wherewith a good Huswife may furnish any sufficie(n)t house or dwelling, either for her eldest sonne or 35 daughter. And not without reason was this arte first attributed to *Minerua*, goddesse of wysedome, in so much as it was deriuied first from her, as appeareth by these verses in the Booke of *Virgill*:

Inde, ubi prima quies medio iam noctis abactae.

5
*Cui tolerare colo vitam tenunque Minerua
 Impositum, cinerem et sopitos suscitare ignes,
 Noctem addens operi, famulasque ad lumina longo
 Exercet penso², castum ut seruare cubile
 Coniugis, et possit paruos educere natos.*

The first sleepe ended, after midnight did the woman wake
 That liud by spinning, and she gins the ymbers vp to rake,
 And adding so vnto her labors some part of the night,
 Hard at their distaffe doth she hold her maids by candlelight,
 10 To keep her chast, and that her children wel maintaine she mighte

“ In which verses it appeareth that he spake not of base women,
 but of a Mistres of a house which had beene accustomed to be
 attended on by many seruants : and so much worth it seemeth
 that this arte hath in it, as it hath not only been ascribd or
 15 attributed to priuat huswifes, but to princely Ladies, as appeareth
 by these verses of *Penelope*, the wyffe of *Vlisses* :

*Come la nobil Greca ch' alle tele sue
 Scemò la notte, quanto il giorno accrebbe*

As did that noble Grecian dame that bated in the night
 20 As much as she had wouen by day, to bleare her sutors sight.

“ And *Virgil* of *Circes*, which was not onely a woman and a
 Queene but a Goddess, wrote thus :

*Arguto coniux percurrit pectine telas,
 Upon a wel deuided loome thy wife doth weave apace.*

25 “ In which example he followed *Homer*, who not onely brought *Penelope* and *Circes* in the number of women weauers, but placed *his Odiss*,

the daughter of *Alcinoe*, the King of *Phaeaces*, amongst them
 and albeit the *Greekes* obserued not so much *decorum* as was
 necessarie, the *Romaines* yet, that were both greater and more
 30 curious obseruers of such things, forbad the Mistres of the house
 all other works, the Kitchin Cookery and such like, but graunted
 they might weave, and that not without great commendation :
 and in this kinde of work was *Lucretia* often found, by *Collatyn*,
 by *Brutus*, and *Tarquinius*, when they were enamored of her.

35 “ But to returne to the Mistres of the house or huswife, who
 beeing a fortunat mother of Children, the further off she is from
 nobles(se) or estate, so much the lesse she may dysdaigne to busie
 herselfe in such things as carie meaner worth in shewe and lesse
 workmanship then weauing. And heerin seemeth it that in some
 40 sort she shall aduaunce herselfe, and come into comparison with

¹⁷ alle] a le Q.

¹⁸ Scemò] Scemio Q.

³⁷ noblesse ed.: nobles Q.

her good man, for she not onely gathereth but encreaseth, with the profit of those labours. Neuerthelesse, considering that those benefits are small, and but of slender reckoning, we shall do well to say that it belongeth to the wife to keepe, and to the husband to encrease. But forasmuch as things preserued may the better 5 be dispesed, if they be carefully prouided for and ordered, the good Huswife ought aboue all things to be diligent heerein. For if she reserue not things composedly but seperat and placd in sonder, according to their quallitie and the opportunitie of vsing them, she shall alwaies haue them ready and at hand, and euer- 10 more know what she hath and what shee wants : and if there can be no similitude inferd to this purpose worthie of consideration,

Ars memoriae. most notable is that of *Memory*, which laying vp, preseruing, and imprinting in it selfe al the Images and formes of *visible* and *intelligible* things, could not vtter them in time conuenient, and 15 dispose them to the tongue and penne, vnlesse it had so ordered and oftentimes recounted them, as without that the *memory* it selfe coulde scarce containe them ; of so great efficacye and force is order, but it hath also no lesse grace and comlines in beautifying and adorning things, as hee that dooth acquaint his studie with 20 the vse of Poetry verie easilie perceiueth. For *Poesy* hath neuer more spirit added to it, with the greatest arte and industrie, then when it is set forth with wel disposed *Epythetons* and significa(n)t

As by repetition or maintaining of a point, as Musitions terme it. termes, that the one ordered with the other may altogeaither consent, or musically aunswer crosse, as hath arteficially beene vsed 25 by orators, which though it be pleasant to the eare, is painfull to the memorie. And be it so, as some Philosophers haue saide, that the forme or fashion of the *World* is none other then an order, co(m)paring little things with great we may well report that the forme of a house is the order, and the reformation of 30 the house or familie none other then a second setting it in order, wherein I purpose to speake somewhat : which, albeit of it selfe it beare no great semblance of credit, yet for the order and clenlines it deserues so much, as hauing seene it without disdayne and diuerslie admiring it, may without impeach (I hope) bee profit- 35 ably recounted.

“ “ Returning from *Paris* and comming by *Beona*, I entred the Hospital, wherein, though euery Roome I sawe, me thought, was

worthy commendations, yet was the Kytchen to be wondred at, which, as it was not vsd continually, so did I find it passing neat and queintly tricked vp, as if it were the chamber of a new maryed Bride: therin saw I such a quantitie of necessary implements, not onely for the vse of the Kitchin but seruice of the Table, so discreetly ordered and with such proportion, the Pewter so set vppe, the Brasse and yron works so bright as (when the Sun shyned on the wyndowes there vpon) cast such a delicat reflection as it might (me thought) be well resembled to the Armorie of *Venice*, and of other places meeter to be spoken of then shewed to straungers: and if *Gnato*, that disposd the Household of his glorious *Sig. Capitano* in manner of an Armie, had but had a sight of this, I am well assured he would haue compared it to some higher matter then an Armorie.

“But returning now from keeping to encreasing, it may be doubted whether this arte of encreasing be housekeeping wholy, or but a member, part, or Minister thereof. If a Minister, because it ministreth the Instruments, as the Armourer doth the curasse and the Helmet to the Souldiour: and that ministreth the subiect or the matter, as the Shipwright that receiuers the Tymber of him that fells and seazoneth the wood. It is very manifest that the art of housekeeping and getting is not all one: for the one it behoueth to prouide, the other to put in vze the things prouided: now it rests to be considered, whether to get be a forme or part of housekeeping, or vtterly disioyned and estrauenged from it. The facultie of getting may be *Natural* and not *Naturall*: *Natural* I call that which getteth the liuing out of those thinges that hath beene brought forth by Nature for mans vse and seruice: and forasmuch as nothing is more naturall then nourishment, which the Mother giueth to her Childe, most naturall aboue the rest must that gayne needs be that is had and raised of the fruits of the earth, considering that the Earth is the naturall and vniuersall Mother of vs all. *Naturall* also are the nourishments and foode that we receiuie of Beastes, and of the gayne that may be made of them, which is distinguished according to the distinction of Beastes. For of Beastes some are tame and compynable, othersome solitary and vntamed: of those are flocks, Heards, and droues compact, of which no lesse profit may bee raised: these they make their gaine to hunt, and manie of them serue for sustentation and succour of the life.

“It also seemes that Nature hath engendred not onely bruite Beasts for the seruice of Man, but hath framed men, that are apt to obey, to serue those whom also she hath framed to com-maund. So that whatsoeuer is gotten or obtained in the warres béeing iust, the same may also bee tearmed naturall gayne: and heerein will I not conceale what *Theucidides* hath obserued in the *proem* of his *Historie*, that in the olde time prayeng or robberye was not to be blamed. Wherupon we reade that one asked another whether he were a Pyrat or a Rouer, as though it were no iniurie to aske him such a question. To which vse or reason *Virgill* hauing regard brought in *Numa* boasting thus:

*Canicem galea premimus, semperque recentes
Coniectare riuat praedas et riuere rapto.*

We hide our gray haires with our helmets, liking euermore
15 To lue vpo(n) the spoile, and waft our praeſ fro(m) shore to shore,

“And that may well be called *Naturall* gayne which the Knights of *Malta* haue against the *Barbarians* and *Turkes*. Euary of which naturall gaines it seemeth necessarye that Housekeepers haue knowledge of, but especiall of Husbandrie: and he that 20 mingleth and exchaungeth the profit of all those things togeather which he gathereth, shoulde happilie therein do nothing vnworthye or against the title of good Husbandry. For that trade or science is at this day commonlie called Merchandize, which is of many sorts and to be taken many waies; but that is the most iust 25 which taketh thence where things superfluously abounde, and transporteth them thither where is want and scarcity of those comodities, and in their stedd returneth other things whereof there is some dearth, because it growes not other-where so plentiously: and heereof speaketh *Tully* in his Booke of *Offices*, 30 that Merchandize, if they were small, were base and but of vile account; if great, not much to be dislyked: but hys wordes in that place are to be taken as the saying of a Stoyck that too seuerely speaketh of those matters. For in other places where hee argueth like a Cittizen, hee commendeth and defendeth 35 merchaunts and the manner of theyr trade, and calleth that order of the *Publicans* most honest, who had the whole reuēnewes of the Common wealth in their possessions, besides those things whereof they exercised trafique, and the trade of merchandize. But as that forme of merchandize is iust and 40 honest which traffique their commodities to Countreys where

they want, and thereof maketh their best, so most iniust is that, which hauing bargained for the commodities of a Countrey, retaileth them or selleth them againe in the same place, watching the opportunitie and time whe(n) they may vtter them vnto theyr most aduantage. Howbeit the care of opportunity to sell ; what is a mans owne, and what he gathereth of his owne Reuenewes, and possessions, and of his flocks, heards, and such like, seeme not either inconuenient or dishonest in a Husbandman.

“ And so much touching naturall gayne necessary for a housekeeper, wherin he shall much aduaantage him and hys, if hee be 10 but indifferently instructed not onely of the nature, goodnes, and value of all things that are vsed to be exchaunged, and are from place to place transported, but also in what Prouince, Shyre or Countrey grow the better, and in which the worse, and where in most abounding, where in lesse, where they are helde 15 deerest, and where best cheape. So should he also be enformed of the fashions, sleights, and difficulties of transporting them, and of the times and seazons wher in they be carried or recarried most conueniently, and of the league and traffique that one Cittie hath with another, one Prouince or Countrey with another, and of 20 the times wherein such merchandize are solde, which for the most part are called Fayres or Marts.

“ Notwithstanding the Housekeeper ought to handle these things like a Husbandman, and not like a Merchaunt ; for where the Merchant preposeth for his principall intent the encrease 25 and multiplying of his stock, which is doone by traffique and exchaunge (by meanes wherof he many times forgets his house, his Children, and his Wife, and trauails into forren Countreys, leauing the care of them to Factors, Friends, and Seruaunts), the care of the Husbandman or Housekeeper doth reape his profite 30 of exchaunge by a second obiect directed vnto household gouernment, and so much time and labour onely hee bestoweth as his chiefe and principall care may not thereby be anoyd or hyndered. Moreouer, euen as euery arte dooth infinitly seeke the end it purposeth, as the honest Phisitian will heale as much as hee can, the 35 Architect erect and bulide with as much exelency and perfection as he can, so the Merchant seemes to make his benefit of things vnto their vttermost. But the Housekeeper hath his desires of riches certaine and determinat, for riches are none other then a multitude of Instruments that appertayne vnto familiar or 40

publique cares ; but the instruments of some arts are not infinit either in number or in greatness, for, if they were infinit in number, the Artificer could not know them, for as much as this word infinit, as touching the infinitiue, is not comprehended in our vnderstanding, vnlesse it be in things that cannot well be handled, managed, or lifted for their greatness.

“ And as in every arte the instruments should be proportioned and fit as well for him that worketh, as the thing that shall be wrought withall (for in a shyppe the Rudder ought to be no lesse then may suffice to direct hys course, nor greater then the Mariner can guide, and in grooving or cutting the Chizzel should not be so ponderous and heauie as the Mason may not lift, nor so light as hee cannot with much a doe pierce the out side of the Marble), euen so should riches be proportioned and limitted vnto the Housekeeper and the family that he is charged withall, that he may inherite and possesse so much and no more then shall suffice not onely for hys liuing but hys liuing well, according to his estate, condition of time, and customes of the Citty wher he liueth and inhabiteth. And where *Crassus* sayd he was not rych that was not able to maintaine an Armie, he happily had reference vnto those ryches which are needfull for a Prince or Ruler within the Cittie of *Rome*, which were too too much and immoderate for any one in *Praeneste* or in *Nola*, little Tounes in *Italie*, and happily superfluous for many men in *Rome*. For to muster and maintaine Armies becommeth Kings, Tyrants, and other absolute Princes, and is not necessary or fitting for a Cittizen inhabiting a place of liberty, who indeede ought not to exceede the rest in any such condition as may interrupt or spoyle that good proportion that is requisit and meet in the vniting of free men. For as the nose vpon some mans face, growing by disorder or disdyet more then Nature made it, may become so grosse and large in time as it may be no more resembled or reputed for a Nose, so a Cittizen of any Cittie whatsoeuer, exceeding others in his riches, either miserably gotten or encreased by wrong, is no more a Cittizen, be hee what or who hee will, for riches are to be considered alwaies in respect of him that doth possesse them. Nor can wee well prescribe howe much they ought to be, but this we may soly and safelie say that they ought to be apportioned to him that hath them, who ought so much and no more to encrease them then may be afterwards deuided and bequeathed amongst

his Children, to lue well and ciuilly with all. Neither resteth
anie more for me to say conserning this naturall gaine conuenient
for a Housekeeper, which may as properly bee taken and de-
riued from the Earth, Heards, and Flocks, as by the trade of
merchandize, warre, or hunting: wherfore we may call to mind 5
that there were many *Romains* called from the Plough and Carte
to be Magistrates, and mightie men in Princes Courts, and after-
wards, disrobed of their Purple, returned to the Plough. But
because the Husbandman and carefull housekeeper should haue
regarde vnto his health, not as a Phisition but as a father of a 10
familie, he ought most willingly to apply himselfe vnto that kind
of gayne which most preserueth health. Wherein he shall also
exercise himselfe, and see his familie and seruaunts busied in those
exercises of the bodie which, not defiling or defacing him, are
great helps to health; wherunto Idlenes and superfluous ease a15
enemies profest. Let him therfore loue to hunt, and to make
more reckoning of those gaines which are gotte and followed with
paine and sweat then those that through deceit, and vnconsorted
with some labor, haue beene and yet are vsed to be gotten.

“ But sithence we haue reasoned of that manner of gayne that is 20
naturall, it shall not bee vnnecessary that wee somewhat manifest
the other which is vnnaturall, although it be impertinent to Hus-
bandry and housekeeping. This wee deuide into two formes or
kindes. The one is called *Exchaunge*, the other *Vsurie*, and it is
not naturall, because it doth pervert the proper vse, forasmuch 25
as money was founde out and vsed (a while) to make equall the
inequality of things exchangd, and to estimat and measure prices,
not for that it ought to be exchangd; for of mony (as touching
the mettall) we haue no neede, neither receiue we any benefit
thereof in our priuat or our ciuil life, but in respect of making 30
eue<n> inequalities, and iustly measuring the worth and value of
each thing, it is thought both necessary and commodious. When
mony, then, is changed with mony, not directed and employed to
some other vse, it is vsed beyond the proper vse, and so abused. In
which exchange Nature is not imitated, for as well may exchaunge 35
that doth multiply or accumulat infinite and excessiue profits be
said to haue no end or absolute determination as Vsurie; but
Nature alwaies worketh to a certayne set and determinat ende, and
to a certayne ende doo all those meanes and members work that
are ordaind to be stirrers vp of Nature. •

“I haue told you then that Exchange may multiply in profits infinitly, because *Number* as touching *Number*, not apied to materiall things, groweth to be infinit, and in exchange is not considered to be otherwise applied. But for thy better vnderstanding what we say, know that *Number* is reputed either according to the formall or materiall beeing. *Formall number* is a collection of a summe, not applied to things numbred; *Materiall number* is a summarie collection of things numbred. *Formall number* may infinitly encrease, but the *Materiall* cannot multiply so much; for albeit in respect of the partition or deuision it seeme that it may multiply in effect, notwithstanding, since deuision hath no place in that we speake of, we may saie it cannot infinitlie encrease, because things of all kinds that cannot be deuided are of number certaine. This deuision being thus considered, much more may riches multiply that consist in bare money then that which consisteth in thinges measured and numbred from money: for albeit the number of mony bee not formall, as that which is applyed to Gold and Siluer, more easily may a great quantity of mony be heaped vp and gathered togeather then anie other thing, and so by couetous desire to become infinit. Yet betwixt *Exchange* and *Vsury* there is some difference. *Exchange* may be retained, not only for the custome it hath taken and obtained in many famous Citties, but for the force of reason that it seemes to beare. For exchange is vsed in steede of our transporting and conueighing Coyne from place to place, which beeing hardlie to be doone without great discomoditie and perill, it is reason that the party that exchaungeth may haue some sufficient gaine allowed. Besides the value of mony of some Country coyne beeing variable and often to be changd, as wel by the Lawes and institutions as for the sundry worth, weight, and fineness of the Golde and Syluer, the Reall exchange of mony might bee in some sort reduced vnto naturall industrie: wherewith *Vsury* can neuer be acquainted, beeing an arteficiall gayne, a corrupter of a Common wealth, a disobeyer of the Lawes of God, a Rebell and resister of all humaine orders, iniurious to manie, the spoile of those that most vphold it, onely profitable to it selfe, more infectious than the pestilence, and consorted with so many perilous euils as are hard or neuer to be cured.

Euery or either of which hauuing not onely beeene condemned by *Aristotle*, but vtterly inhibited by the olde and new Law, who so considerereth not, let hym read what verdict *Dante* hath giuen of it in these verses, who to proue Vsury a sinne cyteth a sentence put by *Aristotle* in his booke de *Phisicis*.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>10 <i>E se tu ben la tua fisica note,</i>
 <i>Tu trouerai non dopo molte carte</i>
 <i>Che l' arte vostra quella, quanto puote,</i>
 <i>Segue, come'l maestro fa il descente,</i>
 <i>Si che vost' arte a Dio quasi è Nipote.</i>

 <i>Da questi due, se tu ti rechi a mente</i>
 <i>Lo Genesi, dal principio, coniune</i>
 <i>Prender sua vita & auanzar la gente.</i>
 <i>E perchè l' usuriere(e) altra uia tiene,</i>
 <i>Per sì natura & per la sua seguace</i>
 <i>Dispregia, poichè in altro pon la spene.</i></p> | <p><i>Lecit-</i>
 <i>(icus)</i>
 <i>Pecunianæ</i>
 <i>tuam non</i>
 <i>dabis fratri</i>
 <i>tuo ad usur-</i>
 <i>ram et</i>
 <i>frugum su-</i>
 <i>perabun-</i>
 <i>dantia(nz)</i>
 <i>non exiges</i>
 <i>Dauid.</i>
 <i>Qui habita-</i>
 <i>bit, &c qui</i>
 <i>pecurzane</i>
 <i>non dedenu</i>
 <i>ad usuram</i>
 <i>Luk:</i>
 <i>Date mu-</i>
 <i>trium ne-</i>
 <i>inde sper-</i>
 <i>antes.</i></p> |
| <p>15 If Aristotles phisicks thou peruse,
 <i>Not turning many leaues thou there shalt finde</i>
 <i>That arte doth Naturæ imitate and vse</i>
 <i>As pupils pleasing of their Tutors minde,</i>
 <i>So that our arte is Neipce to God by kind.</i>
 <i>Of this and that, if thou remember it,</i>
 <i>In Genesis even God himselfe doth say,</i>
 <i>Quod ab initio oportuit</i>
 <i>Humanum genus uitam sumere</i>
 <i>Et unum alium exceedere</i>
 <i>Per artem et naturam.</i> Now bēcause
 <i>The Vsurers doo wander otherwise</i>
 <i>Without regard of God or Godly lawes</i>

 <i>Nature and arte (her follower) they despise.</i>
 <i>Foi in their Gold their hope beguiled lies.</i></p> | |
| <p>20 25 30</p> | |

“ It is also said by *Aristotle* that God is *animal semipiternum et optimum*, of whom both heauen and Nature doe depend ; which nature is imitated of our arte as much as may be, for arte depending vpon Nature, shee is as it were her Chylde, and *per consequence* Gods Neipce. So that offending Nature we immediatly offend God, and he that offendeth arte offendeth God touching the hurt or annoyance of Nature ; but the Vsurer offendeth Nature, for it is not natuall that money should beget or bring forth money without corruption, since Nature willeth that the corruption of one bee the generation of another ; and it offendeth God because it doth not exercise the arte according as God

6 *se tu ben]* setuben Q.

8 *puote]* pote Q.

10 *vost'*] vostia Q.

12 *Lo]* Le Q.

14 *usuriere]* usurier Q *tene*] tene Q.

commaunded the first man, when he saide, in the sweate of thy face thou shalt eate thy bread ; and it is not artificiall that money shoulde bring forth money, as the Vsurers wold haue it, which putteth the vse in the thing. With those verses, therefore, mee
 5 thinkes not onely our discourse of naturall and not naturall gaine may be concluded and determined, but whatsoeuer els we purposed at first concerning Husbandry and Keeping of a house, which you haue now seene howe it turneth and returneth to the wife, how to the children, how to the seruaunts, and howe to the
 10 conuerting and employing as also the encrease of whatsoeuer substaunce or possession ; which were indeede those Fiue especial points whereof we promised to speake and to entreate perteinently.

“But for it is my chiefe desire that thou record effectually those things whereof I haue aduised thee, and that in so precise
 15 a sort as thou heereafter not forget them, I will bestowe them and bequeath thee them in writing, that by often reading and perusing them thou maist not onely learne them but throughly resolute to imitate and practise them, for practise is in the end imposed to all instructions of humaine life.”

20 ‘This was my Father’s discourse, gathered by him into a little Booke which I so often red and studiously obserued as you neede not meruaile that I haue so perfectly reported and repeated them. Now would I be silent, to the ende that my discourse should not be made in vaine, for if anie thing be said that in your opinion
 25 may be bettered, let it not, I praye, seeme troublesome vnto you thereof to certifie mee and amend it.’

‘Sir’ (quoth I), ‘for anie thing that I can see, your father hath not onely well and learnedly instructed you in all hys institutions, but you (it seemes) haue exercised them as industriously. This
 30 onely could I wish that somewhat more might be annexed to that which he hath vttered, and that perticularly is this : *Whether housshould care or housholde gouernment be all one ; if more then one, then, being more then one, whether then they be the Knowledge and the labor of one or more ?*’ ‘You say true’ (quoth hee), ‘and heerein
 35 onely fayled his discourse, for the gouernment of priuate houses and of Princes Courtes are different, but I can tell you why hee spake not of it, because the care of Princes Halles belongeth not to priuate men.’

‘Trust me, Sir,’ (quoth I) ‘you are of swifter vnderstanding and
 40 more eloquent deuise then I expected. But since wee found

that there is difference in housshold gouernments, it rests that we consider whether they be discrepant in forme or greatnes. Forasmuch as if they onely differ in the greatnes, then euen as the consideration of the forme of a Princes Pallace and a poore 5 mans Cottage appertaines to one and the selfesame Mason, Carpenter, or Architect, so shoulde the care of either hous-keeping be one.' But therunto he aunswered thus: 'Though I were swift of conceit at first, yet now (I doubt) I shall not be so prompt to find, or so iudicial as to censure that which you propose.

10 Howbeit, I can tell you this, that if my hart or happe would giue me leaue to keepe a great, yet priuate house (I meane not a little Court), I belieue that priuate house of mine should farre surpasseth that Pallace for a Prince, which onely differeth from the other in the pompe and greatnes.'

15 'You are in the right' (quoth I), 'for as a Prince is still to be distinguished from a priuate man, by forme; and as the forme of their commaundements is distinguished, so are the gouernments of Princes and of priuate men distinguished; for when it happeneth that, in comparison of number, the housshold of a poore 20 Prince is as little as a rich mans familie, yet are they to be gouerned diuersly: neuerthelesse, if that be true which is approued by Socrates to Aristophanes in *Conuiuio Platonis*, that to compose or wryte a *Tragedie* and *Comedie* bee bothe the worke of one, albeit they onely differ not in form, but are 25 opposit and contrarie, it should consequentlie be as true that a good Steward knoweth as well how to gouerne a Princes housshold as a priuate familie, for the manner and facultie of eyther is alike: and I haue red in a pamphlet that is dedicated to Aristotle that their gouernments or dispensations of a house are deuided 30 into foure parts, *Kingly*, *Lordly*, *Ciuill* and *Priuate*, *Regia*, *Satrapica*, *Civilis* and *priuata*, which distinction I reprooue not. For albeit wee differ farre from those of elder times, yet I see the gouernments of those houses of the Viceroyes of *Naples*, *Sicilie*, and the Gouernour of *Mylain*, are as correspondent for proportion 35 to those Royall houses as were of olde that custome of the Dukes and other noble men: which proportion also may be found amongst the houses of the Dukes of *Sauoy*, *Ferrara*, and *Mantua*, and those Gouernours of *Asti*, *Vercellis*, *Modona*, *Reggio*, and *Lomber*.

There is
Modone and
Modona
Modone a
Cittie in
Greece.
Modona a
Cittie in
Italie.

Monteferrato. But I cannot see yet how the gouernment of a ciuill and a priuate house doo differ, vnlesse he call his gouernment Ciuill that is busied and employed in office for the honours of Commonwealth, and that mans priuate that is segregat and not called to office, so that wholy hee applies him to his houshalde care. And that this is his distinction may wee gather by the wordes that he hath written : *That priuate gouernment is the least, and yet rayseth profit of those things which are despised and dispraysed of the others, which others are to bee intended those ciuill Gouernours or officers that, being vsd and exercised in affaires of more estate, dislike of manie things which neuerthelesse are entertaing and praised of priuate men.* But for it may percase come so to passe that some of your sonnes, following the example of theyr Uncle, may endeouour and apply themselues to serue in Court, I could wysh that somewhat might be said concerning that so necessary care of gouerning a Princes house, but nowe it is so late, and we haue set so long, that time and good manners will hardly giue vs leaue, albeit somethings vnspeaken of might be reuiued and produced, whereof hee shall haue time and ease to learne and to collect enough, part out of *Aristotles Bookes* and the rest by his owne experiance in Court.'

Therewithall the Gentleman seeming to be satisfied with my speeches, arose and accompanied me vnworthy to the Chamber that the while had beene prouided for me, and there in a very soft bed I bequeathed my bones to rest.

25

Me mea, sic tua te, caetera mortis erunt.

T. K.

The trueth of the most wicked and secret
murthering of John Brewen, Goldsmith of
London , committed by his owne wife,
through the prouocation of one John Parker
whom she loued : for which fact she was burned;
and he hanged in Smithfield, on wednes-
day, the 28 of Iune, 1592. two yeares af-
ter the murther was committed.



Imprinted at London for John Kid, and are to be sold
by Edward White, dwelling at the little North doore
of Paules , at the signe of the Gun. 1592.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THIS Pamphlet is reprinted from the unique copy in Lambeth Palace Library. J. P. Collier included it in his *Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature*, vol. i (1863). I have made some changes in the punctuation, and have introduced quotation marks in the passages of dialogue.

THE MVRDER OF IOHN BREWEN, GOLD-

*smith of London, who through the entise-
ment of John Parker, was poysoned of his owne
wife in eating a measse of Sugersops.*

How hatefull a thing the sinne of murder hath beene before the sight of the eternall God the holy Scriptures doe manifest ; yet from the beginning we may evidently see how busie the diuell hath beene to prouoke men thereunto, in so much that when there was but two brethren liuing in the world, the onelye sonnes of the first man, *Adam*, hee prouoked the one most vnaturally to murther the other. And albeit there was none in the world to accuse *Caine* for so fowle a fact, so that in his owne conceit hee might haue walked securely and without blame, yet the blood of the iust *Abel* cried most shrill in the eares of the righteous God for vengeance and reuenge on the murderer. The Lord therefore ordayneid a Lawe that the cruel and vniust blood-sheder should haue his blood iustly shed again : of which law, although no man is ignorant, and that we see it put in execution daylie before our eyes, yet doth the Diuell so worke in the hearts of a number that, without respect either of the feare of God, or extreame punishment in this world, they doe notwithstanding committe most haynous and grieuous offences to the great hazard of their soules and the destructions of their bodies on earth, onely through Sathanas suggestions, as by this example following may evidently be proued.

There was of late dwelling in *London* a proper young woman named *Anne Welles*, which, for her fauour and comely personage, as also in regard of her good behauour and other commendable qualities, was beloued of diuers young men, especially of two

Goldsmithes, which were Batchelers, of good friends, and well esteemed for fine workmanship in their trade. The one of them was called *John Brewen*, and the other *John Parker*, who, although hee was better beloued, yet least deserued it (as the sequell here-
5 after will shewe). But as the truest louers are commonly least regarded, and the plaine meaning man most scorneid of vndiscreete maidens, so came it to passe by *Brewen*, who, notwithstanding his long and earnest suite, the gifts and fauours which she receiued, was still disdained and cast off, albeit he had the good will
10 and fauour of al her friends and kinsfolk: but no man was so high in her books as *Parker*: he had her fauours whosoeuer had her frowns; he sate and smiled, when others sobbed, and tryumphant in the teares of the dispossessed. It came to passe that this nice maiden had, vpon a promise between them, receaued of
15 *Brewen* both golde and iewels, which he willingly bestowed vpon her, esteeming her the mistris and commaundres of his life; but when he saw his suite despised, and his goodwill nothing regarded, and seeing no hope of her good will and fauour, he determined that, seeing his suite took no effect, to demaund his golde and
20 iewels againe. And vpon a time comming vnto her, requested that he might haue his gifts againe, to whom disdainfully she made answere that he should stay for it, and the young man hauing been thus driuen off longer than hee thought good of, made no more adoe but arrested her for the iewels.

25 The stout damsel, that had neuer before been in the like daunger, was so astonished and dismayed that she concluded, on condition he would let his Action fal, and not to think euer the worse of her afterward, to marrie him by a certain day, and to make him her husba(n)d; and this before good witnes she vowed
30 to performe. *Brewen* was hereof very ioyfull, and released his prisoner on his owne perill, being not a little glad of his good successe. And thereupon so soone as might be, made preparation for their mariage, albeit it proued the woist bargain that euer he made in his life. Now when *Parker* vnderstood of this thing, he
35 was grieuously vexed, and as one hauing deepe intrest in the possession of her person, stormed most outragiously, and with bitter speeches so taunted and checkt her that she repented the promise she made to *Brewen*, although she could not any way

amend it; neuerthelesse it kindled such a hatred in her heart against her new made choyce, that at length it turned to *Brewens* death and destruction. ^ And this accursed *Parker*, although he was not as then in estate to marrie (notwithstanding he ere then had lien with her and gotten her with child) would neuer let her 5 rest, but continually vrged her to make him away by onē meanes or other. Diuers and sundry times had they talke together of that matter, and although she often refused to work his death, yet at length, the grace of God being taken from her, she consented by his direction to poyson *Brewen*: after which deede done, *Parker* 10 promised to marrie her so soone as possibly he could.

Now shē had not been maried to *Brewen* aboue three dayes, whe<n> she put in practise to poyson him. And although the honest young man loued hir tenderly, yet had she conceiued such deadly hatred against him, that she lay not with him after the 15 first night of her marriage; neither could she abide to be called after his name, but still to be termed *Anne Welles* as she was before: and to excuse her from his bed, she sayd she had vowed neuer to lie by him more till he had gotten her a better house. And the more to shadow her trecherie, and to shew the discon- 20 tent she had of his dwelling, she lodged neuer a night but the first in his house, but prouided her a lodging neere to the place where this graceles *Parker* dwelt. By this meanes the villaine had free accessse to practise with her about the murther, who was so importunate and hastie to haue it done that the Wednesday after she 25 was married she wickedly went to effect it, euen according as *Parker* had before giuen direction · which was in this sorte. The varlet had bought a strong deadly poyson whose working was to make speedy haste to the heart, without any swelling of the body, or other signe of outward confection. This poyson the wicked 30 woman secretly caried with her to her husbands house, with a mery pleasant countenance, and very kindly shee asked her husband how he did, giuing him the good morrow in most courteous manner, and asked if he would haue that colde morning a measse of suger soppes (for it was the weeke before shrouetide). 35 'I, mary, with a good will, wife' (quoth he), 'and I take it verie kindly that you will doe so much for me.' 'Alas, husband' (quoth she), 'if I could not find in my heart to doe so small

5 would] and would ♀.

a matter for you (especially being so lately married), you might iustly iudge me vnkinde'; and therewithall went to make ready his last meat. The thing being done, shree powred out a measse for him, and strewed secretly therein part of the poysone; and haung 5 set the porringer doun beside her, while she put the posnet on the fire againe, with her rising vp from the fire her coat cast downe that measse which for her husband she had prepared. 'Out, alasse,' quoth she, 'I haue spilt a measse of as good suger sops as euer I made in my life.' 'Why,' quoth her husband, 'is 10 there no more?' 'Yes,' quoth she, 'that there is, two as good as they, or I will make them aȝ good; but it greeues me that any good thing should so vnluckily be cast away.' 'What, woman,' quoth he, 'vex not at the matter, your ill lucke goe with them.' 'Mary, Amen,' quoth she, speaking, God knowes, with a wicked 15 thought, though the well meaning man thought on no euill.

'But, I pray you, *Iohn*' (said she), 'shall I intreate you to fetch mee a penny worth of red herrings, for I haue an earnest desire to eat some?' 'That I will,' quoth he, 'with a good will.' This sly shift she deuised to haue his absence, that she might the better 20 performe hir wicked intent; and by the time he came againe she had made ready a messe of suger sops for him, one for herselfe, and another for a little boye which she brought with her; but her husbands she had poysoned as before. When he was come she gaue her husband his messe, and she and the childe fell also to 25 eating of theirs. Within a pretty while after hee had eaten his, hee began to waxe very ill about the stomach, feeling also a grieuous griping of his inward partes, wherupon he tould his wife he felt himselfe not well. 'How so,' quoth she, 'you were well before you went forth, were you not?' 'Yes, indeed was I,' said he; then he 30 demaunded if she were well; she answered 'I'; so likewise said the childe. 'Ah,' quoth her husband, 'now I feele my selfe sicke at the very heart,' and immediatlie after he began to vomet exceedingly, with such straines as if his lungs would burst in pieces; then he requested her to haue him to bed, neuer mystrusting the trecherie 35 wrought against him. Now, when it drew some what late, she tould her husband she must needs goe home to her lodging, and when he requested her to stay with him, she said she could not, nor would not. And so vnnaturally left the poysoned man all alone that whole night longe, without either comfort or companie. All 40 that night was he extrēame sicke, worse and worse, neuer ceasing

vomiting till his intrailes were all shrunke and broken within him (as is since supposed). The next morning she came to him againe, hauing been once or twice sent for, but made little semblance of sorrow ; and when he quibd her with vnkindnes for not staying with him one night, she asked him if he would haue her 5 forsorne. ‘ Did I not,’ quoth she, ‘ sweare I would not stay in the house one night, till you had gotten another ? ’ ‘ Well, *Anne*,’ quoth hee, ‘ stay with mee now, for I am not long to continue in this world.’ ‘ Now, God forbid’ (quoth she), and with that she made a shewe of great heauines and sorrow, and then made him 10 a caudle with suger and other spicess. And so on the Thursday, immediatly after he had eaten it, he dyed ; and on the Friday he was buried, no person as then suspecting any manner of euil done to him by his wife, but esteemed her a very honest woman, although through her youth she knew not as then how to behaue 15 her selfe to her husband so kindely as she ought, which they imputed to her ignorance rather then to any malice conceaued against her husband. Now you shall vnderstand that, within a small space after her husband was dead, she was knowne with child, and safely deliuered, euery neighbour thinking it had been 20 her husbands, although she since confessed it was not ; but that child liued not long, but dyed.

The murder lying thus vnespyed, who was so lusty as *Parker* with the Widdow, being a continual resorter to her house, whose welcome was answerable to his desier ? And so bould in the end 25 he grew with her that she durst not denie him anything he requested, and became so ielious that, had shee loopt but merely vpon a man, shee should haue knowne the price thereof, and haue bought her merrement deereley. And yet was he not married vnto her : yea, to *(such)* slauerie and subiectiōn did he bring her 30 that she must runne or goe wheresoeuer he pleased to appoint her, held hee vp but his finger at any time ; if she denied him either money or whatsoeuer else he liked to request, he wold so haule and pull her as was pittie to behold ; yea, and threaten to stabbe and thrust her through with his dagger, did she not as he would 35 haue her in all things. So that he had her at commandement whensoeuer hee would, and yet could she scant please him with her diligence. In this miserable case hee kept her vnmarried for

the space of two yeares after her husband was dead ; at length he got her with child againe, which, when the woman knew, she was carefull for the sauing of her credit to keepe it vnspied so long as she could, in so much that she would not goe forth of her doores
25 for feare her neighbours should perceave her great bellie. In the meane space *Parker* comming vnto her, she was vpon one day aboue the rest most earnest with him to marrie her. ‘ You see’ (quoth shee) ‘ in what case I am, and if you wil not for your owne credit, yet for my credits sake, marrie me, and suffer mee not to be
10 a poynting marke for others, and a shame among my neighbours.’ The varlet, hearing the great mone shee made vnto him, was nothing moued therewith, but churlishly answered, shee should not appoint him when to marrie ; ‘ but if I were so minded’ (quoth he), ‘ I would be twice aduised how I did wed with such a strumpet as
15 thy selfe,’ and then reviled her most shamefully. Whereunto shee answered shee had neuer been strumpet but for him ; ‘ and wo worth thee’ (quoth she) ‘ that euer I knewe thee, it is thou and no man else that can triumph in my spoyle, and yet now thou refusest to make amends for thy fault : my loue to thee thou hast sufficiently
20 tried, although I neuer found any by thee.’ ‘ Out, arrant queane’ (quoth he), ‘ thou wouldest marry me to the end thou mightest poyson me, as thou didst thy husband ; but for that cause I meane to keepe me as long out of thy fingers as I can ; and accurst be I, if I trust thee or hazard my life in thy hands.’
25 ‘ Why, thou arrant beast’ (quoth shee), ‘ what did I then which thou didst not prouoke me to doo ; if my husband were poysoned, thou knowest (shameles as thou art) it had neuer been done but for thee ; thou gauest me the poyson, and after thy direction I did minister it vnto him ; and, woe is mee, it was for thy sake
30 I did so cursed a deede.’ These speeches thus spoken betweene them in vehemencie of spirite was ouer heard of some that reuealed it to the maiestrates ; whereupon the woman was carried before Alderman *Howard* to be examined, and the man before Iustice *Younge*, who stode in the denial thereof very stoutly; neither would
35 the woman confesse anything till in the ende shee was made to beleuee that *Parker* had bewrayed the matter, whereupon she co(n)fessed the fact in order, as I haue declared. Then was she carried into the countrey to be deliuered of her childe, and after brought back to prison. And then shee and *Parker* were both
40 arraigned and condemned for the murder at the sessions hall nere

newgate; and the woman had iudgement to be burned in *Smythfield*, and the man to be hanged in the same place before her eyes. This was accordingly performed, and they were executed on Wednesday last, being the 28 of June 1592, two yeares and a halfe after the murder was committed. The Lord giue all men grace 5 by their example to shunne the hatefull sinne of murder, for be it kept neuer so close, and done neuer so secret, yet at length the Lorde will bring it out; for bloud is an vnceassant crier in the eares of the Lord, and he will not leauue so vilde a thing vnpunished.

10

THO. KYDD¹.

FINIS.

¹ Added in a contemporary hand.

FRAGMENTS

OF LOST POEMS OR PLAYS BY KYD, preserved
in Robert Allott's Miscellany, *England's Parnassus*,
1600.

1. *Time.*

Time is a bondslawe to eternitie.

2. *Tyrannie.*

It is an hell in hatefull vassalage,
Vnder a tyrant, to consume ones age,
A selfe-shauen *Dennis*, or an *Nero* fell,
Whose cursēd Courts with bloud and incest swell :
An Owle that flyes the light of Parliaments
And state assemblies, iealous of th' intents
Of Priuate tongues, who for a pastime sets
His Peeres at oddes, and on their furie whets,
Who neither fayth, honour, nor right respects.

3. *Virtue.*

Honour indeede, and all things yeeld to death,
(Vertue excepted) which alone suruiues,
And liuing toyleth in an earthlie gaile,
At last to be extol'd in heauens high ioyēs.

THE FIRST PART of Ieronimo.

With the Warres of Portugall, and the
life and death of Don
Andraæa.



Printed at London for Thomas Pauyer, and are
to be sold at his shop, at the entrance
into the Exchange 1605.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE text is based on that of the Black-Letter Quarto of 1605, the only extant early edition, of which a considerable number of copies have been preserved. It was reprinted by Reed in his edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1780 (vol. iii), and afterwards by Collier, 1825 (vol. iii), and Hazlitt, 1874 (vol. iv). The Quarto is carelessly printed, especially as far as the correct arrangement of the lines is concerned. In many cases the index furnished by the rhyme is ignored. Reed emended a number of passages, but left others untouched, and neither Collier nor Hazlitt added in any considerable degree to Reed's work. I have aimed at as thorough a restoration of the text as possible, and at thus, for the first time, presenting the play with an approach to exactness. I have in the stage-directions substituted *Excunt* for *Exit* where grammatically necessary, and have preserved uniformity in the spelling of the proper names, which the Quarto sometimes mutilates. Otherwise I have reproduced the curious spelling of the original text. To facilitate reference I have divided the play into three Acts with subdivisions into Scenes.

⟨DRAMATIS PERSONAE¹

King of Spain.
Duke of Castile, *his brother.*
Lorenzo, *the Duke's son.*
Bellimperia, *Lorenzo's sister.*
Pedringano, *Bellimperia's servant.*

King of Portugal.
Don Pedro, *his brother.*
Balthezer, *the King's son.*

Ieronimo, *Marshal of Spain.*
Isabella, *his wife.*
Horatio, *their son.*

Duke Medina.
Alcario, *his son.*
Andrea
Rogero } Spanish Courtiers.
Lazarotto
Spanish Ambassador.
Spanish Lord General.
Spanish Captain.
Portuguese Lord General.
Vollupo } Portuguese Noblemen.
Alexandro
Messenger.

Ghost of Andrea.
Revenge.
Charon.

Nobles, Soldiers, Attendants, Mourners.⟩

¹ No list of the *Dramatis Personae* is contained in the Quarto, or in any of the later editions

THE FIRST PART OF IERONIMO

⟨ACT I.

SCENE I.⟩

Sound a signate, and passe ouer the stage. Enter at one dore the King of Spaine, Duke of Castile, Duke Medina, Lorenzo, and Rogero: at another doore, Andrea, Horatio, and Ieronimo. Ieronimo kneeleth downe, and the King creates him Marshall of Spaine: Lorenzo putteth on his spurres, and Andrea his sword. The King goes along with Ieronimo to his house. After a long signate is sounded, enter all the nobles, with couerd dishes, to the banquet. Exeunt Omnes. That done, enter all agen as before.

King. Frolick, Ieronimo; thou art now confirm'd
Marshall of Spaine, by all the dewe
And customary rights vnto thy office.

Ier. My knee sings thanks vnto your highnes bountie,
Come hether, boy *Horatio*; fould thy ioynts;
Kneele by thy fathers loynes, and thank my leedge
For honering me, thy Mother, and thy selfe
With this high staffe of office.

Hor. O my leedge,
I haue a hart thrice stronger then my years,
And that shall answeare gratefully for me.
Let not my youthfull blush impare my vallor:
If euer you haue foes, or red field scars,
Ile empty all my vaines to serue your wars:
Ile bleed for you; and more, what speech afords,
Ile speake in drops, when I do faile in words.

Ier. Well spoke, my boy; and on thy fathers side.
My leedge, how like you Don *Horatios* spirit?
What, doth it not promise faire?

2 dewe ed.: dewes Q. 7 For ed.: by Q. 8 O my leedge beg. of 9
Qg. 18 not om. Reed, Collier, Hazlitt

King. I, and no doubt his merit will purchase more.

Knight Marshall, rise, and still rise

20

Higher and greater in thy Soueraines eies.

Ier. O fortunate houre, blessed mynuit, happy day,

Able to raush euen my sence away.

Now I remember too (O sweet remembrance)

25

This day my years strike fiftie, and in Rome

They call the fifty year the year of *Jubil*,

The merry yeare, the peacefull yeere, *(the)* Iocond yeare,

A yeare of ioy, of pleasure, and delight.

This shalbe my yeare of *Jubil*, for tis my fifty.

30

Age vshers honor; tis no shame; confesse,

Beard, thou art fifty full, not a haire lesse.

Enter an Embassador.

King. How now, what news for Spain? tribute returned?

Amb. Tribute in words, my leedge, but not in coine.

King. Ha: dare he still procrastinate with Spaine?

Not tribute paied, not three years payed?

35

Tis not at his coine,

But his slack homage, that we most repine.

Ier. My leedge, if my opinion might stand firme

Within your highnes thoughts—

40

King. Marshall, our kingdome calles thee father:

Therefore speake free.

Thy counsell Ile imbrace as I do thee.

Ier. I thanke your highnes. Then, my Gracious leedge,

I hold it meete, by way of Embassage,

45

To demaund his mind and the neglect of tribute.

But, my leedge,

Heere must be kind words which doth oft besiege

The eares of rough heawn tyrants more then blowes:

Oh, a polyticke speech beguiles the eares of foes.

Mary, my leedge, mistake me not, I pray;

50

If friendly phraises, honied speech, bewitching accent,

Well tuned mellody, and all sweet guifts of nature,

Cannot auale or win him to it,

Then let him raise his gall vp to his toong,

²⁷ the add. Haslitt ³² for Collier, Haslitt: from Q. See Note
46-8 But . . . words | Which . . . rough | Heawn . . . blowes Q.

And be as bitter as physitions drugs,
Stretch his mouth wider with big swolne phrases.
Oh, heeres a Lad of mettle, stout Don *Andrea*,
Mettle to the crowne,
Would shake the Kings hie court three handfuls downe.

55

King. Ard well pickt out, knight Marshall ; speech well strung ;
Ide rather choose *Horatio* were he not so young.

61

Hor. I humbly thanke your highnes,
In placing me next vnto his royll bosome.

King. How stand ye, Lords, to this election ?

Omnis. Right pleasing, our d^read Soueraigne.

65

Med. Only, with pardon, mighty Soueraigne,
I should haue chose(n) Don *Lorenzo*.

Cast. I, Don *Rogero*.

Rog. O no ; not me, my Lords ;

I am wars Champion, and my fees are swords ;

Pray, king, pray, peeres, let it be Don *Andrea* ;

Hees a worthy lim

70

Loues wars and Souldiers ; therefore I loue him.

Jero. And I loue him, and thee, valiant *Rogero* ;

Noble spryits, gallant bloods,

You are no wise insinuating Lords,

75

You ha no tricks, you ha none of all their slights.

Jqr. So, so, *Andrea* must be sent imbassador ?

Lorenzo is not thought vpon : good,

Ile wake the Court, or startle out some bloud.

King. How stand you, Lords, to this election ?

80

Omnis. Right pleasing, our dread Soueraigne.

King. Then, Don *Andrea*—

And. My aproud leedge—

King. We make thee our Lord hie imbassador.

And. Your highnes cirkels me with honors boundes.

I will discharg the waight of your command

85

With best respect ; if friendly tempred phraise

Cannot effect the vertue of your charge,

I will be hard like thunder, and as rough

63 In] on Reed, Collier 68 Cast. wrongly prefixed to 67 Q.; hence previous editors assign 67 to Castile, and first half of 68 I . . . Rogero (which has no prefix in Q.) to Medina 75 You are] Your Q. 85 will ed.: still Q.: shall Hazlitt 87 effect ed.: affect Q.

⟨SCENE II.⟩

Enter Horatio at one doore, Andrea at an other.

Hor. Whether in such hast, my second selfe?

And. I faith, my deare bosome, to take solemne leaue
Of a most weeping creature.

Hor. Thats a woman.

Enter Bellimperia.

And. Thats *Bellimperia*.

Hor. See, see, she meetes you heere:

And what it is to loue, and be loued deere.

5

Bel. I haue hard of your honor, gentle brest;

I do not like it now so well, me thinkes.

And. What, not to haue honor bestowed on me?

Bel. O yes: but not a wandring honor, deere;

10

I could afford ⟨it⟩ well, didst thou stay here.

Could honor melt it selfe into thy vaines,

And thou the fountaine, I could wish it so,

If thou wouldest remaine heere with me, and not go.

And. Tis but to Portugale.

Hor. But to demand the tribute, Ladie.

Bel. Trybute?

15

Alas, that Spaine cannot of peace forbear

*A little coine, the Indies being so neere.

And yet this is not all: I know you are to hot,

To full of spleene for an imbassador,

And will leane much to honor.

20

And. Push.

Bel. Nay, heare me, deere:

I know you will be rough and violent,

And Portingale hath a tempestus son,

Stamp with the marke of fury, and you too.

25

And. Sweet *Bellimperia*.

Bel. Youle meeete like thunder,

Eatch imperious ouer others spleen;

5 it is] it is Reed, Collier, Hazlitt 10 it add ed. 15-7 But . . .
 Ladie | Trybute . . . peace | Forbear . . . neere Q. 21 Pish Hazlitt 22-4
 Nay . . . rough | And . . . son Q. 26-30 Sweet Bellimperia | Weele . . .
 ouer | Others . . . will | Strive . . . strike | Out . . . forfend Q. 26 Youle
 Reed, Collier, Hazlitt: Weele Q.

You haue both proud spirits and both will striue to aspire ;
 When two vext Clouds iustle they strike out fire ;
 And you, I feare me, war, which peace forfend.

30

O deere *Andrea*, pray, lets haue no wars.
 First let them pay the souldiers that were maimde
 In the last battaile, ere more wretches fall,
 Or walke on stilts to timelesse Funerall.

And. Respective deere, O my liues happines,
 The ioy of all my being, do not shape
 Frightful conceit beyond the intent of act.
 I know thy loue is vigilant o're my bloud,
 And fears ill fate which heauen hath yet withstood.
 But be of comfort, sweet ; *Horatio* knowes
 I go to knit friends, not to kindle foes.

35

40

Hor. True, Madam *Bellimperia*, thats his taske :
 The phraise he vseth must be gently stylde,
 The king hath warned him to be smooth and mild.

Bel. But will you indeed, *Andrea* ?

45

And. By this, and by this lip blushing kisse.

Hor. O, you sweare sweetly.

Bel. Ile keepe your oth for you, till you returne.
 Then ile be sure you shall not be forsworne.

Enter Pedringano.

And. Ho, *Pedringano*.

50

Ped. Signoro.

And. Are all things abord ?

Ped. They are, my good Lord.

And. Then, *Bellimperia*, I take leaue : *Horatio*,

Be in my absence my deare selfe, chast selfe.

55

What, playing the woman, *Bellimperia* ?

Nay, then you loue me not ; or, at the least,

You drowne my honores in those flowing watters.

Beleeue it, *Bellimperia*, tis as common

To weepe at parting as to be a woman.

60

Loue me more valliant; play not this moyst prize ;

Be woman in all partes, saue in thy eies.

⁴⁶ *And.* By this | *And.* By this lip blushing kisse Q.; the second 'And' is wrongly printed as if it were a contraction for *Andrea*; hence previous editors have wrongly emended, *And.* By this | *Bel.* And this lip blushing kiss

And so I leave thee.

Bel. Farwell, my Lord:

Be mindfull of my loue, and of your word.

And. Tis fixed vpon my hart; adew, soules friend.

65

Hor. All honor on *Andreas* steps attende.

Bel. Yet he is in sight, and yet—but now hees vanisht.

Exit Andrea

Hor. Nay, Lady, if you stoope so much to passion,

Ile call him back againe.

Bel. O, good *Horatio*, no:

It is for honor; prethee let him goe.

70

Hor. Then, Madam, be composd, as you weare worn,

To musick and delight: the time bēing Commick will

Seeme short and pleasant till his returne

From Portingale; and, madam, in this circle

Let your hart moue;

75

Honord promotion is the sap of loue.

Exeunt omnes.

⟨SCENE III.⟩

Enter Lorinzo and Lazarotto, a discontented Courtier.

Lor. Come, my soules spaniell, my lifes ietty substance,

Whats thy name?

Laz. My names an honest name, a Coutiers name:

Tis *Lazarotto*.

Lor. What, *Lazarotto*?

Laz. Or rather rotting in this lazy age,

5

That yeelds me no imployments; I haue mischiefe
Within my breast, more then my bulke can hold.

I want a midwiue to deliuere it.

Lor. Ile be the hee one then, and rid thee soone

Of this dull, leaden, and tormenting elfe.

10

Thou knowst the loue

Betwixt *Bellimperia* and *Andreas* bosome?

Laz. I, I do.

Lor. How might I crosse it, my sweet mischiefe?

Hunny damnation, how?

66 on] one Q. 68 Nay . . . againe one line Q.
line Q. 3 second name beg. of 4 Q.

69 O . . . goe one
That end of 5 Q. 11-2 Thou
. . . and | *Andreas* bosome Q.

Laz.

Well :

15

As many waies as there are paths to hell,
 And thatts enow, ifaith : from vserers doores
 There goes one pathe : from friers that nurse whores
 There goes another path : from brokers stals,
 From rich that die and build no hospitals,
 Two other paths : from farmers that crack barns
 With stuffing corne, yet starue the needy swarmes,
 Another path : from drinking schooles one : <one>
 From dicing houses : but from the court, none, none.

20

Lor. Heere is a slaye iust a the-stampe I wish, 25

Whose incke-soules blacker then his name,
 Though it stand painted with a Rauens quill.
 But, *Lazarotto*, crosse my Sisters loue,
 And ile raine showers of Duckets in thy palme.

Laz. Oh Duckets, dainty ducks : for, giue me duckets, 30
 Ile fetch you duck inough ; for gold and chinck
 Makes the punck wanton and the bawd to winke.

Lor. Discharg, discharg, good *Lazarotto*, how
 We may crose my Sisters louing hopes.

Laz. Nay now,
 Ile tell you—

Lor. Thou knowest *Andreas* gone embassador.

Laz. The better ther is opportunity :
 Now list to me.

Enter Ieronimo, and Horatio, and ouer heare their talke.

Alcario, the Duke *Medinas* sonne,
 Dotes on your Sister, *Bellimperia* ; 40
 Him in her priuate gallery you shall place,
 To court her ; let his protestations be
 Fashioned with rich Jewels, for in loue
 Great gifts and gold haue the best toong to moue.
 Let him not spare an oath without a iewell

45

15 Well beg. of 16 Q. 17 doores ed. : doore Q. 18 whores
 beg. of 19 Q. 19 stals beg. of 20 Q. 23 second one add. ed. 23-4
 Another . . . from [Dicing . . . none Q. 29 And ile end of 28 Q.
 of Reed, Collier, Hazlitt : and Q. 30-2 Oh . . . forgive me | Duckets
 . . . gold | And . . . winke Q., previous editors, misled by the misprint forgive,
 have made the passage meaningless 33-5 Discharg . . . we | May . . .
 hopes | Nay . . . you Q. 37 ther is] theirs Q. 37-8 one line Q.
 S D. heare] heares Q. 44 great end of 43 Q. *

To bind it fast: Oh, I know womens harts
 What stiffe they are made of, my Lord: gifts and giuing
 Will melt the chastest seeming female, liuing.

Lor. Indeede *Andrea* is but poore, though honorable;
 His bounty amongst souldiers sokes him dry,
 And therefore great gifts may bewitch her eie.

50

Jer. Heeres no fine villainie, no damn(c)d brother.

Lor. But, say she should deny his gifts, be all
 Composd of hate, as my mind giues me that she wooll:
 What then?

55

Laz. Then thus: at his returme to Spaine,
 Ile murder Don *Andrea*.

Lor. Darst thou, sperit?

Laz. What dares not hee do that neer hopes to inherit?

Hor. Hee dares bee damnd like thee.

Laz. Dare I? Ha, ha,

60

I haue no hope of euerlasting height;
 My souls a Moore, you know, salutations white.
 What dare not I enact, then? tush, he dies.
 I will make way to *Bellimperias* eies.

Lor. To weepe, I feare, but not to tender loue.

Laz. Why, is she not a woman? she must weepe
 A while, as widdowes vse, till their first sleepe;
 Who in the morrow following will be sould
 To newe, before the first are thoroughly cold.
 So *Bellimperia*; for this is common;

65

The more she weepes, the more shee plaies the woman.

70

Lor. Come then, how ere it hap, *Andrea* shall be crost.

Laz. Let mee alone; Ile turne him to a ghoast.

Exeunt Lorenzo and Lazarotto. Mane(n)t Ieronimo and Horatio.

Jer. Farwell, true brace of villaynes;

Come hether, boy *Horatio*, didst thou here them?

Hor. O my true breasted father,

75

47-8 What . . . Lord | Gifts . . . chastest | Seeming . . . liuing Q. 51
 therefore Reed, Collier: there ore Q.: their o'er Hazlitt 54 that she wooll
 beg. of 55 Q. 57 Ile end of 56 Q. 57 Darst . . . sperit sep. line Q.
 58 neer] near Q. 59-62 Hee . . . thee | Dare . . . euerlasting | Height . . .
 salutations | White . . . dies Q. 67-70 Who . . . newe | Before . . . so |
Bellimperia . . . more | She . . . woman Q. S D. and Horatio after
 Lazarotto Q. 75-81 O . . . sukt | In . . . *Andrea* | O . . . reuerend |
 Yeares . . . haue | Ponyarded . . . his | Soule . . . *Andrea* | Honest . . . vil-
 layns Q.

My eales haue sukt in poysone, deadly Poyson.

Murder *Andrea*? O Inhumain practis.

Had not your reuerend yeares beene present heere,
I should haue ponyarded the Villaynes bowels,
And shoued his soule out to Damnation.

80

Murder *Andrea*, honest lord? Impious villayns.

Ier. I like thy true hart, boy; thou louest thy friend:

It is the greatest argument and sign

That I begot thee, for it showes thou art mine.

Hor. O father, tis a charitable deed

85

To preuent those that would make vertue bleed.

Ile dispach letters to don *Andrea*;

Vnfoould their hellish practise, damnd intent

Against the vertuous riuers of his lfe.

Murder *Andrea*?

Enter Isabella.

Ier. Peace: who comes here? Newes, Newes, *Isabella*.

90

Isa. What newes, *Ieronimo*?

Ier. Strang newes: *Lorenzo* is becom an honest man.

Isa. Is this your wondrous newes?

Ier. I, ist not wondrous

To haue honesty in hel? Go, tell it Abrod now;

But see you put no new aditions to it,

95

As thus—'shal I tell you, gossip? *Lorenzo* is

Become an honnest man:—Beware, beware;

For honesty,

Spoken in derision, points out knauery.

O, then, take heed; that Iest would not be trim;

100

Hees a great man, therefore we must not knaue him.

In, gentle soule; Ile not bee long away,

As short my body, short shall be my stay.

Exit Isabell(a).

Hor. Murder *Andrea*? What bloud sucking slaye

Could choke bright honor in a skabard graue?

105

Ier. What, harping still vpon *Andreas* death?

84 That . . . thee end of 83^oQ.

newes | *Isabella* | What . . . *Ieronimo Q.* 90-1 Murder *Andrea* | Peace . . .
Collier, Haslitt 93-9 Is . . . newes | I . . . tell | It . . . aditions |
To . . . *Lorenzo* | Is . . . beware | For . . . knauery Q.

Hauē courage, boy: I shall preuent their plots,
And make them both stand like too politique sots.

Hor. Lorenzo has a reach as far as hell;
To hooke the duell from his flaming cell.

O, sprightly father, heele out rech you then;
Knaues longer reaches haue then honest men.

Ier. But, boy, feare not, I will out stretch them al;
My minds a giant, though my bulke be small.

Exeunt omnes.

⟨ACT II.

SCENE I.⟩

Enter the King of Portingale, Balthezer, Alexandro, Donne Vollupo, and others: a peale of ordeneunce within; a great shout of people.

King. What is the meaning of this lowd report?

Alex. An embas(sador), my Lord, is new arived from Spaine.

King. Son *Balthezer*, we pray, do you goe meet him,
And do him all the honor that belongs him.

Bal. Father, my best indeuour shall obey you;—

Welcom, worthy lord, Spaines choyse embassador,
Braue, stout *Andrea*, for soe I gesse thee.

Enter Andrea.

And. Portugalles eire, I thanke thee;
Thou semes no les then what thou art, a prince,
And an heroycke spirit; Portingalles King,
I kisse thy hand, and tender on thy throne
My masters loue, peace, and affection.

King. And we receue them, and thee, worthy *Andrea*;
Thy masters hy prized loue vnto our hart
Is welcome to his friend, thou to our court.

And. Thankes, Portingall. My lordes, I had in charge,
At my depart from Spaine, this embasage,
To put your brest in mind of tribute due
Vnto our masters kingdome these three years
Detained and kept back: and I ⟨am⟩ sent to know
Whether neglect, or will, detains it so.

King. Thus much returne vnto thy King, *Andrea*:
We haue with best aduise thought of our state,

113 I willl lle Q. 114 small emend. Reed: full Q.
embassy Reed, Collier, Hazlitt 11 first thy ed.: my Q.

2 embas Q.:
20 am add. Reed

And find it much dishonord by base homage.
 I not deny but tribute hath bin due to Spaine 25
 By our forfathers base captiuitie :
 Yet cannot raze ²⁷ t add. ed.: The Q. has (:) instead of (?), which reverses the meaning. out there successors merit?
 Tis sayd we shall not answer at next birth
 Our fathers fawlties in heauen; why then on earth?
 Which proues and showes, that which they lost by base Captiuitie,
 We may redeeme with honored valiansie. 31
 We borow nougnt; our kingdome is our owne:
 Hee is a base King that payes rent for his throne.

And. Is this thy answer, Portingalle?

Bal. I, Spaine ; 35
 A royal answer to, which Ile maintaine.

Omnes. And all the peeres of Portugalle the like.

And. Then thus all Spaine, which but three minutes agoe
 Was thy full friend, is now returned thy foe.

Bal. An excellent foe; we shall haue scuffling good.

And. Thou shalt pay trybute, Portugalle, with blood. 40

Bal. Trybute for trybute, then: and foes for foes.

And. I bid you sudden warres.

Bal. I, sudden blowes,
 And thatas as good as warres. Don, Ile not bate
 An inch of courage nor a haire of fate.
 Pay tribute? I, with strockes.

And. I, with strockes you shall. 45
 Allas, that Spaine should correct Portugal.

Bal. Correct?

O in that one word such torments do I feele
 That I could lash thy ribes with valiant steele.

And. Prince *Balthezer*, shalles meete? 50

Bal. Meete, Don *Andrea*? Yes, in the battles Bowels:
 Here is my gage, a neuer fayling pawne;
 Twill keepe his day, his houre, nay minute; twill.

And. Then thine and this posses one qualitie.

Bal. O, let them kis. 55

²⁷ t add. ed.: The Q. has (:) instead of (?), which reverses the meaning.
²⁹ qn] one Q. 34 I, Spaine beg. of 35 Q. 37 agoe beg. of 38 Q.
⁴²⁻⁶ I bid . . . warres | I, sudden . . . warres | Don . . . bate | An . . .
 fate | Pay . . . strockes | I . . . shall Q. 47-9 Correct . . . do | I
 feele . . . steele Q. 52 Here is] Heres Q. 55-7 O . . . noble | Valliant
 . . . thee Q.

Did I not vnderstand thee noble, valliant,
 And worthy my swordes societie with thee,
 For all Spaines wealth Ide not grasper hands.
 Meet, Don *Andrea*? I tell thee, noble spirit,
 Ide wade up to the knees in bloud,
 Ide make a bridge of Spanish carkases,
 To singe thee out of the gasping armye.

60

And. Woot thou, prince? why euen for that I loue *(thee)*.

Bal. Tut, loue me, man, when we haue drunke

Hot bloud together; woundes will tie
 An euerlasting settled amity.
 And so shall thine.

65

And. And thine.

Bal. What, giue no place?

And. To whome?

Bal. To me.

And. To thee? why should my face,
 Thats placed aboue my mind, fall vnder it?

Bal. Ile make thee yeeld.

And. I, when you get me downe;
 But I stand euen yet, iump crowne to crowne.

70

Bal. Darst thou?

And. I dare.

Bal. I am all vext.

And. I care not.

Bal. I shall forget the Law.

And. Do, do.

Bal. Shall I?

And. Spare not.

Bal. But thou wilt yeeld first.

And. No.

Bal. O, I hug thee fort,

The valianst spirit ere trod the Spanish courte.

75

Alex. My leedge, two nobler spryts neuer met.

Bal. Heere let the rising of our hot bloud set,

Vntill we meet in purple, when our swords

Shall—

63 thee add. ed. 76 and 77 transposed, Q. 79 shall not in text, but printed at the bottom of the page in Q. as the first word of next page, where, however, the line which it should begin is wanting

And. Agreed, right valliant prince.

80

Then, Portugale, this is thy resolute answer?
King. So returne; its so: we haue bethought vs
 What tribute is; how poore that Monarch shoues
 Who for his thronē a yeerely penshion owes:
 And what our predesessors lost to Spaine 85
 We haue fresh sperits that can renew it againe.
And. Then I vnclaspe the purple leaues of war:

Many a new wound must gaspe through an old scar.
 So, Portugale, I leauē thee.

King. Our selfe in person 90
 Will see thee safe aboord. Come, son, come, Lords,
 In steade of tribute we must pay our swords.

Bal. Remember, Don *Andrea*, that we meet—

And. Up hether sayling in a crimson fleetē.

Exeunt omnes.

(SCENE II.)

Enter Lorenzo and Alcario.

Lor. Do you affect my sister?

Alc. Affect? aboue affection, for her breast
 Is my liues treasure; O entire
 Is the condition of my hot desire.

Lor. Then this must be your plot.

5

You know *Andreas* gone embassador,
 On whom my Sister *Bellimperia*
 Casts her affection.

You are in stature like him, speech alike;
 And had you but his vestment on your backe, 10
 Thers no one liuing but would sweare twere he:
 Therefore, sly policy must be youre guide.
 I haue a suit iust of *Andreas* cullers,
 Proportiond in all parts—nay, twins his own:
 This suit within my closet shall you ware, 15
 And so disguisid, woe, sue, and then at last—

10

15

* what end of 82 Q. • 89-90 So . . . thee | Our . . . aboard | Come
 . . . lords Q. 8 her emend. Reed: his Q. 8-16 Casts . . . him
 | Speech . . . vestment | On . . . would | Sweare . . . must | Be . . . iust | Of . . .
 parts | Nay . . . closet | Shall . . . and | Then . . . fast Q.

Alc. What?

Lor. Obtain thy loue.

Alc. This fals out rare; in this disguise, I may
Both wed, bed, and boord her? 20

Lor. You may, you may.

Besids, within these few daies heele returne.

Alc. Till this be acted I in passion burne.

Lor. All fals out for the purpose: all hits iumpe;
The date of his embassage nighe expired 25

Giues strength vnto our plot.

Alc. True, true; all to the purpose.

Lor. Moreouer, I will buze *Andreas* landing,
Which, once but crept into the vulger mouthes,
Is hurried heer and there, and sworne for troth; 30
Thinke, tis your loue makes me create this guise,
And willing hope to see your vertue rise.

Alc. Lorenzoes bounty I do more enfould

Then the greatest mine of Indians brightest gold.

Lor. Come, let vs in; the next time you shall show 35
All Don *Andrea*, not *Alcario*.

Exeunt omnes.

(SCENE III.)

Enter Ieronimo trussing of his points, Horatio with pen and incke.

Ier. Come, pull the table this way; so, tis well:

Come, write, *Horatio*, write:

This speedy letter must away to night.

Horatio foulds the paper the contrary way.

What, fold paper that way to a noble man?

To Don *Andrea*, Spaines embassador? 5

Fie: I am a shamed to see it.

Hast thou worne gownes in the Uniuersity,

Tost logick, suckt Philosophy,

Eate Cues, drunk Cees, and cannot giue a letter

The right Courtiers crest? O thers a kind of state 10

In euery thing, saue in a Cuckolds pate.

18 thy emend. Reed: my Q. 19-22 This . . . rare | In . . . her | You . . .
daies! Heele returne Q. 34 mine] mind Q. Indians] India's Reed,
Collier, Hazlitt 9-10 Eate . . . cannot | Giue . . . crest | O . . . state Q.

Fie, fie, *Horatio*: what, is your pen foule?

Hor. No, Father, cleaner then *Lorenzoes* soule;

Thats dipt in inck made of an eniuous gall;

Elce had my pen no cause to write at all.

15

Ier. 'Signeor Andrea,' say.

Hor. 'Signeor Andrea.'

Ier. 'Tis a villainus age this.'

Hor. 'Tis a villainus age this.'

19

Ier. 'That a nobleman should be a Knaue as well as an Ostler.'

Hor. 'That a nobleman should be a Knaue as well as an Ostler.'

Ier. 'Or a seriant.'

Hor. 'Or-a seriant.'

Ier. 'Or a Broker.'

Hor. 'Or a Broker.'

25

Ier. 'Yet I speake not this of *Lorenzo*, for hees an honest Lord.'

Hor. 'S foot, Father, ile not write him 'honest Lord.'

Ier. Take vp thy pen, or ile take vp thee.

Hor. What, write him 'honest Lord'? ile not agree.

Ier. Youle take it vp, Sir.

30

Hor. Well, well.

Ier. What went before? Thou hast put me out:

Beshrow thy impudence or insolence.

Hor. 'Lorenzoes an honest Lord.'

Ier. Well, Sir;—'and has hired one to murder you.'

35

Hor. O, I cry you mercy, Father, ment you so?

Ier. Art thou a scholler, Don *Horatio*,

And canst not aime at Figuratiue speech?

Hor. I pray you, pardon me; twas but youths hasty error.

Ier. Come, read then.

40

Hor. 'And has hired one to murder you.'

Ier. 'He meanes to send you to heauen, when you returne
from Portugale.'

Hor. 'From Portugale.'

Ier. 'Yet hees an honest dukes son.'

45

Hor. 'Yet hees an—'

Ier. 'But not the honest son of a Duke.'

Hor. 'But not the honest—'

Ier. 'O, that villainy shold be found in the great Chamber.'

Hor. 'O that villainy'—

50

Ier. 'And honesty in the bottome of a seller.'

Hor. 'And honesty'—

Ier. 'If youle be murdered, you may.'

Hor. 'If youle be'—

Ier. 'If you be not, thanke God and *Ieronimo*.'

55

Hor. 'If you be not'—

Ier. 'If you be, thank the diuell and *Lorenzo*.'

Hor. 'If you be, thank'—

Ier. 'Thus hoping you will not be murdred, and you can choose.'

Hor. 'Thus hoping you will'—

60

Ier. 'Especially being warned before hand.'

Hor. 'Especially'—

Ier. 'I take my leaue,'—boy *Horatio*, write 'leaue' bending in
the hams like an old Courtier—'Thy assured friend,' say,
'gainst *Lorenzo* and the diuell, little *Ieronimo*, Marshall.' 65

Hor. '*Ieronimo*, Marshall.'

Ier. So, now read it ore.

Hor. 'Signeur *Andrea*, tis a villainus age this, that a Nobleman
should be a Knaue as well as an Ostler, or a Seriant, or a
broker; yet I speake not this of *Lorenzo*: hees an honest
Lord, and has hired one to murder you, when you returne
from Portugale: yet hees an honest Dukes sonne, but not
the honest son of a Duke. O that villainy should be found
in the great chamber, and honesty in the bottome of a seller.'

Ier. True, boy: thers a morall in that; as much to say, knauery
in the Court and honesty in a cheese house. 76

Hor. 'If youle be murdred, you may: if you be not, thanke
God and *Ieronimo*: if you be, thanke the diuell and *Lorenzo*.
Thus hoping you will not be murdered, and you can choose,
especially being warnd beforehand, I take my leaue.' 80

Ier. *Horatio*, hast thou written 'leaue' bending in the hams
enough, like a Gentleman usher? 'S foote, no, *Horatio*; thou
hast made him straddle too much like a Frenchman: for
shame, put his legs closer, though it be painefull.

Hor. So: tis done, tis done—'Thy assured friend against *Lorenzo*
and the diuell, little *Ieronimo*, Marshall.' 86

63 Q., followed by previous editors, prints (,) wrongly after, instead of before
boy 63-5 printed in doggerel Q. 65-86 printed in doggerel Q.

Enter Lorenzo and Isabella.

Isa. Yonder he is, my Lord; pray you speake to him.

Ier. Wax, wax, *Horatio*: I had neede wax too;

Our foes will stride else ouer me and you.

Isa. Hees writing a loue letter to some Spanish Lady,

90

And now he calls for wax to seale it.

Lor. God sauе you, good knight Marshall.

Ier. Whose this? my Lord *Lorenzo*? welcom, welcom;

Your the last man I thought on, sauе the diuell:

Much doth your presence grace our homely roofe.

95

Lor. O *Ieronimo*,

Your wife condemns you of a vncurtesie,

And ouer passing wrōng; and more she names

Loue letters which you send to Spanish Dames.

Ier. Do you accuse me so, kind *Isabella*?

100

Isa. Vnkind *Ieronimo*.

Lor. And, for my instance, this in your hand is one.

Ier. In sooth, my Lord, there is no written name

Of any Lady, then no Spanish dame.

Lor. If it were not so, you would not be afeard

105

To read or show the waxtert letter:

Pray you, let me behold it.

Ier. I pray you, pardon me:

I must confes, my Lord, it treats of loue,

Loue to *Andrea*, I, euen to his very bosome.

110

Lor. What newes, my Lord, heare you from Portugale?

Ier. Who, I? before your grace it must not be;

The Badger feeds not till the Lyons serued:

Nor fits it newes so soone kisse subiects (ears)

As the faire cheeke of high authority.

115

Ieronimo liues much absent from the Court,

And being absent there, liues from report.

Lor. Farwell, *Ieronimo*.

Exeunt Lorenzo and Isabella.

Isa. Welcome, my Lord *Lorenzo*.

Ier. Boy,

120

Thy mothers iealous of my loue to her.

Hor. O she plaid vs a wise part; now, ten to one

88 too] two Q
114 ears add. Reed, on Steevens' suggestion

96-7 one line Q.
96-1

104 then] nor Hazlitt, wrongly
100-1 Boy . . . her one line Q

He had not ouer heard the letter read,
Iust as he entered.

Ier. Though it had happend euill,
He should haue hard his name yokt with the diuell. 125
Heere, seale the letter with a louing knot;
Send it with speede, *Horatio*, linger not,
That Don *Andrea* may preuent his death,
And know his enemy by his eniuious breath.

Exeunt omnes.

(SCENE IV.)

Enter Lorenzo, and Alcario disguised like Andrea.

Lor. Now, by the honor of Casteels true house,
You are as like *Andrea*, part for part,
As he is like himselfe: did I (not) know you,
By my crosse I sweare, I could not think you but
Andreas selfe, so legd, so facst, so speecht, 5
So all in all: methinks I should salute
Your quick returne and speedy hast from Portugale:
Welcome, faire Lord, worthy embassador,
Braue Don *Andrea*.—O, I laugh to see
How we shall iest at her mistaking thee. 10

Alc. What, haue you giuen it out *Andrea* is returnd?

Lor. Tis all about the court in euery eare,
And my inuention brought to me for newes
Last night at supper; and which the more to couer,
I tooke a boule and quraft a health to him, 15
When it would scarce go downe for extreame laughter
To thinke how soone report had scatterd it.

Alc. But is the villaine *Lazarotto*
Acquainted with our drift?

Lor. Not for Spains wealth;
Though he be secret, yet suspect the worst, 20
For confidence confounds the strategem.
The fewer in a plot of ialousie
Build a foundation surest, when multitudes

123-4 He . . . entered one line Q. 3 not add. Reed 4 but beg. of 5 Q. 5 speecht beg. of 6 Q. 18-9 But . . . drift one line Q.
20 suspect ed.: suspects Q. =

Make it confused ere it come to head.

Be secret, then ; trust not the open aire,

For aire is breath, and breath-blown words raise care.

Alc. This is the gallery where she most frequents ;

Within this walke haue I beheld her dally

With my shapes substance. O, immortall powers,

Lend your assistance ; clap a siluer tongue

Within this pallat, that, when I approach

Within the presence of this demy Goddesse,

I may possess an adimanticke power,

And so bewitch her with my shonied speech ;

Haue euery sillable a musick stop,

That, when I pause, the melody may moue

And hem perswasion tweene her snowy paps,

That her hart hearing may relent and yeeld.

Lor. Breake of, my Lord : see, where she makes approch.

Enter Bellimperia.

Alc. Then fall into your former vaine of termes.

40

Lor. Welcome, my Lord ;

Welcome, braue Don *Andrea*, Spaines best of sperit.

What newes from Portugale? tribute or war?

But see, my Sister *Bellimperia* comes :

I will defer it till some other time,

45

For company hinders loues conference.

Exit Lorenzo.

Bel. Welcom, my lifes selfe forme, deere Don *Andrea*.

Alc. My words iterated giues thee as much :

Welcome, my selfe of selfe.

Bel. What newes, *Andrea*? treats it peace or war?

50

Alc. At first they cried all war, as men resolued

To loose both life and honor at one cast:

At which I thundered words all clad in profe

Which strooke amazement to their pauled speeche,

And tribute presently was yeelded vp.

55

²⁴ Make Reed and later eds.: Makes Q. ²⁷ Alc om. Q. : wrongly placed by Reed and later eds. before ²⁸ Within end of ³⁰ Q. ⁴⁰ vaines Q ⁴¹⁻³ Welcome . . . Don | Andrea . . . newes | From . . . war Q
48 giues Q : giue Reed and later eds.

But, maddam *Bellimperia*, leaue we this,
And talke of former suites and questes of loue.

They whisper. Enter Lazarotto.

Laz. Tis all about the Court *Andreas* come:

Would I might greete him ; and I wonder much
My Lord *Lorenzo* is so slack in murder
Not to afford me notice all this while.

60

Gold, I am true ;

I had my hier, and thou shalt haue thy due.

Wast possible to misse him so? soft, soft,

This gallery leads to *Bellimperias* lodging ;

65

There he is, sure, or wil be, sure; ,Ile stay :

The euening to begins to slubber day;

Sweet, oportunefull season ; heere ile leane

Like a court hound that likt fat trenchers cleane.

Bel. But has the King pertooke your embassy ?

70

Alc. That till tomorrow shall be now deferd.

Bel. Nay, then you loue me not :

Let that be first dispatcht ;

Till when receiue this token.

She kisses him. Exit Bellimperia.

Alc. I to the King with this vnfaithfull hart ?

75

It must not be ; I play to falce a part.

Laz. Vp, *Lazarotto*; yonder comes thy prize :

Now liues *Andrea*, now *Andrea* dies.

Lazarotto kills him.

Alc. That villaine *Lazarotto* has kild me

In stead of *Andrea*.

80

Enter Andrea, and Rogero, and other(s).

Rog. Welcome home, Lord embassador.

Alc. Oh, oh, oh.

And. Whose grone was that? What frightfull villaines this,
His sword vnshethed? Whom hast thou murdred, slau'e?

Laz. Why, Don, Don *Andrea*.

85

And. No, conterfeiting villaine.

He ses, my Lord, that he hath murdered me.

Laz. I, Don *Andrea*, or else Don the deuill.

And. Lay hands on him; *<and>* some

Reare vp the bleeding body to the light.

Rog. My Lord, I think tis you; were you not heere,
A man might sweare twere you.

And. His garments, ha, like mine; his face made like.

An omynous horror all my vaines doth strike.

Sure, this pretends my death; this misery
Aymes at some fatall pointed tragedy.

Enter Ieronimo and Horatio.

Ier. Son *Horatio*, see *Andrea* slaine.

Hor. *Andrea* slaine? then, weapon, clyng my brest.

And. Liue² truest friend, for euer loued and blest.

Hor. Liues Don *Andrea*?

And. I; but slaine in thought

To see so strang a likenes forged and wrought.

Lords, cannot you yet discry

Who is the owner of this red, melting body?

Rog. My Lord,

It is *Alcario*, Duke *Medinas* son;

I know him by this mould vpon his brest.

Laz. *Alcario* slaine? hast thou beguild me, sword?

Arme, hast thou slaine thy bountifull, kind lord?

Why then rot off, and drop vpon the ground,

Strew all the galleries with gobbits round.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Who names *Alcario* slaine? it is *Alcario*.

O cursed deed:

Couldst thou not see, but make the wrong man bleed?

Laz. S foot, twas yur fault, my lord; you brought noe word.

Lor. Peace; no words; ile get thy pardon.

115

Why, mum then.

Enter Bellimperia.

Bel. Who names *Andrea* slaine? O, tis *Andrea*:

O, I swound, I die.

Lor. Looke to my Sister, *Bellimperia*.

And. Raise vp my deere loue, *Bellimperia*.

120

89 on] one Q and add^{ed} ed 89-90 Lay... bleeding | Body... light
Q. 95 pretends Q.: portends Reed and later eds 104-5 My... son
one line Q. 106 mould] mole Reed and later eds. 112-3 O... see |
But... bleed Q. 118 swound ed: sound Q.: swoon Reed, Collier, Hazlitt

O, be of comfort, sweet, call in thy sperits ;
Andrea liues : O let not death beguile thee.

Bel. Are you *Andrea* ?

And. Doe not forget

That was *Alcario*, my shapes counterfet.

Lor. Why speaks not this accursed, damned villaine ? 125

Laz. O, good words, my Lords, for those are courtiers vailes.

The King must heare ; why should I make two tailes,

For to be found in two ? before the King

I will resolute you all this strange, strang thing :

I hot, yet mist ; twas I mistooke my part.

Hor. I, vilhane, for thou aymst at this true haft.

Ier. *Horatio*, twas well, as fortune stands,

This letter came not to *Andreas* hands.

Hor. Twas happines indeed.

Bel. Was it not you, *Andrea*, questioned me ?

135

Bout loue ?

And. No, *Bellimperia* ;

Belike twas false *Andrea*, for the first

Obiect mine eies met was that most accurst ;

Which, I mucln feare me, by all signes pretends

Most doubtfull wars and dangerous pointed ends

140

To light vpon my bloud.

Bel. Angels of heauen forefend it.

And. Some take vp the bodie ; others take charg

Of that accursed villaine.

Lor. My Lord, leave that to me ; ile looke to him.

145

Ier. Mark, mark, *Horatio* : a villaine guard a villaine.

And. The King may thinke my newes is a bad guest,

When the first obiect is a bleeding brest.

Exeunt omnes.

(SCENE V.)

Enter King of Spaine, Castile, Medina, Rogero, and others ; a dead
 march within.

King. My Lords,

What heauy sounds are these, neerer, and neerer ?

123-4 Are . . . *Andrea* | Doe . . . *Alcario* | My . . . counterfet Q. 127-30
 The . . . make | Two . . . two | Before . . . all | This . . . must | Twas . . . part
 Q. 135-8 Was . . . loue | No . . . *Andrea* | For . . . met | Was . . . accurst
 Q. 139 which] witch Q. pretend Q. 1-4 My . . . these |
 Neerer . . . runner | Of . . . Spaines | Inevitable ill Q.

Ha, <i>Andrea</i> , the foore runner of these newes?	
Nay, then I feare Spaines ineuitable ill.	
Ha, <i>Andrea</i> , speake; what newes from Portugale?	5
What, is tribute paid? <i><1st></i> peace or wars?	
<i>And.</i> Wars, my dread leedge.	
<i>King.</i>	Why then, that bleeding obiect
Doth presage what shall hereafter follow:	
Whats he that lies there slaine, or hurt, or both?	
<i>Speake.</i>	
<i>And.</i> My leedge, <i>Alcario</i> , Duke <i>Medinas</i> son;	
And by that slauie this purple act was done.	
<i>Med.</i> Who names <i>Alcaria</i> slaine? aie me, tis he:	
Art thou that villaine?	
<i>Laz.</i>	How didst know my name?
I see an excellent villaine hath his fame	15
As well as a great courtier.	
<i>Med.</i> Speake, villain: wherefore didst thou this accursed deed?	
<i>Laz.</i> Because I was an asse, a villainus asse;	
For had I hot it right,	
<i>Andrea</i> had line there, he walkt vpright;	
This ominous mistake, this damned error,	20
Breeds in my soule an euerlasting terror.	
<i>King.</i> Say, slauie, how came this accursed euill?	
<i>Laz.</i> Faith, by my selfe, my short sword, and the deuill.	
To tell you all without a tedious toong,	
Ile cut them downe, my words shall not be hong.	
That haples, bleeding Lord <i>Alcario</i> ,	
Which this hand slew, pox ont, was a huge dotar	
On <i>Belliperias</i> beautye, who replide	
In scorne, and his hot suite denide;	
For her affections were all firmly planted	
In Don <i>Andreas</i> bosome; yet vnwise	
He still pursued it with blind louers eies.	
Then hired he me with gold—O fate, thou elfe—	
To kill <i>Andrea</i> , which hire kild himself;	
For not content to stay the time of murder.	

6th add. ed. 9 or both beg. of 10 Q
... mistake | This ... soule | An ... terror Q
Q: hang long Reed, Collier, Hazlitt See Note
25 hire here Reed and later eds. wrongly
19-22 For . . . there | He
26 be hong ed.: hang
30 in scorne end of 29 Q.

He tooke *Andreas* shape vnknowne to me,
 And in all parts disguised, as there you see,
 Intending, as it seemed, by that sly shift,
 To steale away her troth: short tale to tell,
 I tooke him for *Andrea*, downe he fell. 40

King. O impious deede,
 To make the heire of honor melt and bleede.
 Beare him away to execution.

Laz. Nay, Lord *Lorenzo*, whers the pardon? 45
 S foot, ile peach else.

Lor. Peace, *Lazarotto*, ile get it of the King.

Laz. Doot quickly then, or ile spred villainy.

Lor. My Lord, he is the most notorious rogue
 That euer breathd. *In his eare.* 50

King. Away with him.

Lor. Your highnes may doe well to barre his speech;
 Tis able to infect a vertuous eare.

King. Away with him, I will not heare him speake.

Laz. My Lord *Lorenzo* is a— 55
They stop his mouth and beare him in.

Ier. Is not this a monstrous courtier?

Hor. He is the court tode, father.

King. Trybute denide vs, ha?

And. It is, my leedge, and that with no meane words:
 He will redeeme his honor lost with swordes. 60

King. So daring, ha, so Peremptory?

Can you remember the words he spake?
And. Word for word, my gratiouſ ſoueraine,

And theſe they were:—‘Thus much returne to Spaine:
 Say that our ſetled Iudgment hath aduised vs 65

What tribute is, how poore that Monarch ſhewes

Who for his thronē a yarely pension owes;

And what our predeceſors lost to Spaine

We haue fresh ſpirites that can renew it againe.’

King. Ha, ſoe peremptory, daring, stout? 70

And. Then, my leedge,

According <to> your gratiouſ, dread Comand,

I bad defiance with a vengfull hand.

King. He intartained it?

And. I, and returned it with menasing browes:

75

Prince *Baltheser*, his son,

Grew Violent, and wished the fight begune.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. So, so, I haue sent my slaye to hell:

Tho he blab there, the diueles will not tell.

A Tucket within.

King. How now, what means this trumpets sound?

80

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My leedge, the Portugalles

Are vp in armes, glittering in steel.

King. Wheres our lord generall, *Lorenzo*, stout *Andrea*,

With whome I rancke spritely *Horatio*?

What, for shame, shall the Portugalles

85

Trample the fields before you?

Gen. No, my leedge,

Thers time enough to let out blood enough,

Tribute shall flow

Out of their bowels, and be tendered so.

King. Farwell, braue Lords; my wishes are bequeathd;

90

A nobler ranke of sperits neuer breathd.

Exeunt King and Nobles.

Ier. O, my sweet boy, heauen shield thee still from care;

O, be as fortunate as thou art faire.

Hor. And heauen blesse you, my father, in this fight,

That I may see your Gray head crownd in white.

95

Exeunt omnes.

〈SCENE VI.〉

Enter Andrea, and Bellimperia.

Bel. You came but now, 〈and〉 must you part agen?

You told me that your sperit should put on peace;

But see, war followes war.

And.

Nay, sweet loue, cease,

S D Enter a messenger, after 81 Q.
86-8 Trample...you | No...enough | To...flow Q.
I and add Hazlitt 2-3 You...sperit | Should...war | Nay...cease Q.

81 Mess. prefixed to 82 Q.

93 thou] thee Q.

To be denide our honor, why, twere base
 To breath and liue; and wars in such a case
 Is euen as necessary as our bloud.

Swordes are in season then when rightes withstood.
 Deny vs tribute that so many yeeres
 We hauē in peace tould out? why it would raise
 Spleene in the host of Angels: twere enough
 To make *(the)* tranquile saints of angry stiffe.

Bel. You haue ore wrought the chiding of my brest;
 And by that argument you firmly proue
 Honor to sore aboue the pitch of loue.

Lend me thy louing and thy warlickē arme,
 On which I knit this softe and silken charme
 Tyed with an amorous knot: O, may it proue
 Inchaunted armour, being charmed by loue;
 That when it mounts vp to thy warlick crest,
 It may put by the sword, and so be blest.

And. O what deuinity proceeds from loue.
 What happier fortune, then, my selfe can moue?
 Harke, the drum beckens me; sweet deere, farewell.
 This scarfe shal be my charme agaist foes and hell.

Bel. O, let me kisse thee first.

And. The drum agen.

Bel. Hath that more power then I?

And. Doot quickly then:
 Farewell.

Exit Andrea.

Bel. Farewell. O cruell part;

Andreas bosome bears away my hart.

Exit Bellimperia.

(ACT III.

SCENE I.)

*Enter Balthazar, Alexandro, Vollupo, Don Pedro, with soldiers, drum
 and coullers.*

Bal. Come, valiant sperits, you Peeres of Portugale,
 That owe your liues, your faiths, and seruices,
 To seet you free from base captiuity:

5 wars] war Reed and later eds. 9-10 We. . . out | Why . . . host | Of
 . . . enough Q. 11 the add. ed.: our Reed, Collier, Hazlitt 22 then Q :
 than Hazlitt

O, let our fathers scandall here be seene
 As a base blush vpon your free borne cheeks ;
 Let all the tribute that proud Spaine receaud
 Of all those captiue Portugales deceased
 Turne into chafe, and choke their insolence.
 Methinks no moyetie, not one little thought
 Of them whose seruile acts liue in their graues
 But should raise spleens big as a cannon bullet
 Within your bosomes : O, for honor,
 Your countries reputation, your lues freedome,
 Indeed your all that may be termed reueng,
 Now let your blouds be liberall as the sea ;
 And all those wounds that you receiue of Spaine,
 Let thers be equall to quit yours againe.
 Speake, Portugales : are you resolued as I,
 To liue like captiues, or as free borne die ?

Voll. Prince Balthezer, as you say, so say we—
 To die with honor, scorne captiuity.
Bal. Why, spoke(n) like true Portugales indeed ;
 I am asured of your forwardnes.
 Now, Spaine, sit firme ; ile make thy towels shake,
 And all that gold thou hadst from Portugale,
 Which makes thy court melt in Luxuriosnes,
 I vow to haue it treble at thy hands.
 Hark, Portugales : I heare their Spanish drum.
 March on, and meet them ; this must be the day
 That all they haue receaued they back must pay.

The Portugales marcht about.

Enter Ieronimo, Andrea, Horatio, Lorenzo, Lord Generall, Rogero, and attendants with drum and Coullers.

Jer. What, are you brauing vs before we come ?
 Weele be as shrill as you : strike a larum, drum.

They sound a flourish a both sides.

Bal. Thou ync of Spaine ;
 Thou man, from thy hose downe ward, scarce so much ;
 Thou very little longer then thy beard ;
 Speake not such big words ;
 Thaile throw thee downe, little *Ieronimo* ;

⁷ all those] those all Q. ¹⁶ receiv'd Hazlitt ³³⁻⁶ Thou ... downe
ward | Scarce ... then | Thy ... words Q.

Words greater then thy selfe, it must not (be).
Ier. And, thou long thing of Portugale, why not?

Thou, that art full as tall
 As an English gallows, vper beam and all; 40
 Deuourer of apparell, thou huge swallower,
 My hose will scarse make thee a standing coller.
 What, haue I almost quited you?

And. Haue doone, impatient Marshall.

Bal. Spanish combatants, 45
 What, do you set a little pygmire Marshall
 To question with a Prince?

And. No, Prince *Balthezer*,
 I haue desired him peace, that we might war.
 What, is the tribute mony tendred yet?

Bal. Trybute, ha, ha; what elles? wherefore meete our drums
 But (for) to tender and receiue the somes 51
 Of many a bleeding hart, which, eare Sunne fall,
 Shall pay deere trybute, euen there liues and all.

And. Prince *Balthezer*, I know your valiant sperit,
 I know your curage to be trid and good; 55
 Yet, O prince, be not confirmed in blud.
 Not that I tast of feare or cowerdyse,
 But of religion, pietye; and loue
 To many bosomes that yet firmly moue
 Without disturbed spleenes. O, in thy hart, 60
 Waigh the deere dropes of many a purple part
 That must be acted on the feedes greene stage,
 Before the euening deawes quencht the sunnes rage.
 Let trybute be apeased and so stayed,
 And let not wonted fealty be denayed 65
 To our desart full kingdome. Portugales,
 Keepe your forfathers Othes; that vertue craues;
 Let them not ly forsworne now in their graues,
 To make their ashes periorde and uniuist,
 For heauen can be reuenged on their dust. 70
 They swore to Spaine, both for themselues and you,

38 it must not be *Hashtt*: it must not *Q.*: it must be *Reed, Collier* 45-9 *Hue*
 ... Marshall | Spanish ... little | Pygmire ... Prince | No ... peace | That
 ... tribute | Mony ... yet *Q.* 50 Drums beg. of 51 *Q.* 51 for add. ed. 56
 Yet] And yet *Reed* and later eds. unnecessarily 63 sunnes] sonnes *Q.*
 65 denayed *Reed*: denied *Q.*

And will posterity proue their sires vntrue?
 This should not be mong men of vertuous sprit.
 Pay trybute thou, and receiue peace and writ.

Bal. O vertuous coward.

Hor. O ignoble sperit, 75
 To terme him coward for his vertuous merit.

And. Coward? nay then, relentles rib of steele,
 What vertue cannot, thou shalt make him feele.

Lor. Proud *Alexandro*, thou art mine.

Alex. Agreed.

Rog. And thou, *Vullupo*, mine.

Voll. - Ile make thee bleed. 80

Hor. And thou, Don *Fedro*, mine.

Ped. I care not whose,
 Or thine, or thine, or all at once.

Bal. I bind thee, Don *Andrea*, by thy honer,
 Thy valiansie, and all that thou holdst great,
 To meete me single in the battailes heat, 85
 Where ile set downe, in caractors on thy flesh,
 Foure precious lines, spoke by our fathers mouth,
 When first thou camst embassador; these they are:
 'Tis said we shall not answere at next birth

Our Fathers faults in heauen, why then on earth? 90
 Which proues and showes that what they lost by base Captivity,
 We may redeeme with wonted Valliansie.'

And to this crimson end our Coullers spred;
 Our courages are new borne, our vallors bred.

Therefore, *Andrea*, as thou tenderst fame, 95
 Wars, reputation, and a Souldiers name,
 Meete me.

And. I will.

Bal. Single me out.

And. I shall.

Alex. Do you the like.

Lor. And you all, and we.

And. Can we be foes, and all so well agreed?

Bal. Why, man, in war thers bleeding amity; 100

81-2 I...once Q. 84 thy valiansie end of 83 Q. 86 on] upon Q.
 91 Which...what | They...captivity Q. 94 courage Q.

And he this day giues me the deepest wound,
Ile call him brother.

And. Then, prince, call me so;
To gaine that name, ile giue the deepest blowe.
Ier. Nay, then, if brother-hood by strokes come dewe,
I hope, boy, thou wilt gaine a brother too. 105

Hor. Father, I doubt it not.

And. Lord General,
Breath like your name, a Generall defiance
Gainst Portugale.

Gen. Defiance to the Portugales.

Bal. The like breath our Lord General against the Spaniards
Gen. Defiance to the Spaniards.

And. Now cease words; 110
I long to heare the musick of clashed swords.
Bal. Why, thou shalt heare it presently.

They offer to fight.

And. Quickly then.

Bal. Why now.

Gen. O stay, my Lords,
This will but breede a muteny in the campe.

Bal. I am all fire, *Andrea*.

And. Art thou? good: 115
Why, then, ile quench thee, prince, with thy own bloud.

Exit Balthezer.

Bal. Adew.

And. Adew.

Bal. Lets meeete.

And. Tis meeete we did.

Exeunt Portugales

Lor. Alexandro.

Alex. Lorenzo.

Rog. Vollupo.

Voll. Rogero.

Hor. Don Pedro.

Ped. Horatio.

Ier. I, I, Don *Pedro*, my boy shall meeete thee.

Come, valliant sperits of Spaine, 125

¹⁰² Then emend. Reed. the Q ¹⁰⁶ I om. Reed, Collier, Hazlitt ¹⁰⁶⁻⁸
Father... not | Lord... name | A... portugale | Defiance... Portugales Q.

Valliant *Andrea*, fortunate *Zorenzo*,
 Worthy *Rogero*, sprightly *Horatio*—
 O let me dwell a little on that name,—
 Be all as fortunate as heauens blest host,
 But blame me not, Ide haue *Horatio* most. 130
 Ride *(home)* all Conquerours, when the fight is done,
 Especially ride thee home so, my son.
 So now kisse and imbrace: come, come,
 I am wars tuter; strike a larum, drum.

Exeunt omnes.

(SCENE II.)

After a long alarum, the Portugales and Spaniards meeete. The Portugales are put to the worst.

Enter Ieronimo solus.

Ier. O valiant boy; stroake with a Giants arme
 His sword so fals vpon the Portugales,
 As he would slise them out like Orenges,
 And squeeze their blouds out. O abundant ioy,
 Neuer had father a more happier boy. 5

Exit Ieronimo.

Enter Balthezer and a Souldier.

Bal. Can you not finde *(me)* Don *Andrea* forth?
 O for a voise shriller then all the trumpets,
 To pierce Andreas ears throgh the hot army.
 Go, search agen; bring him, or neare returne.

Exit souldier.

Valliant *Andrea*, by thy worthy bloud, 10
 Thy honored faith, which thou pawnedst to mine,
 By all that thou holdst deere vpon this earth,
 Sweat now to find me in the hight of bloud.
 Now death doth heap his goods vp all at once,
 And crams his store house to the top with bloud; 15
 Might I now and *Andrea* in one fight

126-8 Valliant . . . Rogero | Sprightly . . . name Q. 131 home add ed.
 1 Reed and later eds put (;) after arme, thus wrongly making stroake. 2 arme
 qualify boy, instead of sword 3 As Hazlitt as if Q. 6 me add. ed.
 8 pierce emend. Reed: prince Q. 11 pawnst Q. 14 his] hir Q.

Make vp thy wardroope richer by a Knight.

Bal. Whose that? *Andrea?*

Enter Rogero.

Rog. Ha, *Vullupo?*

Bal. No; but a better.

20

Rog. Pox, ont.

Bal. Pies ont,

What luck is this: but, Sir, you part not so;

What ere you be, ile haue a bout with you.

Rog. Content: this is *(a)* ioy mixed with spight,

25

To misse a Lord, and meeete a prince in fight.

Bal. Come, meeete me, Sir.

Rog. Iust halfe way; ile meeete it with my sword.

They fight. Balthezer beats in Rogero.

Enter Andrea with a Captaine.

And. Where might I find this vallorous *Balthezer*,

This fierce, couragious Prince, a noble worthy,

30

Made of the ribs of Mars and fortitude?

He promissted to meeete faire, and single me

Out of the mistie battaile. Did you search

The left wing for him? speake:

Cap.

We did, my Lord.

And. And could he not be found.

Cap.

Not in that wing, my Lord

And. Why, this would vex

36

The resolution of a suffering spleene.

Prince *Balthezer*, Portugals valiant heire,

The glory of our foe, the hart of courage,

The very soule of true nobility.

40

I call thee by thy right name, answeie me.

Go, Captaine, passe the leaft wing squadron; hie.

Mingle your selfe againe amidst the army;

Pray sweat to find him out.

Exit Captaine

This place ile keepe:

Now wounds are wide, and bloud is very deepe:

45

18 Whose that? *Andrea?* om. Reed and later eds.
You... haue | A bout... you Q. 25 a add. ed.
resolution | of... *Balthezer* | Portugals... heire Q.

22-4 Pies... Sir |
36-8 Why... |

Tis now about the heauy dread of battaile;
 Souldiers drop doun as thick as if death mowed them;
 As sithmen trim the long haire Ruffian fields,
 So fast they fall, so fast to fate life yeelds.

Enter Balthezer.

Bal. I haue sweat much, yet cannot find him.—*Andrea.* 50

And. Prince *Balthezer*:

O lucky minute.

Bal. O long wished for houre.

Are you remembred, Don, of a daring message,
 And a proud attempt?

You brauted me, Don, within my Fathers court.

55

And. I think I did.

Bal. This sword shall lash you for 't.

And. Alas;

War knows I am to proud a scholler grown,
 Now to be lashed with steele; had I not knowne
 My strength and courage, it had bin easie then
 To haue me borne vpon the backs of men.
 But now (I am sorry, Prince) you come to late;
 That were proude steele, yfaith, that should do that.

60

Bal. I can hold no longer:

Come, come, lets see which of our strengths is stronger. 65

And. Mine, for a wager.

Bal. Thine? what wager, say?

And. I hold three wounds to one.

Bal. Content: a lay;

But you shall keepe stakes then.

And. Nay, ile trust you,

For your a prince; I know youle pay your dew.

Bal. Ile pay it you soundly.

And. Prince, you might haue paid 70

Tribute as well; then battailes had bin staid.

Bal. Heers tribute for you.

And. Ile receave it of you,

⁴⁶dread Q. perhaps wrongly: tread Haslitt. See Note 50 yet] and Reed and later eds. 51-8 Prince . . . minute | O . . . houre | Are . . . message | And . . . Don | Within . . . court | I . . . did | This . . . for it | Alas . . . growne Q. 63 were] weare Q. 67 a lay] I lay Reed and later eds. 67-8 I . . . one | Content . . . then | Nay . . . you Q. •

And giue you acquittance with a wound or two.

They fight. Balthezer hath Andrea downe.

Enter Ieronimo and Horatio. Horatio *Seats away* Balthezer.

And. Thou art a wondrous friend, a happy sperit;

I owe thee now my life. Couldst thou inherit

75

Within my bosome, all I haue is thine;

For by this act I hold thy arm deuine.

Hor. Are you not wounded? let me search and see.

And. No, my deere selfe, for I was blest by thee.

Else his vnpityng sword had cleft my hart,

80

Had not *Horatio* plaid sofie Angels part.

Come, happy mortall, let me ranke by thee,

Then I am sure no star will threaten me.

Hor. Lets to the battaile once more; we may meeete

This haughtie prince, and wound him at our feete.

85

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Rogero and Alexandro in their shirts, with Pollaxes.

Rog. Art thou true valliant? hast thou no cote of proofe
Girt to thy loines? Art thou true loyall?

Alex. Why looke:

Witnes the naked truth vpon my breast.

Come lets meeete, lets meeete,

And break our haughty sculs downe to our feete.

90

They fight. Alexandro beats in Rogero.

Enter Lorenzo and Don Pedro at one dore, and Alexandro and Rogero at another dore. Lorenzo kills Don Pedro, and Alexandro kills Rogero. *Enter* at one doore Andrea, at another doore Balthezer.

And. O me, ill stead, valliant *Rogero* slaine.

Bal. O my sad fates, Don *Pedro* weltring in his gore.

O could I meeete *Andrea*, now my blouds -

A tiptoe, this hand and sword should melt him:

Valliant Don *Pedro*.

95

And. Worthy *Rogero*, sure twas multitudes

That made thee stoope to death; one Portugale

Could neare orewhelme thee in such crimson streames:

80 vnpiting Q. 86-90 Art . . . no | Cote . . . loines | Art . . . loyall |
Why . . . truth | Vpon . . . meeete | Lets . . . sculs | Downe . . . feete Q. 94
A tiptoe end of 93 Q. 97-100 That . . . death | One . . . thee | In . . .
streames | And . . . it | Balthezer . . . Balthezer | Andrea . . . now Q.

And no meane bloud shall quit it. *Balthezer,*
Prince Balthezer.

Bal. *Andrea*, we meeete in bloud now. 100

And. I, in valliant bloud of Don Rogeroes sheding,
 And each drop worth a thousand Portugales.

Bal. Ile top thy head for that ambitious word.

And. You cannot, prince : see, a reuengfull sword
 Waues ore my head.

Bal. Another ouer mine: 105

Let them both meeete in crimson tinctures shine.

They fight, and Andrea hath Balthezer downe. Enter Portugales
 and reueue Balthezer and kil Andiea.

And. O, I am slaine ; helpe me, *Horatio*.

My foes are base, and slay me cowardly ;

Farewell deere, dearest *Bellimperia*.

Yet heerein toy is mingled with sad death : 110

I keepe her fauer longer then my breath.

He dies.

Sound Alarum, Andrea slain, and Prince Balthezer wanting on him.

Enter Ieronimo, Horatio and Lord Generall.

Hor. My other soule, my bosome, my harts friend,

O my *Andrea* slaine. Ile haue the price

Of him in princely bloud, Prince *Balthezer*.

My sword shall strike true straines, 115

And fetch *Andreas* ransome fourth thy vaines.

Lord Generall, drieue them hence while I make war.

Bal. Hath war made thee so impudent and young ?

My sword shall glie correction to thy toong.

Ier. Correct thy rascals, Prince ; thou correct him ? 120

Lug with him, boy ; honors in bloud best swim.

They fight and breath afresh.

Bal. So young and vallerus ; this arme neare met

So strong a courage of so greene a set.

Hor. If thou beest valliant, cease these idle words,

And let reuenge hang on our glittering swords,
 With this proud prince, the haughty *Balthezer*. 125

¹⁰² worth ed. : is worth Q. ¹¹⁰ death] breath Reed and later eds. ¹¹³ O
 my] My O Q. ¹¹¹ Ile Q.. I Reed, wrongly : hence I('ll) Haslitt ¹²³ of]
 in Reed and later eds.

Horatio has Prince Balthezer do~~me~~; then enter Lorenzo and seizes his weapon.

Hor. Hand off, *Lorenzo*; touch not my prisoner.

Lor. Hees my prisoner; I sezd his weapons first.

Hor. O base renowne,

Tis easie to seize those were first laid downe.

130

Lor. My lance first threw him from his warlike steede.

Ier. Thy Lance, *Lorenzo*? now, by my beard, you lie.

Hor. Well, my Lord,

To you a while I tender my whole prisoner.

Lor. *Horatio*,

135

You tender me part of mine own, you kno.

Hor. Well, peace; with my bloud dispence,

Vntill my leedge shall end the difference.

Ier. *Lorenzo*, thou doost boast of base renowne;

Why, I could whip al these, were there hose downe.

140

Hor. Speake, prince, to whether doost thou yeeld?

Bal. The vanquisht yeilds to both, to you *(the)* first.

Hor. O abiect prince, what, doost thou yeild to two?

Ier. Content thee, boy; thou shalt sustaine no wrong.

Ile to the Kⁿg before, and let him know

145

The sum of victory, and his ouerthrow.

Exit Ieronimo.

Lor. *Andrea* slaine, thanks to the stars aboue.

Ile choose my Sister out her second loue.

Exeunt Lorenzo and Balthezer.

Hor. Come, noble rib of honor, valliant carcasse,

I loued thee so entirely, when thou breathedst,

150

That I could die, wert but to bleed with thee,

And wish me wounds, euen for society.

Heauen and this arme once sau'd thee from thy foe,

When his all wrathfull sword did basely point

At the rich circle of thy labouring hart,

155

Thou groueling vnder indignation

Of sword and ruth. O then sttep heauen and I

Betweenne the stroke, but now alack must die:

127 off] of Q. 130 were first ed.: were forst Q.: were forced Reed, whence Haslitt's conjecture whom force 129-30 O... those | Were... downe Q. 133-6 Well... my | Whole prisoner | Horatio... kno Q. 142 the add. Haslitt 150 breathes: Q.

Since so the powers aboue haue writ it downe
In marble leaues that death is mortall crowne.
Come then, my friend, in purple I will beare
Thee to my priuate tent, and then prepare
For honord Funerall for thy melting corse.

He takes his scarfe and ties it about his arme.

This scarfe ile weare in memorie of our soules,
And of our muteall loues; heere, heere, ile wind it,
And full as often as I thinke one thee,
Ile kisse this little ensigne, this soft banner,
Smeard with foes bloud,-all for the maisters honer.
Alas, I pitty *Bellimperias* eies;
Just at this instant her hart sinkes and dies.

Exit Horatio carrying Andrea on his back. Enter Ieronimo solus.

Ier. My boy adds treble comfort to my age;

His share is greatest in this victory.

The Portugales are slaine and put to flight,

By Spaniards force, most by *Horatioes* might

Ile to the Spanish tents to see my sonne,

Giue him my blessing, and then all is done.

SCENE III.

Enter two, dragging of ensigns; then the funerall of Andrea: next Horatio, and Lorenzo, leading prince Balthezer captive; then the Lord General with others mourning. A great cry within 'Caron, a boat, a boat.' Then enter Charon and the ghoast of Andrea, (and Reuenge.)

Hor. O, my Lords,

See, Don *Andreas* ghoast salutes me, see, embraces me.

Lor. It is your loue that shapes this apprehention.

Hor. Do you not see him plainly, Lords?

Now he would kisse my cheeke. O my pale friende, 5

Wert thou anything but a ghoast, I could loue thee.

See, he points at his owne hearse—mark, all—

As if he did rejoyce at funerall.

And. Reueng, giue my toong freedom to paint her part,

To thank *Horatio*, and commend his hart.

163 first For] An Hazlitt
9 my om. Hazlitt

Reuenge. No, youle blab secrēts then.

And. By *Charons* boat, I will not.

Reuenge. Nay, you shall not: therefore passe;
Secrets in hell are lockt with doores of brasse:

Vse action, if you will, but not in voice; 15
Your friend conceiuess in signes how you reioyce.

Hor. See, see, he points to haue vs goe forward on.

I prethee, rest; it shall be done, sweet Don.

O now hees vanisht.

Sound trumpets, and a peale of ordeneance.

And. I am a happy Ghost;

Reueng, my passage now cannot be crost. 20

Come, *Charon*; come, hels Sculler, waft me ore
Yon sable streams, which looke like moulten pitche;
My Funeral rights are made, my herse hung rich.

Exeunt Ghost and Reueng. A great noise within.

Within. *Charon,* a bote; *Charon, Charon.*

Charon. Who calis so loud on *Charon?* 25

Indeed tis such a time, the truth to tell,
I neuer want a fare to passe to hell.

Exeunt omnes.

⟨SCENE IV.⟩

Sound a florish. Enter marching Horatio and Lorenzo, leading prince Balthezer; Lord Generall, Phillippe, and Cassimero, with followers.

Hor. These honord rights and worthy duties spent
Vpon the Funerall of *Andreas* dust,
Those once his valliant ashes— march we now
Homeward with victory to crowne Spaines brow.

Gen. The day is ours and ioy yeelds happy treasure; 5
Set on to Spaine in most triumphant measure.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Ieronimo Solus.

Ier. Foregod, I haue iust mist them: ha,
Soft, *Ieronimo*; thou hast more friends

¹⁷ vs *Reed.* his Q.
Reed and later eds.

goe om. *Hazlitt*

²² yon ed.: you Q.: your

To take thy leaue of. Look well about thee,
Imbrace them, and take friendly leaue. My armes
Are of the shortest; let your loues peece them out.
Your welcome, all, as I am a Gentleman;
For my sons sake, greant me a man at least,
At least I am. So good night, kind gentles,
For I hope thers neuer a Iew among you all;
And so I leaue you.

10

15

Exit.

10-1 Imbrace... leaue | My .. shortest | Let ... out Q.

FINIS.

APPENDIX I

VERSES OF PRAVSE AND IOYE

WRITTEN VUPON HER MAIESTIES PRESERVATION

WHEREVNTO IS ANNEXED TYCHBORNES LAMENTATION
WRITTEN IN THE TOWRE WITH HIS OWNE HAND
AND AN AVNSWERE TO THE SAME

LONDON
PRINTED BY IOHN WOLFE
1586

VERSES OF PRAISE AND IOY¹

WRITTEN VUPON HER MAIESTIE, AFTER THE APPREHENSION AND
EXECVTION OF BABINGTON, TYCHBORNE, SALISBVRIE,
AND THE REST

Mongst spyny cares spong vp now at the last,
sprout higher then the hautiest of their heads :
That with thy Roselike, Royal peace (O Prince)
all other princes thou must ouer-peere.
Thee and thy Realme opprest it happily pleasead
our highest God in safety to preserue. 5
For this, thy people publikely applaude,
and euerywhere aboundeth godly loue.
Good fortune and an euerlasting fame
attend on thee in all thine actions.
This makes thy friends, this makes thy foes admire,
and daily hold thy name in reuerence. 10
Honour'd art, Princely behauour, zeale to good,
and, with thee rest, a Royall maiestie.

¹ On the question of Kyd's authorship of these Verses see *Introduction* § 1.

These fourre faire giftes (O Prince, of right renound) 15
thy Princely mind most Princely Enterteignes.
Liue, Soueraigne Ladie, Liue, Elizabeth,
health of thy Countrey, helpe to all our harmes.
Seeld seen, thou Reign'st a maiden and a Queene:
Long maist thou liue, and heauen be thy home. 20

TYCHBORNE'S ELEGIE

WRITTEN WITH HIS OWNE HAND IN THE TOWER BEFORE
HIS EXECVTION

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
my feast of ioy is but a dish of paine:
My crop of corne is but a field of tares,
and al my good is but vaine hope of gaine.
The day is past, and yet I saw no sunne; 5
And now I liue, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard, and yet it was not told,
my fruite is falne, and yet my leaues are greene:
My youth is spent, and yet I am not old,
I saw the world, and yet I was not seene. 10
My thred is cut, and yet it is not spunne;
And now I liue, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and founde it in my wombe,
I lookt for life and saw it was a shade:
I trod the earth, and knew it was my tombe, 15
and now I die, and now I was but made.
My glasse is full, and now my glasse is runne;
And now I liue, and now my life is done.

HENDECASYLLABON

T. K. IN CYGNEAM CANTIONEM CHIDIOCHI TYCHBORNE

Thy prime of youth is frozen with thy faults,
thy feast of ioy is finisht with thy fal:
Thy crop of corne is tares auailing naughts,
thy good God knowes thy hope, thy hap and all.
Short were thy daies, and shadowed was thy sun, 5
T' obscure thy light vnluckelie begun.

Time trieth trueth, and trueth hath treason tript;
thy faith bare fruit as thou hadst faithles beene:
Thy ill spent youth thine after yeares hath nipt; 10
and God that saw thee hath preserude our Queene.
Her thred still holds, thine perisht though vnspun,
And she shall liue when traitors liues are done.

Thou soughtst thy death, and found it in desert,
 thou look'dst for life, yet lewdlie forc'd it fade:
 Thou trodst the earth, and now on earth thou art,
 As men may wish thou neuer hadst beene made.
 Thy glorie and thy glasse are timeles runne;
 And this, O *Tychborne*, hath thy treason done.

15

IN NEFARIAM BABINGTONI CAETERORVMQVE
 CONIVRATIONEM HEXASTICON

Quid non Papa ruens spondet, modo iussa capessas?
 en, diadema tibi, sceptraque, pactus Hymen.
 Dissimilem votis mercedem necta, sed ausis
 et sceleri retulit turba nefanda parem.
 Successere rogi regno, coruque coronae,
 pro sceptro laqueus, pro thalamo tumulus.

5

THE SAME IN ENGLISH

The Pope, to prop his minions state,
 doth golden proffers make:
 Cowne, scepter, roiall marriage bed,
 to those his part that take.
 The traytous crew late reapt reward,
 not fitting their desire:
 But, as their purpose bloody was,
 so shamefull was their hire.
 For chaire of state, a stage of shame,
 and crows for crownes they haue:
 Their scepter to a halter changde,
 their bed become their graue.

5

10

AD SERENISSIMAM REGINAM ELIZABETHAM,
 APOSTROPHE

Regna, viue, vale, mundi, patriae, atque tuorum,
 splendida, sola, vigens, gloria, vita, salus.
 In te speramus, per te spiramus ouantes:
 det spirare tibi saecula multa Deus.
 Pro te dulce mori, nisi pro te viuere durum:
 at sine te mors est viuere, vita mori.

5

THE SAME IN ENGLISH

Raigne, liue, and blisfull dayes enjoy,
 thou shining lampe of th' earth:

The only life of countres state,
thy subiects health and mirth.
On thee we ground our hope, through thee
we draw our breath with ioy:
God graunt thee long amongst vs breathe,
God shield thee from annoy.
To die for thee were sweete; to liue
were wretched but for thee:
Without thee, death a second life,
life double death should be.

APPENDIX II

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY¹

INTAINING THE LAMENTABLE MVRDERS OF HORATIO AND
BELLIMPERIA WITH THE PITTIFVL DEATH OF
OLD HIERONIMO

'TO THE TUNE OF QVEENE LIDO

You that haue lost your former ioyes,
And now in woe your liues doe leade,
Feeding on nought but dire annoyes,
Thinking your grieves all grieves excede,
Assure yourselves it is not so :
Loe, here a sight of greater woe.

5

Hapless *Hieronimo* was my name,
On whom fond fortune smiled long :
And now her flattering smiles I blame ;
Her flattering smiles hath done me wrong
Would I had dyed in tender yeares :
Then had not beene this cause of teares.

10

I Marshall was in prime of yeares,
And wonne great honour in the felde :
Vntill that age wth siluered haires
My aged head had ouerspred.
Then left I warre, and stayde at home,
And gaue my honour to my sonne.

15

Horatio, my sweet onely childe,
Prickt forth by fames aspiring wings,
Did so behauie him in the fielde
That he Prince *Baltazer* Captiue brings ;
And with great honour did present
Him to the King mcontinent.

20

¹ Reprinted, with changes in punctuation, from the *Roxburghe Ballads*,
1 364-5

- The Duke of *Castyles* Daughter then
Desir'd *Horatio* to relate
The death of her beloved friend,
Her loue *Andreas* wofull fate.
But when she knew who had him slaine,
She vow'd she would reuenge the same. 25
- Then more to vexe Prince *Baltazer*,
Because he slew her chiefest friend,
She chose my sonne for her chiefe flower,
Thereby meaning to worke reuenge.
But marke what then did straight befall, 30
To turne my sweete to bitter gall.
- Lorenzo* then, to finde the cause
Why that his sister was vnkinde,
At last he found, within a paſſe,
Howe he might sound her secret minde :
Which for to bring well to effect, 40
To fefch her man he doth direct.
- Who being come into his sight,
He threatneth for to rid his life,
Except straightwayes he should recite
His sister's loue, the cause of strife:
Compell'd therefore to vnfold his mind, 45
Sayd with *Horatio* shee's combinē.
- The Villaine then, for hope of gaine,
Did straight conuaye them to the place,
Where these too louers did remaine,
Ioying in sight of others face;
And to their foes they did impart 50
The place where they should ioy their heart.
- Prince *Baltazer* with his compeeres
Enters my bower all in the night,
And there my sonne slayne they vpreare,
The more to worke my greater spight.
But as I laye and toke repose, 55
A voyce I hard, whereat I rose. 60
- And finding then his senslesse form,
The murtherers I sought to finde,
But missing them I stood forlorne,
As one amased in his minde,
And rent and puld my siluered haire, 65
And curs'd and bann'd each thing was there.
- And that I would reuenge the same,
I dipt a napkin in his blood,

Swearing to worke their woefull baine
 That so had spoyl'd my chiefest good ;
 And that I would not it forget,
 It allwayes at my hart I kept.

70

THE SECOND PART

TO THE SAME TVNE

Then *Isabella*, my deare wyfe,
 Finding her sonne bereau'd of breath,
 And louing him dearer then life,
 Her owne hand straight doth worke her de
 And now their dearhs doth meet in on
 My grieves are come, my loyes are gone.

5

Then frantickly I ran about,
 Filling the ayre with mournefull groanes,
 Because I had not yet found out
 The murtherers, to ease my mones.
 I rent and tore each thing I got,
 And sayd, and did, I knew not what.

10

Thus as I past the streets, hard by
 The Duke of *Castles* house, as then
 A Letter there I did espy,
 Which show'd *Horatios* wofull end:
 Whch *Bellimperia* foorth had flung
 From prison where they kept her strong.

15

Then to the Court forthwith I went,
 And of the King did Iustice craue ;
 But by *Lorenzos* bad intent
 I hindred was, which made me rauie.
 Then, vexed more, I stamp'd and frown'd,
 And with my ponyard ript the ground.

20

But false *Lorenzo* put mee out,
 And tolde the King then by and by
 That frantickly I ran about,
 And of my sonne did alwayes cry ;
 And say'd 't were good I should resigne
 My Marshallship, which grieu'd my mind.

25

30

The Duke of *Castyle*, hearing then
 How I did grudge still at his sonne,
 Did send for me to make vs friends,
 To stay the rumour then begone.

Whereto I straightway gaue consent,
 Although in heart I neuer meant.

35

Sweete *Bellimperia* comes to me,
Thinking my sonne I had forgot,
To see me with his foes agree,
The which I neuer meant, God wot:
But when wee knew each others mind,
To worke reuenge a meanes I find.

40

When Bloody *Baltazar* enters in,
Entreating me to show some spoit
Vnto his Father and the King,
That to his nuptiall did resqt.
Which gladly I prepar'd to show,
Because I knew twould worke their woe,

45

And from the *Chronicles of Spaine*
I did record *Erastus* life,
And how the *Turke* had him so slayne,
And straight reuenge wrought by his wife.
Then for to act this Tragedy,
I gaue their parts Immediatly.

50

Sweete *Bellimperia Baltazar* killes,
Because he slew her dearest friend,
And I *Lorenzos* blood did spill,
And eke his soule to hell did send.
Then dyed my foes by dint of knife,
But *Bellimperia* ends her life.

55

60

Then for to specifie my wronges,
With weeping eyes and mournefull hart,
I shew'd my sonne with bloody wounds,
And eke the murtherers did impart;
And sayd my sonne was as deare to me
As thine, or thine, though Kinges you be.

65

But when they did behold this thing,
How I had slayne their onely sonnes,
The Duke, the Viceroy, and the King
Vpon me all they straight did run.
To torture me they doe prepare,
Vnlesse I shuld it straight declare.

70

But that I would not tell it then,
Euen with my teeth I bit my tongue,
And in despite did giue it them,
That me with torments sought to wrong.
Thus when in age I sought to rest,
Nothing but sorrowes me opprest.

75

They knowing well that I could write,
Vnto my hand a pen did reach,

80

Meaning thereby I shuld recite
The authors of this bloody fetch.
Then fained I my pen was naught,
And by strange signes a knife I sought.

But when to me they gaue the knife, 85
I kill'd the Duke then standing by,
And eke my selfe bereau'd of life,
For I to see my sonne did hye.

The Kinges, that scorn'd my grieves before,
With nought can they theire Ioyes restore. 90

Here haue you heard my Tragick tale,
Which on *Horatios* death depends,
Whose death I could anew bewayle,
But that in it the murtherers ends.

For murther God will bring to light, 95
Though long it be hid from man's sight

Printed at London for H. Gossone

APPENDIX III

TRAGEDIA VON DEM GRIEGISCHEN KEYSER ZU CONSTANTINOPEL

EDITOR'S NOTE

THIS adaptation of *The Spanish Tragedie* by Jacob Ayrer of Nurnberg forms the eleventh play in his *Opus Theatricum*, 1618, published thirteen years after his death. The *Opus Theatricum* has been reprinted in five volumes in the *Bibliothek des Literarischen Vereins*, in Stuttgart, 1865, under the editorship of Adelbert von Keller. In this issue the adaptation forms part of the second volume. It is also reprinted in Tieck's *Altdeutsches Theater*, vol. 1.

In the present reprint I have made some slight changes in the stage-directions I have placed the list of *Die Personen in das Spiel* before instead of after the play, and have similarly transferred the titles of each of the Acts to the beginning instead of the end. I have omitted the abbreviation *S.* or *v. S.* (i. e. *Sagt* or *und Sagt*) which is prefixed to every speech in the original; and to the speeches of Amurates and Malignus I have uniformly prefixed their names, for which Ayrer sometimes substitutes their titles.

TRAGEDIA, VON DEM GRIEGISCHEN KEYSER
ZU CONSTANTINOPEL VNND SEINER TOCH-
TER PELIMPERIA MIT DEM GEHENGΤEN
HORATIO

Mit 18 Personen, hat 6 Actus.

DIE PERSONEN IN DAS SPIEL.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Amurates, <i>der Konig.</i> | 10. Famulus, <i>der Jung, so auff Herr Lorentz wart.</i> |
| 2. Malignus, <i>der Hofmarschalt.</i> | 11. Jahn, <i>der Narr oder Hencker.</i> |
| 3. Laurentzius, <i>dess Konigs Sohn.</i> | 12. Gangolfus, <i>der Portugallisch Gesanat.</i> |
| 4. Ernestus, <i>der Hauptman.</i> | 13. Nicolaus, <i>dess Herr Balthasar Knecht.</i> |
| 5. Horatius, <i>dess Marchalts Sohn.</i> | 14. Horolt, } <i>zwen Wachter.</i> |
| 6. Pelimperia, <i>dess Konigs Tochter.</i> | 15. Morolt, } |
| 7. Philomena, <i>die Hoffnungfrau.</i> | 16. Primus, |
| 8. Herr Balthasar, <i>der gefangen Furst auss Portugall.</i> | 17. Secundus, } |
| 9. Petrian, <i>der Mehrleitragier.</i> | 18. Tertius, } <i>drey Supplicanten.</i> |

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Kompt Jahn, der Narr, weynt vnd schreyt laut :

O, es wird war; o, es wird war!
O, es fehlt mir nit vmb ein Har.
Dann heynt, wie es sich hat zutragen,
Hat die Vhr eben viere gschlagen.
O secht drauff! was gelts? ich wils gwinnen:
Sie wird noch gar kommen von sinnen,
Wenn man jhr wird die Zeitung sagn,
Wie Andreas sey worn erschlagen.
Ja furwar, es ist fur jhn schad.
Kein solcher Kerls ist in der Statt.
Ey, ey! er reuht mich, auff mein Eyd,
Vnd ist mir fur jhn hertzlich leyd.

*Er greynt, geht hin vnd wider Kompt Pelimperia mit Philomena,
jrer Jungfrauē, sicht sich vmb.*

Pel. Philomena, geht nicht dort der Jahn?

Es wird jhm etwas ligen an,

Dann sonst wird er nicht also weynen.

15

Ich will jhn fragen, wie ers thu meinen;

Dann er greint gwis vergebens nit.

Sie geht zu jhm.

Hor, Jahn, sag mir (das ist mein bitt)!

Was ist dir, das du weinst also?

Jahn (ziecht sein Hut ab, knapt). Ich wust nit, das jhr ward alldo,
Sunst hett ich etwan vielleicht gelacht.

21

Er sieht auf die ander seiten.

Ja, hörte jhr, heint, da ich erwacht,

Freylich ja, ich kans fur wahr sagen,

Er ist gester worden erschlagen.

Dass ist ein böse tragliche sach.

25

Pel. Jahn, sag mirs! nicht viel vmbstend mach!

Was meinstu? das ich es auch wiss!

Jahn (schlägt in die Hand). Ja, auff mein Eyd, es ist gewiss.

Was gelts? jhr werds noch selber sagen.

Pel. Was ists dann vnd wer ist erschlagen?

30

Sag mirs, das ich es kan verstehn!

Jahn. Im Krieg thuts nicht anderst zugehn.

Wer nur den andern übermag,

Macht, das der schwächste vnter lag.

Also es auch da gangen ist.

35

Pel. Ey, ein rechter halbnarr du bist;

Wiltu mirs sagen, so sag her!

Jahn. Ja wol! was ists denn aber mehr?

Ich sey gleich ein halbnarr oder nit,

So hat er gnommen sem abschid.

40

Der gut Herr Andres ist schon hin.

Pel. Von hertzen ich erschrocken bin.

Wer ist hin? thu mirs doch recht sagen!

Jahn. Eur Andres ist worn erschlagen,

Dann es hat mir heint traumt davon.

45

Pel. (sinkt nader). Ach jetzt thu mir mein traum aussgahn.

Ach weh des Jammers! weh der not!

Komm vnd erwurg mich, grümmer tod!

Jahn vnd Philomena erhalten sie vnd setzen sie meder.

Phil. Du stocknarr, weist sonst nichts zu sagen?

Thust den Leuten dein traum furtragen,

Alls seint sie war vnd mussen geschehen.

450

Jahn. Ey nun, was gelts? jhr werds fein sehen.

Er geht weg.

Phil. Gnedigss Fraulein, seit wolgemut !

Der Fantast eben reden thut,
Wie er die sach weiss vnd versteht,
Vnd ich hett nicht glaubt, das jhr hett
Auff des Narrn traum was gehalten.

Pel. Ach weh, das es sein Gott muss walten !

Ich weiss des Narrn sinn gar wol.
Er stecket des war sagens voll
Vnd solchs nur als auss den geschichten.
Daſſnach hab ich mich gwiss zurichten.
Ach weh, weh, aller liebster mein !
Soll ich dein schon beraubet sein,
Wie dann heint eben selber mir.
In dem gesicht ist kommen fur ?
So klag ichs Gott in seinem Reich.

Phil. Koniglichs Fraulein, was kummert jhr euch

Von wegen eines traums gesicht,
Auff die man doch sol glauben nicht ?
Dann sie gantz falsch vnd truglich sein,
Fallen eim im schlaf also ein
Auss gschichten, den man bey dem tag
Etwan zu gar hart dencket nach.
Drumb seit getrost vnd kommt mit mir !
Da will ich euch was lesen fur.

Sie gehen ab. Kompt Amurates, der Konig, mit Maligno, dem Marschall, setzt sich.

Amur. Die zeitung gibt, es hab ein Schlacht

Vnser Volck vor wenig tagen verbracht
Vnd hab die Portugalischen gschlagen.

Mal. (neigt sich). Ja, man hat auch das wollen sagn,

Dess Konigs Son sey wordn gefangen.

Amur. Vns thut warhaftig sehr verlangen,

Zu erwarten, wenn sie herkommen.

Mal. Herr Konig, ich hör pfeiffen vnd Drommen.

Vnser Kriegsvolck das ziecht herein.

Amur. Irer zukunft wir erfreut sein.

Geht jhn entgagen ! sagt dem Hauptman,

Dass er sie auff den weiden plan

Lass furzien, das wir sie sehen !

Mal. Gnedigster Herr, das sol geschehen !

Er geht ab

Amur. Der zeitung sind wir hoch erfreut,

Dass wider kommen vnser Kriegsleut.

Die wollen wir mit ehn empfangen.

Mal. (geht mit dem Frauenzimmer ein). Grossmächtiger König, jetzt kommt gegangen

Der Feldt Hauptman mit seim gsind her ;
Die tragen all jhr waffen vnd fvehr.

95

Jetzt kompt Ernestus, der Hauptman, geht vor, als denn Lorentz, dess Konig Son, dann Balthasar, der gefangen Furst von Portugall, als dann Horatus, Nicolaus, Famulus, Petrian vnd so vil man jhr haben kan, die gehen zu einer Thur ein, alle fur den Konig, neigen sich, vnd zu der andern Thur wider hinauss.

Amur. Herr Hauptman, kompt vnd zeigt vns an !

Wer war, der hinder vnserm Son

In solchen statthlen Kleidern gieng ?

Ern. Es ist der Jung Printz, den man fieng.

100

Amur. Wer war der, so nach jhm thet gahn ?

Mal. Gniedigster Herr, das warf mein Son,

Welcher hat den Printzen gfangen.

Amur. Sie seind vns zu geschwind abgangan.

Drumb, Hauptman, last sie widerumben

105

Wie zuvor auff den Platz herkommen !

Der Hauptman geht geschwind ab, kompt mit dem Kriegsvolck wider, und als der Printz zu jm kompt, steht er auf.

Ern. Seit jhr der Printz auss Portugall ?

Bal. Ich bins gewest vor dem einmal ;

Jetzt bin ich ein gefangener Mann.

Amur. Es sol euch niemand nichts boss than.

110

Lorentz, sag, wer hat gfangen jhn ?

Lor. Herr Konig, derselbig Mann ich bin,

Der den Printzen thet-erlangen.

Hor. Nein, Herr Konig, ich hab jhn gfangen ;

Derhalb hab den ruhm billich ich.

Mal. Der Konig woll bedencken sich,

115

Das meim Son nicht vnrecht geschech !

Amur. Wir wollen schon finden ein Weg.

Der jung Printz soll vns zeygen an

Was sie beyd bey der Schlacht gethan,

120

Vnd welcher jhn gefangen hab.

Bal. Dem Horatio ich mich ergab.

Der ist, der mich hat gfangen gnommen.

Darnach ist jhr Lieb darzu kommen,

Vnd mich gerissen von dem Pferdt,

125

Mir auch gnommen mein scharpfes Schwert,

Vnd ander Waffen die ich het.

Amur. Weil euch Horatius fangen thet,

So geburt jhm die Rantion ;

Aber dir Lorentz, vnserm Sohn,

130

Geburt das Pferdt, Harnisch vnd Wehr.

Hor. (neygt sich). Grossmachtiger Konig, dieser Ehr

Bedank ich mich all mein Lentag,

Vnd wills verdienken, wo ich mag,
Vnd ferrners wagen Leib vnd Haut.

135

Amur. Mann soll dem, der das beste thut,
Im Krieg allzeit danckbar lohnen
Balthasar, der Printz, soll bey dir wohnen,
Den halt, dass er nur hab kein klag,
Biss sich sein Vatter mit vns vertrag,
Vnd biss er zalt sein Rantzion !

140

Lor. Ja, Herr Konig, das will ich than ;
Gut gelegenheit er hie bey mir hat.

Bal. Ich danck euer Majestatt der Gnad,
Biss dass ichs wider kan beschulden.

145

Amur. Ihr must euch eine weil gejulden,
Biss jhr ein wenig gwonen thut ;
So wird euch schon leichter eur muht.

Der Konig geht ab mit Maligno und Horatio.

Lor. (*gibt Bal. die Hand.*) Weil jhr bey mir seyt einlosirt,
Sich nun fur anderst nicht geburt,
Als dass wir treulich zusamn setzen,
Vns mit einander als Leidts ergotzen,
Weil jhr auch seyt ein Königs Sohn.
Villeicht sicks noch zutragen kan,
Dass jhr bekompt die Schwester mein.

150

Bal. Ja wol ; warumb soll dass nit sein ?
Darzu bin ich in eurn Handen.
Gott helft es als zum besten wenden !

155

Sie gehen mit einander ab. Kompt Horatius und mit ihm Pelimperia
und Philomena.

Pel. Ach, mein Horati, kuner Ritter,
Wie steck ich in Hertenleydt so bitter !
Ich bitt, jhr wolt mir zeigen an
Wer doch das ubel hat gethan,
Vnd mein lieben Andream erschlagen.

160

Hor. Ins vertrauen will ichs euch sagen :
Eur Bruder Lorentz das than hat.

165

Pel. Dass Straff jhn Gott mit vngenad !
Mein Bruder soll er nimmer sein,
Weil er mich bringt in Leid vnd pein.
Ach Andreas, du liebster Schatz,
Hat dich dann mein Bruder auss tratz
Vmbgebracht von meinet wegen,
So woll der hebe Gott dein pflegen
Vnd mir auffs ehst helffen zu dir,
Weil du hie nicht kanst werden mir,
Dass ich doch dort mog bey dir sein !

170

Hor. Seyd getrost, gnedigs Frauelein !

175

Bekummert euch nit mit den dingen
 Die man je nit kan widerbringēn,
 Weil es ist ohn euer schuld geschehen !
 Gott wird euch wol wider versehen,
 Beschern ein Gmahl eurs gleichen,
 Ein Adelichen, schönen, reichen.
 Das wünsch ich euch von grund meins hertzen.

180

Er gibt jhr die Hand, neigt sich vnd geht ab.

Pel. Ach weh des jammers, angst vnd schmertzen !
 Jetzt denck ich an des Jahnnes traum,
 Dem du wolst geben gar kein raum,
 Vnd sprachst, es wer betruglichs ding,
 Dass man zu achten hett gerflig
 Vnd dass er wer zuschlagen auss.
 Kompts mir jetzt nicht als sambt zu häuss,
 Dass ich mich lang besorget han ?

185

Phil. Koniglichs Fraulein, wie soll man jhm than ?
 Gott, der alle ding hat versehen,
 Derhatt es gwolt ; drumb ist es gschehen.
 Dem kann wir je nicht widerstreben,
 Mussen vns seim willen ergeben,
 Woll wir anderst recht Christen sein.
 Darumb schlagt auss klag, leid vnd pein !
 Gott wirds nichf vngerochen lahn ;
 Euch wol beschern ein andern Man,
 Der euch so lieb wird sein als der.

190

Pel. Ja, es sind wol der Männer mehr,
 So wol als etwan der Jungfrauen,
 Die sich Person halb lassen schauen.
 Aber da fallen stets hinderung ein.
 Auch glaub ich nicht, das muglich sein
 Das mir ein Mensch auff diser Erdn
 So lieb als der voig kan werden.
 Dess steh ich in gross not vnd klag.

205

Phil. Morgen kompt schon ein anderer tag,
 Vber morgen ein andere zeit ;
 Die bringen balt gross vnterscheid.
 Dess Menschen hertz ist wandelbar.
 Gnedigs Fraulein, über ein halbs Jar
 Habt jhr ein andern mut vnd sin.

210

215

Pel. Meinstu, das ich gesinnet 'bin
 Heut schwartz vnd morgen weiss zu reden ?
 Ich weiss wol was mir ist von noten,
 Vnd was ich drinnen muss bedencken.
 Aber meim Bruder wil ichs nit schencken,
 Oder will mich selber erhencken.

220

Abgang.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

*Kompt Lorentz, dess Konigs Son, mit Balthasar.**Lor.* Herr Balthasar, wie gefelts allhie eur liebt?

Mich dunckt das jhr hart seit betrubt.

Geht euch was ab, so thut mirs sagen!

Bal. Ich hab hie nichts anderst zu klagen

Als das ich muss gefangen sein,

Vnd das mich der Herr Vatter mein

Nicht ausslost vnd bringt Rantion.

Sonst ich gar nictes klagen kan.

Mir gefelts hie so wol als zu hauss.

Lor. Wolt jhr mit auff das Jaid hinauss,

Oder ein weil zum ringlein rennen,

Oder sehen schôns Feurwerck brennen,

Vnd wie die Falckner mit Falcken beisen,

Oder ein weil spatzirn reisen

Zu dem Wiltgarten in dem holtz,

Oder wolt schiesen mit dem poltz,

Oder der Buchsen zu der Scheiben,

Oder wolt sonst die zeit vertreiben

Mit spiel durch Wurffl oder Karten,

Oder wollen in den Lustgarten

Den Balm schlagen, Tantzen vnd springen,

Horen Seitenspiel oder Singen,

Oder was sonst die glegenheit geyt,

Dardurch vergeht die lange zeit

Die euch mocht in dem gmach beschwern?

Bal. (seuffzt). Ach Gott, wann ich was dörfft begern,

So wehr mir all mein leyd vergangén;

Wolt gern allhie bleiben gefangen.

Ach, lieber Gott, ich darffs nit wagen.

Lor. Ey, thuts ohn allen scheuen sagen!

Dann es bleibt wol bey mir verborgen.

5

KC

15

20

25

30

*Er gibt jhm die Hand.**Bal.* Ich wils sagen; doch thu ich sorgen,

Ich werd bey euch ein fehlbitt than.

Lor. Sey was es woll, sagt's kecklich an!

Dann ich euch gar gern helffen thu.

35

Bal. Ach Gott, die Lieb lest mir kein ruh,

Die ich thu tragen zu eurer Schwester;

Die peinigt mich je lenger vnd vester,

Dass ich sorg ich wer trostloss sterben.

Lor. O die will ich euch wol erwerben.

40

Er gibt jm die Hand.

Schweigt nur still vnd gebt euch zu ruß!

Mein Schwester ich euch geben thu.

Sie gehn mit einander hin vnd wider, st  n je still, denn sagen sie etwas in die ohrn zusammen. Horatius kompt, sucht die Konigs Son

Hor. Potz, ich seh die zwen K  nigs Son

Auff dem Sal hin vnd wider gehn;

Es wird gewiss was heimlichs bedeuten.

45

Ich will mich drehen auff die seiten,

Dann sie sind mir gewiss nicht gut,

Weils Balthasar verdriessen that

Dass ich jhn hab Rancionist

Vnd auss der Schlacht gfangen hergfuhrt.

50

Der Lorentz aber henckt das maul,

Dass er nur die Rustung vnd Gaul

Auss dem Krieg hat zur Beud genommen,

Vnd ich den grosten preiss bekommen.

In dem geht die Pelimeria mit Philomena ein, vnd als er abgehen will vnd fur sie geht, thut er jr reverenz; so lest sie ein Handschuch fallen, den hebt er auff, neigt sich, kust den, vnd gibt jhr jhn wider.

Gnedigs Fraulein, der handschuch geh  rt euch.

55

Pel. (gibt jhm den andern auch). Da nemmt auch den andern zugleich
Vnd behaltet sie von wegen mein!

Hor. (thut jr Reverenz). Dass soll mir gar ein lieb gschenck sein.

Horatius geht ab. Balthasar hats mit den Handschuch als gesehen.

Bal. Ach Gott, jetzund ich gsehen han,

Horatius bringt das best-davon.

60

Pelimeria geht mit der Philomena herumb, reden gemachlich zusammen, vnd fechten mit den Handen.

Lor. Ey, schweigt nur vnd last mich drumb sorgen !

Er must an einem strick erworen

Ehe er mein Schwester solte kriegen.

Wir wollen vns hin zu jhr fugen

Vnd jhr ein wenig sprechen zu ;

65

So hor wir was sie sagen thu.

Sie gehn mit einander zu jhr, thun jr Reverenz, geben jr die Hand.

Lor. Hertzliebe Schwester, glaub, weil ich

Auff dem Sal hab gesehen dich,

Hab ich dir wollen zusprechen.

Ich weiss es nit ausszurechen

70

Dass du vnd auch die Jungfrau dein

Also heimlich redet allein.

Ist es dir zu thun vmb einen Mann,

Weiss ich ein rechten fur dich schon ;

Den wolt ich gar balt nennen dir.

75

Pel. Was wolst fur ein M  ann geben mir ?

Deins gebens ich mir wenig acht.
 Du hast mein liebsten mir v̄r̄bbracht,
 Versprichst mir Bruderliche treu,
 Der ich mich aber gar nicht freu.
 Will wol ein Mann bekommen ohn dich.

80

Sie geht mit jrer Jungfrau ab. Balthasar kratzt sich im Kopf.

Bal. Ach weh! ach sie verachtet mich!

Der Horatius ist jhr lieb.

Zu sterben ich mich schon ergib.

Lor. Ey, schweigt vnd seit-nur nit se weich!
 Es feilt kein Baum von einem strich.
 Nemmt ein hertz! vns soll noch wol gelingen.
 Ich will sie euch zu wegen bringen.
 Gschichts nit mit guten willen balt,
 So muss geschehen mit eim gewalt.

85

90

Sie gehn ab. Kompt Horatius.

Hor. Gott lob, mein sach steht trefflich wol:
 So ist auch mein hertz freuden vol
 Von wegen dreyerley genad
 Die mir mein Gott erzeyget hat.
 Die erst gnad ist, dass ich im Krieg
 Gefangen hab mit Gluck vnd Sieg
 Dass Konigs Sohn auss Portugall;
 Der gibt mir Gelts ein grosse Zahl
 Fur zugesprochne Rantion,
 Davon ich lang wol leben kan.
 Die ander Gnad, die mir Gott gab,
 Ist dass ich gnad beym Konig hab.
 Aber die dritt gnad ist die best,
 Besser als ich zu wunschen west;
 Das ist dess Konigs Tochter gunst.
 Die liebet mich in heysser brunst.
 Dieselb hat mich hieher bescheiden.
 Der wart ich mit hertzlichen Freuden.
 Dargegen aber kümmert mich
 Dass sich har̄ setzet wider mich
 Dass Konigs Sohn, Laurentius,
 Vor dem ich mich befahren muss.
 Er zieh mir ein reiss übern weg,
 Sintemal dieweil er gern sech,
 Dass sie den Printz Balthasarn nemb.
 Zum andern forcht ich mich vor dem,
 Dass er geb die Heyrat nit nach,
 Weil ich nur bin eine Grafen Sohn.
 Wie aber dem? was soll ich than?
 Hie erwart ich der liebsten mein,

95

100

105

110

115

120

Die kommt gleich eben gangen rein.

Kompt Pelimena mit Philomena, beut jm die Hand.

Pel. Furwar, ich hab mich kümmert hart.

Ihr werd lang haben auff mich gwart.

Ich hab zu den vorgehenden Sachen

Vor all ding richtig mussen machen.

125

Heint vmb sechs Vhr in eurm Garten,

Da will ich euer allein erwarten,

Mit euch beschliessen alle ding,

Wie ich den Konig darzu bring

Dass er mich euch zum Ghahel lass.

130

Hor. Gar wol hab ich verstanden das;

Will mich einstelln zu rechter Zeit,

Weil die Nacht leichtlich schrecken geyt

Den Weibspersonen, wo die sein

135

Dess Nachts auss jhrem Gmach allein.

Gott lass vns bede frisch vnd gsund

Erleben die glückselig stund!

Vnd dass man vns nicht sehe hie stehn,

Will ich auff dissmal von euch gehn.

Er drückt sie vnd geht ab Sie sieht ihm nach

Pel. Vnd wenn der Konig nit haben wolt

140

Dass ich Horatium nemen sollt,

So wolt ich mir Selbst thun den Todt.

Phil. Gnedigs Fraulein, daifur sey Gott!

145

Wie lang ists (denckt eur Gnad nit dran ?),

Da jhr wolt nemen gar kein Mann?

Doch habt jhr euch eins andern bsunnen,

Zwar kein vnfeiligen lieb gewunnen,

Sonder euch nach eim schon vmbgsehen.

Pel. Weist nicht? man thet vor Alters jehen,

150

Wenn einer etwas kauffen wolt,

Dass er etwas guts nemen solt,

Wenn eis schon desto theurer nem.

Als dass ich nur jetzt überkam

Dess Königs Consens vnd vergunst,

Wolt ich mir nichts mehr wunschen sunst,

Oder es kost mir Leib vnd Leben.

155

Phil. Hat der Konig das vorig nachgeben,

So hab ich gar kein zweifl dran,

Dass ers da nicht noch eh werd than.

Nun kommt! der Tag der neigt sich jmmer.

160

Wir wolln nein ins Frauenzimmer.

Sie gehn ab. Kompt Balthasar und Loientz.

Bal. (klaglich). Ach Gott, ich lig hie vergebens

Vnd hab all Hoffnung meines Lebens

Mir gantzlich auss dem Sinn gesetzt,
Vnd muss dess dings sterben zu letzt,
Weil das Koniglich Frauelein
So gantz vnd gar nicht achtet mein,
Will sich auch an eur Lieb nit kehrn.
Lor. Ich will jhr den Hochmut fein wehrn.
Eur Lieb mir nur zusehen thu !
Was ich schaff, da helfft mir darzu !
Petrian, balt komm herein zu mir !

165

170

Petrian, ein junger Kerl, lauft ein.

Pet. Gnedigster Herr, was wolt doch jhr ?

Zu eurem dienst bin ich bereidt.

Lor. Mein Petrian, mich bescheidet !

175

Ich wolf dich gern etwaß fragen,
Wann du mir wolst die' warheit sagen,
Vnd du solst es vmb sonst nit than.

Pet. Ja wenn ich der sach wissens han,
So will ich sagen die warheit.

180

Lor. Weistu nicht wen jetziger zeit
Mein Schwester an dem Hof hat lieb ?

Pet. Ey, darauff ich kein achtung gib ;
So will es mir auch nicht geburn.

Lor. (ziecht vom Leder, setzt jms Rapier ans hertz). So mustu dein
Leben verliern.

185

Weil dus nit wilt in guten than,
Ich dich viliechkt wol zwingen kan
Dass dus mit bosen sagen must.

Pet. O verschont ! ich wils sagen sust.

Die Jungfrau liebt Horatium,
Vnd wie ich heint heimlich vernumm,
So will er in seins Vatters Garten
Irer heint auff den Abend warten ;
Da werdens haben ein gesprech.
Doch bitt ich das jhr in keim weg
Was ich gesagt hab wolt vermelten ;
Musts sonst all mein tag entgelten
Bey jhr vnd andern Hoflingen.

190

195

Lor. Meinst, das ich sag von disen dingen ?

Er greift in Sack.

Sich, da hab dir ein schenck zu lohn !
Erfehrst du mehr, so zeig mirs an !
So gib ich dir noch ein verehrung.

200

Bal. (gibt jm auch gel). Sich ! da hab dir ein ritterzehrung !
Vnd halt die sach stll vnd verschwiegen,
Du solst noch anderst von vns kriegen.

205

Er nimmts vnd geht ab.

Lor. Wolt der Lecker mein Schwester erwerben?
 Nein zwar, er muss die nacht noch sterben.
 Doch vnvermerkt, das sies nicht weiss!
 Wir wolln jhm auffwarten mit fleiss,
 Vnd wolln jhm geben seinen lohn,
 Dass ers hinfort nit mehr soll thon.

210

Sie gehn ab. Kompt Horatius mit Petrian.

Hor. Alhiest steh, vnd wart vor der Thür!
 Du weist wen du solst lassen zu mir.
 Wenn du aber horst fremdbe Leut,
 So schau das mir das werd bedeut,
 Damit ich eine warnung nem!

215

Pet. Ja, ich wil recht nachkommen dem.

Er geht auff die anden seitn.

Ich will es gehn dem Fürsten sagen.
 Dass wird mir gwiss ein Tranckgelt tragen.

Er geht ab Horatius geht auff vnd nider.

Hor. Nun hat die gegenwertig nacht
 Mit jhren schwartzen flügn gmacht
 Die Himmel Wolcken dunckel zwar,
 Auch Mond vnd Stern verfinstert gar,
 Den schönen tag von innen trieben.
 Doch wenn sie frisch bringt zu der lieben,
 Bistu mir lieber als der tag;
 Dann bey dir ich gelangen mag
 Zu dem darnach ich lang hab gstrebt;
 Kein frölichere zeit noch nie erlebt.

220

225

Pelmeria geht ein, beut Horatio die Hand.

Pel. Ach hertenallerliebstes Lieb,
 Euch ich mich gar zu eygen gib,
 Will auch von euch nicht setzen wider.
 Doch bitt ich, setzt euch zu mir nider!
 Mein hertz ist mir traurig vnd schwer.
 Wenn nur kein gfahr vorhanden wer,
 Darvon wir kamen in ein Schaden.

230

235

Sie setzen sich zusammen.

Hor. Weibsbilder sind mit Forcht beladen,
 Förchten sich, wo es nicht bedarff,
 Haben Gedancken schwer vnd scharff.
 Aber, Hertzlieb, schlaget die auss!
 Konn wir doch nauff ins Sommerhauss,
 Das ist verwahret nach dem besten
 Mit Schlossen, Rigen der allervesten.

240

Darumb, bitt ich, gebt euch zu ruh !

245

Allhie sind wir ohn alle gfahr.

Pet. O hertzenlieb, fuwar, furwar,

Furwar die Sach die^t ist nit gut;

Dann wenn mich etwas anden thut,

So geht es mir gwiss in die Hand.

250

Hor. Ich hoff all Vnglück hab ein End,

Vnd bin fröhlich vnd freuden' voll.

Jetzt lauffen die zwen Fursten ein, sind verumbt.

Pel. (laufft davon und schreyt). Ach Gott, das hat mich geandet wol.

O Herr Marschalt ! O Herr Marschalt !

Kondt jhr vns helffen, so kompt baldt !

255

Horatius griff nach der Wehr. Eze zwen Fursten drucken jhn zu boden, stossen jhm den Dolchen in Leib.

Hor. Ihr Bosswicht, wie kompt jhr herein ?

Was Morderey soll das doch sein ?

Sie schweigen still, binden jhn an und hencken jhn

Lor. Sich, also hast du deinen lohn.

Ein todter Hund nicht beissen kan.

Sie gehen eyllend ab. Kompt der Marschalt in einer Nachtschauben, hat ein Hemmet über die Kleider an, ein schlaffhauben auff, mit einer blosen Wehr

Mal. Ach wer hat mich so hart erschreckt,

260

Mit seem Geschrey auss dem schlaff erweckt,

Vnd mich bey meinem Ampt genennt,

Dass ich soll kommen vnd helffen bhend ?

Wer bist du, der so gschryen hat ?

Er steht still

Wenn nur niemand wer gschehen schad !

265

Ich muss mich ein wenig vmbsehen.

Er kommt, wo sein Sohn hengt.

Ach weh, weh ! was ist dem geschehen ?

Er schneid jhn ab, legt jhn für sich, so ists sein Sohn ; er zieht ein blutigs Tuchlein rauß, ruttelt jhn, zieht jhn bey der Nasen und sagt klaglich :

Ach weh ! Ach Horati, mein Sohn !

Ach Horati, wer hat dir than ?

Ach weh, du mein einiges Kind,

270

Dass ich dich solcher gstalt hie find

Mit einem so durchstochnen Hertzen !

O weh meins schmertzen über all schmertzen !

Weh meiner pein über all pein !

Ach wer müssen die Morder sein ?

275

Dass ich mich nur an jhn kund rechen !

Ach weh ! mein Hertz will mir zerbrechen,

Meine Sinn wollen mir vergehn.

Was soll ich in der klag hie stehn ?
 Ich will mich gehn selbst bringen vmb,
 Dass ich nur auss dem Hertzleyd kumm.

280

Er kehrt die Wehr über sich, will sich erstechen, besinnt sich doch und wirft sie wider weg

Ach nein, es ist die zeitlich Pein
 Gegen der Holl gar schlecht vnd klein.
 Drumb will ich nicht Hand an mich legen,
 Sonder geflissen sein dagegen, 285
 Dass ich erforsch die Feinde mein ;
 Dann das hat thun keiner allein.
 Eifahr ich wer sind die Bosswicht,
 So schon ich selbst meins Leßens nicht,
 Sonder will jhn geben den Lohn, 290
 Wie sie dir, mein Sohn, haben than
 Nun will ich jhn tragen ins Hauss,
 Vnd will jhn lassen waydnen auss,
 Vnd jhn auff das ðest balsamirn,
 Stett sehnlich klag über jhn fuhrn,
 So lang biss ich mich grochen hab. 295
 Als dann ich jhn leg in ein Grab ;
 Will jhn auch lassen mahlen ab.

Er kust sein Sohn oft vnd tregt jhn ab

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Lorentz geht ein mit Balthasar in jren Furstlichen Kleider n

Lor. Der Sach ist nun ein anfang gmacht.
 Auch so hab ich nechten zu Nacht
 Ergriffen auch die Schwester mein ;
 Die hab ich lassen legen ein,
 Vnd soll nicht eh kommen an Tag 5
 Biss dass sie euch die Eh zusag.
 Was gilt, ich woll sie dultig machen ?

Bal. Wir haben gross Gfahr bey der Sachen,

Vnd ich werd von meim Gewissen
 Gar hart genaget vnd gebissen,
 Dass ich mein Hand geleget an 10
 Horatium, der mir nichts than.

Solt dann die Mordthat erst aussbrechen,
 Wie hart wur man die an vns rechen !
 Fürwar das ubl thut mich reuhen.

Lor. Ey schweigt still ! jhr dorfft bey mein treuen
 Euch nicht furchten, dass mans erfahr,
 Oder die That werd offenbar.

5

10

15

Auch eben wie Horatio than,
 Denn wenn einer von mir nimbt, gelt
 Vnd mir einen verräht vnd melt,
 So nimbt er Gott, verräht auch mich.
 Aber dass jhm das wehre ich,
 Vnd dass sie dahin nicht mehr dencken,
 Woll wir jhn allen beyden schencken,
 Vnd darzu geben gute Wort.
 Morgen mussen sie bede fort,
 So bleiben wir bede vnvermehrt.

Bal. Ich will als thun was jhr begert,
 Dass nur die Sach verschwigen bleib,
 Vnd ich die Jungfrau krieg zum Weib.

In dem kompt Niclaus geht zu Balthasar.

Nic. Gnediger Herr, ich hæß die Kleider
 Widerumb tragen zu dem Schneider,
 Der will sie machen nach eurem beger.
Lor. Hoit, mein Nicolaus! kompt doch hieher!
 Ein guten Dienst habt jhr vns than;
 Darumb geburt euch was zu lohn.

Er gibt jrn ein Ketten.

So nemet dise Ketten hin!
 Auch sollt jhr das gnissen forthin
 Bey eurm Herrn so wol als mir.
Bal. Ich will ein neus Kleid kauffen dir.
 Doch schweig still vnd sag nichts davon,
 Vnd heiss vns rein den Petrian!
 Dem haben wir was zuvermelten.

Nic. Gott woll euch diss reichlich vergelten!
 Petrian will ich schaffen kommen.

Lor. Niclaus, wir haben vns furgenommen
 Die Nacht zu uben ein Kurtzweil.
 Darzu dorff wir eur hilff zum Theil.
 Das soll heint gschehen vmb siben Vhr.
 Da solt jhr auff dem Kirchhof nur
 Warten biss wir bed zu euch stossen.

Nic. Ja ich will mich da finden lassen
 Vmb dieselb Zeit; das glaubt nur gwiss!

Lor. Wir werden vns verlassen auff diss.

Nicolaus geht ab. Kompt Petrian.

Pet. Ir gnedige Herrn, der Nicolaus
 Der hat mich gheissen zu euch herauss.
Lor. (*gibt Petrian auch ein Ketten*). Du bist ein guter Petrian,
 Vnd hast vns grossen Dienst gethan:
 Darumb so nimbt zu Lohn die Ketten!

Er gibt jhm die Ketten.

Noch mehr wir dir zusagen hetten.
 Der Niclaus der ist dir nicht gut,
 Böss Karten er ausswerffen thut,
 Dass ich forcht er mocht vns verrahten ;
 Dardurch kombstu am meinsten zu schaden,
 Weil vns ein alts Sprichwort vergwist :
 Wo der Zaun an dem nidersten ist,
 Da steigt man an dem meinsten druber.
 Vns zwen mocht man wol tragen nuber ;
 Aber wo bleibst du ? drumb woll wir
 Ein sehr guten raht geb'n dir,
 Dem Niclaus das Maul zu verbinden.
 Heint wirst du jhn auff dem Kirchhof finden,
 Sobald die Vhr thut siben schlagnen.
 Wann du nun wolst ein Kunststück wagen,
 Vnd jhm schiessen ein Kugl in Leib,
 Dass vnser Sach verschwigen bleib
 So wolten wir dir ehrlich lohnen.

Pet. Thet ich Horatu nit schonen,
 Hab jhm bracht den strick an die Kehln,
 Will ich dess Niclaus auch nit fehln.
 Das glob ich euch bey Treu vnd Ehr.
 Morgen fru lebt er schon nicht mehr.

Er geht ab.

Lor. Secht nur ! wie fein schickt sich all sach !
 Jetzund will ich bestellen die Wach,
 Dass sie beym Kirchhof haben acht.
 So bald ein Puxen knalt vnd kracht,
 Sollen sie lauffen von stund an
 Vnd den, der den Schuss hat gethan,
 Sollen sie gfangen setzen ein.
 Der Galg soll auch sein Kirchhof sein.
 Dardurch machen wir vns allbeyd
 Vor jhnen gute sicherheit.

Balthasar schüttelt den Kopff, und gehn ab Kommen Horolt und Morolt, die
 zwen Scharwachter, haben mit sich noch etliche stumme Personen.

Horolt. Nun hört mir zu, jhr lieben Gesellen !
 Wein wir die Wach versehen sollen,
 So wolt fein dapffer zsamten halten,
 Wie vns herkam von den alten !
 Sanct Marx will ich euch zum Loss geben ;
 Das soll ein jeder mercken eben,
 Wenn er gfragt wird was das Loss sey,
 Auff dass man jhn erkenn darbey ;
 Dann welcher das nicht mercken thet,
 Sein Leib vnd Leben verwickelt hett,
 Oder dass man jhn zu boden schlug.

65
70
75
80
85
90
95
100
105

Moroit. Ey, jhr dorfft kein sorg haben fur mich.

Ich bin dess vnterrichtet gnug.
Thet eins mals in Vngern ein Zug,
Da hett ich auch dess Loss vergessen ;
Da thet mir der Wachmeister messen
Mit seim Federspiess meine Ohrn.
Davon bin ich so witzig worn
Dass ichs forthin vergiss nit mehr.

110

Horolt. Still, still ! es gehn Leut dorten her.

Da muss wir sehen wer sie sein.
Seinds nicht richtig, so fuhr wirs ein

115

Kompt Lorentz mit Balthasar.

Lor. Gluck zu, jhr Wächter ! wie steh't all sach ?

Horolt. Ey, gnediger Herr, g'lo gemach !

Wir sind gleich allererst auffzogen.

Lor. Hort zu, was mich hat jetzt bewogen

120

Euch ein Befelch zu zeigen an !
Es finden sich etlich Person,
Die haben bose Practick vor,
Halten sich vor Sanct Affra Thor,
Finden sich gmeiniglich vmb siben Vhr,
Damit man furkomm der Auffruhr.
So gebeut ich euch bey der Pflicht
Vnd dass jhrs vnterlasset nicht,
Wen jhr der orten thut erlangen,
Sey wer da wollt, die thut all fangen,
Werns schon vnser Diener vnd Knecht !

125

Horolt. Den Sachen weiss ich zuthun recht.

Eur Furstlich Gnad kein zweifl trag !
Ich will sie kriegen, eh es wird Tag.

130

Sie bede gehn ab.

So habt gut acht, wie ist vermeldt !
Es tregt ein ein gulden fangGelt.
Da konnen wir ein Trunck drumb than.

135

Moroit. Das Gelt wir balt verdienet han.

Wir wollen vns bey der Kirchecken
Hinder eim grossen Pfeiler verstecken,
Daselbst vns Keiner mag empfihlen,
Vnd wollen jetzt alsbalt auffziehen.

140

Sie gehen ab. Kompt Petrian, hat ein gespannte Puxen.

Pet. Die bede Fursten sind kostfrey,

Gehn mir guten trost dabey,
Dass sie mich hoch erheben woll'en.
Ich soll jhn zgfallen mein Gsellen,
Wenn er jetzt balt wird furgeh'n mussen,

145

Mit einer Kugel zu Todt schiessen.
 Dass will ich than ohn all mein Schaden,
 Mein Buxen hab ich doppelt gladen.
 Kompt er, so schiess ich jhn behend,
 Dass ers weiss in dem Kopff vmbwend.
 Schau, schau! dort schleicht er auss eim Hauss.
 Ich will jhm machen sein garauss.

150

Nicolaus geht ein.

Nic. Mich reut warlich Horatius.

155

Jetzund ich in forchten rein muss
 Dass solches ubel komr' an Tag,
 Vnd folg ernstliche Straff hernach.

Petrian schiest.

Auweh! wer hat geschossen mich?
Pet. Dasselb will dir nicht sagen ich.

160

Wenn der Petrian mit trucknem Papier den Nicolaus schiest, hat er innwendig ein kleines Spritzlein voll Prisilluh; das drückt er, als griff er an die Wunden, sprutzt die Prisill durch ein lochlein auss dem Wammes, wie Blut; so turckelt er vmb, biss er stirbt, und lests folgends auslauffen. Horolt, Morolt vnd die andern Wachter lauffen herfur, fallen auf Petrian.

Horolt. Du Lecker, baldt gib dich gfangen!

Solst an Galgen werden ghangen,
 Dass du hie in der Statt loss schiest!

Pet. Zu frieden Jhr mich lassen must,
 Ich bin dess jungen Printzen knecht.

165

Horolt. Ey, schad nichts; du bist vns der recht.

Man schiest nicht in dess Konigs Statt.

Morolt. Secht! da er ein erschossen hat.
 Den will ich legen in ein Ecken.

Morolt schleift Nicolaus ab

Horolt. So will ich den ins loch nein stecken:
 Darumb geh nur balt fort dein Strassen!

170

Petrian geht mit.

Pet. Ihr must mich wol wider rauss lassen.*Sie fuhrenjn ab Kompt Lorentz vnd Balthasar.*

Lor. Ich hab mein Jungen aussgesand,
 Zu sehen was die Wachter hand
 Nachten die Nacht wol aussgericht.
 Ich meint, ja, es sollt fehlern nicht,
 Wie wir gester haben beschlossen.

175

Bal. Es gehn vns noch wol an die possen;
 Aber das Spil ist noch nicht auss.
 Gott geb dass nichts böss folg darauss,
 Denn mir ist mein Hertz gar zu schwer.
 Wolt dass ich in Portugall wer.

180

Fafnulus, der Jung, geht ein.

Fam. Gnедige Herrn, der Petrian
Lest euch vmb eur Hilff ruffen an ;
Der ligt dort in em Thurn tief,
Vnd hat mir geben disen Brieff.

185

Lorentz liest den Brieff, lacht vnd gibt jn dem Balthasar.

Lor. Herr, eur Lieb wollen den Brieff lesen !

Zu dem Famulo sagt er, vnd gibt jhm Gelt :

Zu jhm sprich, du seist bey mir gwenesen,
Er soll haben ein gutes hertz !
Wenn man jhn auch schon fuhrt auff vertz
Zum Galgen, als wolt man jhn hencken,
Sol er doch jhm nichts boss gedrнcken,
Dann ich woll jhn ohn als beschedigen,
Von aller schand vnd scktmach erledigen.
Zeig jhm die Buchsen ! doch schau drauff,
Das du die machst bey leib nit auff !
Sag, des Konigs Brieff seind darinnen,
Die jhn bald ledig machen konnen !
Da gib jhm jetzt die zwanzig Kronen !
Sag jhm, er d6rrf keins Gelts nicht schonen,
Er soll jhm kauffen was er beger !
Gibt er das auss, schick ich jhm mehr.

190

195

200

Der Jung geht ab.

Lor. Meister Jahn ! Jahn ! komm doch herfir !

Jahn geht ein, hat ein Henckers Schwert an.

Jahn. Ey, gnedigste Herrn, was wollet jhr ?

Lor. Ich meint zwar, du konst selbst wol dencken ;
Morgen solstu Petrian hencken.

205

Jahn (besinnt sich). Petrian hencken ? Hencken Petrian ?

Ey, was hat der gut Kerll gethan,
Vnd das ich jhn auffhencken sol ?

Bal. Ey, du wirst es erfahren wol.

210

Jahn (geht hinzvnd mist mit sein spiess an Lor.). Ey ja, ein Galg ist
wol so hoch als jhr.

Lor. (gibt jm ein mauldaschen). Wolstu den Galgen messen an mi ?
Gehin ! mess jhn an deines gleichen !

(*Zu Bal.*). Wir zwen wollen zu Hauss heimschleichen.

Sie gehen ab.

Jahn. Den Printzen hett ich gehenket gern.

215

Solt mir ein solcher zu theil wern,
Ich wolt mit allem lust jhn hencken,
Vnd jhm das schlagen wol eindrencken.

Er geht ab. Kompt Famulus.

Fam. Wenn man mir hat verbotten schon,

Dass ich die Büchsn nit sol auffthon,
So kan ichs jedoch lassen nicht,
Vnd mir gleich wie den Weibern gschicht.
Wenn man denselben was verbeut,
Gwinnens darzu begierigkeit.
Darumb so mach ich auff die Buchsen.

220

Er thut sie auff, lacht
Da find ich auff der Welt gar nichsen ;
Vnd man hat mirs verbotten so hart.
Nun mach ich mich bald auff die fahrt,
Vnd richt Petrian botschaft auss,
Trag darnach die lehr Buchsen zu hauss.

225

230

Abgang. Kompt Malignus mit Ernesto, dem Hauptman, setzt sich.

Mal. Dieweil der gfangen bey der nacht
Hat ein Soldaten vmbgebracht,
Vnd solche Mordthat klar bekennt,
So hat das Königlich Regiment
Jn drauff verdampt zu stranguliern ;
Vnd wir beyd solln, zu exequiern,
Meister Jahnnen das anzeigen,
Vnd jhn den Theter machen eygen.

235

Ern. Gstrenger Herr Marschalt, weil er bekend
Dass er mit seiner eygen hend
Hat vmbgebrackt Nicolaum,
So hencket man jhn billich drum.

240

Jahn kompt, fuhrt Petrian an ein strick.

Mal. Du bekenst doch noch die mordthat !

Pet. Was mein maul einmal geredt hat

Vnd was mein Hand einmal hat than,
Da wird ich nimmer weichen von.
Gott geb, was jhr, Herr Marschalt, sagt !
Ich bin nit so blod vnd verzagt
Dass ich mich forchte fur dem Todt.

245

Mal. So raht ich dir, beflich dich Gott,
Dann das Königlich Regiment
Hat dich des Strangs würdig erkennt.
Drumb, Jahn, geh hin vnd knupff jhn an !
Doch solst jhn todt wider rab than,
Vnd jhn begraben in ein grab.

250

255

Der Marschalt vnd Hauptman gehn ab.

Jahn. Ich thu wessen ich befelch hab.

Komm her ! ich will dich hubsch anstricken.

Pet. Ey schweig ! es wird dich nit hart drucken.

Jahn. Ey nun, so drück es aber dich !

Pet. Du solst den Tag nicht hencken mich,

260

Vnd wenn du auch werst noch so klug.

Jahn. Ey, ich will dir sein gscheid genug
Vnd dich hoch nauff an Galgen binden;
Du wollst mir dann vntern handn verschwinden.

Sie kommen zum Galgen. Jahn steigt hinauff.

Nun bet (da sichst dein Kirchhof du),
Ehe dass ich zeich die Schlingen zu!
Als dann wird es dir sein zu spet.

Pet. Ich hab noch wol zeit, dass ich bet.
Du wirst balt hören andere mehr.

Jahn. Auff dich zu warten ich nit beger.
Wiltu beten, so magst dus than. 5
Ich hab dich angebunden schon,
Vnd stoss dich über die Laytterr ab.

Pet. Noch zeit gnug ich zu beten hab.

Jahn wirft jhn hinunter.

Der Schelm will kein gutes Wort aussgeben.
Schad wers doch dass man jhn liess leben.
Nun will ich jhn vor ziehen auss,
Sein Kleider mit mir tragen zu Hauss,
Ihn werffen in ein Gruben drauss.

Er schneid jhn ab, zicht jhn auss vnd tregt jhn ab.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Kompt Malignus, der Marschalt, allein vnd sagt

Ach wie thuts mir so schmertzlich weh?
Wo ich in meim Hauss steh vnd geh,
So kompt mir stetigs fur mein Sohn
Vnd thut mich gleichsam manen dran
Sein vnschuldigen Todt zurechen.

So weiss ich nicht, wer sein die Frechen
Die jhn erwürgt in meinem Garten.
Erfahr ichs, so mussen sie gwarten
Was sie meinem Sohn haben than.

Vnd weil ichs nicht erfahrn kan,
So macht ein schmertz den andern schmertzen,
Die mir ligen an meinem Hertzen.
Schau! dort kompt gleich der Famulus rein.
Was wird nun neuss vorhanden sein?

Famulus geht ein, tregt ein Brief, gibt jhn dem Marschalt.

Fam. Gestrenger Herr, nembt disen Brief!
Als ich von der Gfengnuss her lieff,
Peliperia mir den gaß.

Mal. Mein lieber Junger, gross danck du hab'
Du darffst warten auff kein antwort.

Darumb geh deines wegs nur fort !

20

Famulus geht ab. Er bricht den Brieff auff, verwundert sich.

Ach der Brieff ist geschrieben mit Blut.

Sein innhalt also lauten thut :

Zuvor mein Ehrn gebürlichen gruss!

Eurnthalb ich mich wundern muss,

Vnd kan nicht wissen was es macht

Dass jhr'eurs Sohns so wenig acht,

Den die zwen Printzen haben erstochen.

Vnd wenn jhr das last vgerochen,

Weil ich jhn hab zur Ehl genommen,

Hett er wol hoch konnen ankommen,

Dass jhm die Morden abgeraet.

Vnd ich will nicht sanft legen mein Haubt,

Hilfft mir Gott auss der Gfangknuss wider,

Biss ich auch leg zur Erden nider

Die zwen Printzen, ich arme Maydt;

35

Des schwer ich hiemt einen Eyd.

Thut jhr was dabe, so ists gut.

Den Brieff schrib ich mit meinem Blut.

Ach Gott ! Ach Gott ! was sold das sein ?

Soll dann die eygen Herrschafft mein,

40

Der ich so lang wol dienet han,

Mir geben so efi bosen Lohn,

Vnd mir mein einigen Sohn vmbbringen ?

Ich kans nicht rechen mit der Klingen :

Sie sind mir beyd zu hoch geborn.

45

Klag ich dann schon, so is verlorn :

Ich kan kein recht desshalb gewinnen.

Dess muss ich noch kommen von sinnen.

Der Richter ist verdachtlich mir.

O grechter Richter, ich klag es dir.

50

Lass leuchten die Sonn der Grechtigkeit !

Mein Sohn noch in meim Hauss todt leit ;

Den will ich nicht lassen begraben

Biss sie allbeyd bezahlet haben

Mit jhrem Blut den Sohne mein.

55

Jetzt geht Jahn ein, tregt ein Brieff, greyni.

Jahn. Ey, ey, ey ! der schmertzlichen Peyn !

Den Brieff hab ich in Hosen vnden

In dess Petrians Sack gefunden,

Darauss ich gar wol spuren kan

Dass man jhm hat vnrecht gethan.

60

Nun meinthalb ! ich kan nichts darfur.

Mal. (sicht sich vmb). Sich, Halbnarr, wie schreyst ? was ist dir ?

Vnd was hast du da für ein Brieff ?

Jahn (weynt). Inn Petrians sack ich jhn ergriff,
Darauss ich gar wol mercken kan
Dass man jhm vnrecht hat gethan.
Desshalb thut er nrich gar sehr reuhen.

65

*Mal. (list den Brieff also): Mein Petrian, bey meinen treuen,
So will ich dir genedig sein;
Darumb du in dem Gfengnuss dein
Solst dich mit gedult wol gehaben.
Mit grosser Freud will ich dich laben.
Halt du nur verschwigen die Sach!
Vom Galgen ich dich ledig mach,
Solst du schon sein gebunden an,
Dann ich hab Brieff vom Konig schon.*

70

Datum. Lorentz.

Jahn (kläglich). Da hörrs ja selber, eur Gnad,
Dass jhn der Konig loss gesprochen hat;
Aber jhr hiest jhn hencken mich.
Kein schuld will daran tragen ich.
Secht jhr, wie jhr es verantwort!

80

Er schnupfft, als greyn er.

Mal. Pack du dich deines Wegs nur fort,
Vnd lass dir wachsen kein grabs Har!

Jahn kratzt sich im kopff vnd geht ab.

Durch den Brieff wird mir offenbar
Dass diser gehenckt Petrian
Mir hat helfen ermordn mein Sohn
Vnd dass der jung Printz Herr Lorentz
(Gott geb jhm Peuln vnd Pestilentz!)
Den Petrian angelernt hat
Dass er verbracht hat die Mordthat,
Auff dass die, so gewisset drumb,
Alle bede sind kommen vmb.
Seiner Schwester in der hafft dahinden
Will er das Maul auch damit binden,
Dass niemand mehr verhanden wer
Der drumb west, wie Balthasar vnd er.
So schwer ich warlich Gott gesprochen,
Dass ichs nicht lass an jhm vngrochen,
So baldt vnd ich hab glegenheit,
Ich will sie noch vmbbringen beyd.

85

90

95

100

Er zuckt sein Schwert, denn auch den Dolchen, haut vnd sticht vmb sich, wird unsinnig.

Ach, mir vergeht gleich all mein sinn.
O mein Horati, wo komst hin?
Schau! dort lauft er, sicht wie ein manss.

Hört Horati! nein, er will da nauss.

105

Er lauft von einer seiten zu der andern.

Den Hasen hett ich bald befangen.

Hör, Paurla, von wann bistu gangen?

Ja, der Konig sitzt über der Malzeit.

Herr Balthasar, wolt jhr auffs gejaydt?

Schau, schau! dort reit auch Lorentz her,

Springt in mein Garten mit sein Pfer.

Wenn wir denn heint die Birn blaten,

Lieber thut mir im Grass kein schaden!

Dass Sommerhauss hab icl erst baut.

Secht! da kompt meins Horati Braut.

O Horati, mein lieber Son!

Wart! ich lass dich noch nit davon.

Er lauft unsinniger weiss mit bloser Wehr vnd Dolchen ab. Kompt Konig Amurates mit Laurentio, Balthasar und Ernesto, dem Hauptman, vnd Gangolffo, dem Portugäischen Gsander, der tragt zwen sech mit Gelt. Der Marschalt gehet auch ein vmb den Konig herumb, sucht sie alle nach einander an, thut gar nerrisch.

Amur. (*liest ein Brieff*). Königlicher Gsander von Portugal,

Wir lesen eur Credenz zumal.

Darinn finden geschrieben wir,

Was jhr vns bringet mundlich fur;

Dem sollen wir glauben zustellen,

Vnd jhre Lieb auch halten wollten

Alles was jhr vns werd zusagen,

Daran wir auch kein zweiffel tragen.

Darauff möcht jhr eur sach furbringen.

120

Gangolff (*neigt sich*). Gnedigster Herr, vor allen dingen

Ich jhr Majestat anzeigen muss

Meins Gnedigsten Herrn freundlichen gruss,

Vnd sein willige dienst dabey;

Vnd weil sein Son gefangen sey

Vmb ettluchs Gelt Rancionirt,

Hab ich dasselb mit mir herfürt,

Vnd ist mein hohe bitt darneben,

Den jungen Printzen ledig zugeben.

Dass übrig eur Majestat begern,

Ob es wol that mein Herrn bschwern,

So will er doch das alls eingehn,

In ewiger bündnuss bey euch stehn,

Nicht thun wider euch vnd die eurn.

Dass soll ich mit meim Eyd beteurn,

Vnd aller diser Red begrieff

Verfertigen mit Sigll vnd Brieff,

Dass es nun forthin dahey bleib.

130

135

Amur. Dass man dise ding all beschreib,
Befelch man in der Cantzeley!

145

Vnd jhr solt selbst auch sein, dabey,
Dass man vor als collationir,
Deutlich beschreibe nach gebur.

Darauff drück wir auch vnser Secret,
Vnd wollens halten vest vnd steht.

150

Aber das Rancionirgelt,
Davon jhr auch besonders gemelt,

Dass gehört vnserm Hof Marschalt

Mal. (*spricht thoricht vnd fellt zu füss*). Ja es ist mir mein hertz
erkalt.

155

O Gerechtigkeit, Gerechtigkeit!

Lor. (*stoss jhm weg*). Eur furbringen sich jetzt nit leid !

Ir secht, der König hei zuthan.

Mal. Ja mir ist auch gelegen dran.

Amur. Was ist dem Marschalt widerfahrn,
Dass er thut so seltzam gebarn ?

160

Wir seinds an jhm nit gwohnet vor.

Lor. (*sagt dem König in ein Ohr*) : Herr Konig, der Geltgeytzig thor
Hat ghort das der Gesand vermeld,

165

Er bring das Rancionir Gelt ;

Darauff ist er also gesessen,

Hat sorg, das man werd sein vergessen,

Vnd wer jhm das nit folgen lahn.

Amur. Ey, was wir euch zugsaget han,

Das soll euch werden; nempt das Gelt hin !

170

Man gibt jhm das Gelt, er wurfft zum Eingang hinein, geht alle weil ab.

Mal. Damit ich nicht zufrieden bin.

Ich wolt das Gelt wer nie gemacht,

Dann es hat mir mein Sohn vmbbracht.

Balthasar *stoss Lorentzen*. Lorentz *sagt jm etwas in ein Ohr*.

Amur. Herr Balthasar, jhr seyt glöset auss.

Wenn nun eur Lieb will heim zu Hauss,

175

So soll es Ihr vergunnet sein ;

Denn alle Claussel gross vnd klein,

Die wir haben mundlich bedingt,

Vnd was vns Feind- vnd freundschaft bringt,

Dass alls wir zu halten begern.

180

Lor. Herr König, wolts euch nicht beschwern,

Dass ich eur Majestat fall ein !

Printz Balthasar, der giebste mein,

Matt sich gegen mir also erkert

Dass er jetzt noch nicht heim begert,

Sonder wann ers erhalten kund,

Sein Hertz vnd Gmüt jhm darzu stund.

185

- Dass er eur Tochter nemen wolt.
 Wenns nur eur Majestatt will sein sollt,
 Wolt er vor Hochzeit halten mit jhr.
- Amur.* Wenns von euch selber hören wir,
 So wöll wir euch gut antwort geben.
- Bal.* Sie liebet mir fur Leib vnd Leben.
 Wenn sie mich liebet, wie ich sie,
 Wird sie mirs nicht abschlagen je.
- Vnd wenn ich sie nur sollt erwerben,
 So wollt ich desto lieber sterben,
 Vnd mich achten den seligsten Mann.
- Amur.* (gibt jhm die Hand). Vnsern Willen den habt jr schon.
 Doch vnser Tochter woll wir fragen,
 Die wir nicht sahen in etlich Tagen.
 Darauff sollt jhr balt antwort wissen.
- Lor.* Pelimperia wir sagen lissen,
 Dass sie sich innen halten sollt,
 Eur Gnaden will erwarten wollt.
 Die soll noch dieses Tages spatt
 Gstellt werden für eur Majestatt.
- Malignus geht ein, ist wider thoricht.
- Mal.* O königliche Majestatt !
Lor. (treibt jhn zurück). Dieselbig jetzund zuthun hat.
 Kompt etwan wider ein ander mal !
- Mal.* So komm ich in noch grösser Qual.
 Mein Hertz im Leib will sich vmbkehrn,
 Dass man mich nicht ein Wort will horn.
- Amur.* Vns deucht, du vnd der Marschalt beyd
 Mit einander vneinig seyd.
- Das wolten wir nicht gern hörn.
- Lor.* Grossmächtiger König, nein, bey mein Ehrn,
 Der Marschalt ist ein frommer Mann,
 Vnd mir niemals kein Leid gethan.
- Dass ich jhn aber nicht wolt fur lassen,
 Ist seine sach gschaffen der massen
 Dass sie die Wurdigkeit nicht hat
 Zubringen fur eur Majestat,
 Wie ich der will anzeigen bald.
- Amur.* Hat dann die Sach ein solche Gstallt,
 So haben wirs bedenkens klein.
 Drumb kompt all zu der Tafel reyn !
 Thut mit dem Gsandten lustig sein !

Abgang jhr aller.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Kompt der Marschalt, hat ein Buch vnd list :

*Wer königlicher Dienst will geniessen,
Der muss auch bey sich selbst beschliessen
Dass er Vnwilligkeit woll tragen,
Vn wenn jm was gschicht, nichts woll sagen.*

Er schlägt ins Buch.

Ja freylich gehts mir auch also.

5

Er list weiter.

Noch ferrners find ich geschriben do :

*Gleich wje die war gerechtigkeit
Drucket den ungerechten, allzeit,
Also auch die bossheit begert
Dass der gerechte werd beschwerd.
Also thut auch Herr Lorentz mir ;
Der will mich gar nicht lassen für,
Dass mein beschwerung komm an tag,
Dass ich dir, Gott von Himmel, klag.*

10

*Er liest wider im Buch gemachlich, ficht mit den Handen, schuttelt den Kopff
vnd ist vngeduldig. Kompt Primus, Secundus, Tertius, drey Supplicanten ;
hat ein jeder ein Supplication.*

Primus. Ach, wie gehts zu im Regiment?

15

*Die Königs Rathe schuldig send
Die armen zu hören, wie die reichen,
Von dem rechten nicht abzuweichen,
Sonder ein gleiches vrthel zusprechen,
Guts belohnen, das böss zurechen,
Wittwen vnd Waisen zuverhaydigen,
Die betrubten nit zubeleydigen,
Ir beschwerung gern anzuhorn.
So will es sich jetzt alls vmbkehrn ;
Dann ich je kein bekommen kan
Der nur mein Supplicatz nem an,
Dass sie im Raht verlesen wür.
Man lest mich sten rauss vor der Thur,
Alss wenn ich wer ein armer hund.*

20

25

Secundus. Gott spar vns den Marschalt lang gsund !

30

*Derselbig hört die armen gern,
Vnd wo sie etwan hilff begern
In jhrn guten gerechten sachen,
Hilfft er es alles richtig machen
Vnd schneid ab all veitlaufftigkeit.*

35

*Tertius. Weil es sich dann also begeit
Dass er dort steht, liest in eim Buch,*

Was kans schaden, das mans versuch
 Dass wir jhm vnser Bittschrifft geben,
 Vnd beten jhn fleissig darneben,
 Dass er vns die thet bringen fur?

40

Mal. (sicht sich vmb). Ihr guten Leut, wolt jhr zu mir?
Sie ziehen alle die Hut ab.

Primus. Gestrenger Herr, versteht mich recht!

Am Hoff ist ein Einspenniger Knecht,
 Hat mir abkaufft vor dem ein Pferdt
 Vmb 20 Gulden, ward es 'wol werth;
 Hat sich verschrieben vnd versprochen
 Mich zu bezahlen in vier Wochen,
 Wie das zeyget sein Handschrifft an.
 Jetzt ich nichts von jhm bringen kan,
 Vnd trohet mir noch sehr darzu.

45

50

Mal. (sicht die Verschreibung). Mein lieber Freund, gebt euch zuruh!
 Er muss euch zahln in acht tagen,
 Oder ich will jhn vom Hof weg jagen.

Zum andern sagt er

Was halt jhr dann fur eine Klag?

55

Secundus (gibt jhm die Supplication). Ich hab mir ein Hauss kaufft
 die Tag,

Vnd hab schon gnein Gelt drumb aussgeben:
 So will der nechst Nachbaur darneben
 Mich abtreiben von solchem Kauff,
 Vnd sagt, er hab den Vorkauff drauff.

60

Das fellt mir schwer uber all massen.

Mal. Ich will es die Raht lesen lassen.

Darumb kompt wider nach Mittag,
 Dass ich als dann den Bscheyd euch sag!
 Nun was habt jhr dann? das zeygt an!

65

Tertius (gibt jhm ein Supplication und sagt klaglich): Ach Gott!
 mein allerliebster Sohn

Ist mir die Tag worden gfangen,
 Vnd vnschuldig an Galgen ghangen;
 Der ist gewest mein Trost vnd Schatz,
 Wie jhr find in der Supplicatz.

70

Mal. (list vnd sagt): Ach jetzt find ich, wie es ist gangen,
 Dass Horatius ist wordn erhangen,
 Vnd hat dein sohn gholfen darzu.

Er wird unsinnig.

So back dich nauss an Galgen, du!
 O Horati, du kuner Heldt!
 Hat man die Buben auff dich bestellt?

75

Er zerreist die Schrifften alle zu stücken. Die Supplicanten lauffen alle zu.

Primus. O Herr Marschalt, meine Handschrifft,
Die dess Einspanniger Schuld^t, betrifft!

*Sie wollen ihm die Brief^t nemen. Er gibt jedem ein Dotschkappen, zerreist die
Brief^t zu klein stücke und geht ab*

Secundus. Ach Gott, was fang wir jetzund an?

Tertius. Also ich kein Hülff kriegen kan.

80

Ach weh, dass es Gott muss erbarmen!

Wie gehts allhie so hart den Armen,

Vnd werden noch darzu geschlagen!

Was thun wir nun? wem woll wirs klagen?

Sie gehn traurig ab. Kompt Lorentz, Baltasar und mit ihm der Famulus.

Lor. Famule, geh ind Gfangnuss nein,

85

Vnd lass kommen mein Schwester rein!

Famulus neygt sich vnd geht ab.

Herr Balthasar, jetzt wollen wir

Meiner Schwester hie halten fur,

Dass sie euch soll zum Gmahl krigien,

90

Dardurch wir sie bereden mügen,

Wenn sie anredt der Vatter mein,

Dass sie sich willig geb darein,

Vnd dass alle Sach richtig sey.

Bal. Dieses Fürschlags ich mich hoch frey,

95

Dann durch das mittel wird furkommen

Dass aller Argwohn von vns gnommen,

Der auff vns schier wolt beissen ein.

Pelumperia kommt mit dem Famulo.

Lor. (zu dem Famulo). Gehe du dieweil ins Gmach hinein!

Ich will auch bald kommen hinach.

Geht zu seiner Schwester, gibt jhr die Hand.

Schwester, Gott geb dir ein guten Tag!

100

Wie sichst mich an so streng vnd bitter?

Pel. Meynst, ich zürn nicht billich mitter,

Dass du mich so lang sperrest ein?

Soll das Bruderlich ghandelt sein?

Was Leidts hat ich dir thun mein Tag?

105

Lor. Hor, Schwester, ich sag dirs darnach

Warumb das als geschehen sey.

Du wirst mir dancken der Lieb vnd Treu

Dass ich dirs hab zum besten than.

Schau, da sieh Printz Balthasar an!

Hast du dardurch zum Gmahl bekommen.

~~Der~~ König wird dich fragen darumben,

Ob du auch sein begerst zur Ehe.

110

Pel. Ach Gott, soll mir das thun nicht wehe,

Dass mein gar allerärgster Feind

115

Mich zum Gmahl zuhaben vermeint?

Das nimbt mich wunder über wunder.

Bal. (führt Lorentz auf die seyten), Ach Gott, ich habs ghort jetzunder
Dass sie mich gar nicht haben' will.

Lor. Ach, mein Herr Balthasar, schweiget still!

120

Weibsbilder sind Wanckelmuts voll,

Vnd sind doch zu bereden vol,

Dass sie-thun was sie lang verreden.

Sie kehren wider. Balthasar gibt jhr die Hand.

Bal. Eurethalb wolt ich noch lassen, totden,

Vnd jhr stellt euch gegen, mir so wilt

125

Das mir mein junges Leben gilt,

Wenn jhr mich list thun ein fehlbitt.

Pel. Furst Balthasar, weiss warlich nit;

Doch weils der König bewilligt hat,

Will ich jhn vor halten zu Raht;

130

Vnd wenn er das fur rahtsam find,

Ir bessere antwort' kriegen kund.

Bal. (gibt jhr die Hand). Der Bscheid mir gute Hoffnung geyt.

Dem lieben Gott befohlen seyt!

Zu Lorentz sagt er, und geht alle weil ab:

Ich hoff, sie soll noch werden gut.

135

Lor. Darumb schweigt vnd seyt nur wolgemuth!

Ich bin schon gar wol Informirt

Wie sie zuvermogen sein wird

Euch anzunemen mit gutem danck.

Bal. Gschicht das nicht balt, so wer ich kranck.

140

Sie bede gehn ab.

Pel. Ich wolt mich in mein Hertz nein schemen,

Soll ich meins liebsten Mörder nemen,

Den er mir an der seytn erstach,

Dess ich nimmer vergessen mag.

Darff doch vor schand auchничtes sagen.

145

Allein will ichs dem Marschalt klagen,

Vnd jhm mit Worten hart zu sprechen,

Biss er sein Sohn an jhm thut rechen.

Schau! dorten geht er gleich hereyn.

Malignus geht ein.

Mal. O Horati, lieber Sohn mein,

150

Dein Todt reut mich je lenger, je mehr!

Pel. Ach Gott, wie reut er mich so sehr!

Der mir vor hat mein Hertz erfreut,

Der bringt mir jetzt gross Hertzenleidt.

O Freud, wie bald hast dich verkehrt!

155

Mal. Ich hab das Königlich Fraulein ghört.

Er geht zu jhr, beut jhr die Händ.

Ach Gott, wo seyt jhr so lang gwesen?
 Eurn klaglichen Brief hab ich glesen.
 Doch versteh ich nicht recht die³ Gschicht;
 Drumb bitt ich euch, mich vnterricht!
 Wie ist Horatius vmbkommen?

160

Pel. Wir zwey haben einander gnommen,

Vnd als wir wolten rahtschlagen
 Wie ichs meim Vatter liss furtragen,
 Verzielt er mich in eurn Garten
 Mein in dem Sommerhauss zu warten.
 Petrian, derselb Verrahter,
 Der Mordstifter vnd Vbelthater,
 Der von der Sachen hat gewist,
 Von meim Bruder dahin bracht ist,
 Dass ers jhm vnd Balthasar gsagt,
 Die zuvor haben gemacht ein packt,
 Dass ich Balthazar nemen sollt.

165

Als ich aber das nit thun wolt,
 Sonder behalten Horatium,
 Schwuren sie jhn zubringen vmb.
 Derhalb vnd als wir beyde sein
 Kaum kommen in den Garten rein,
 Vnd vns allererst nidergesetzt,
 Noch nit mit gutem Gspräch ergotzt,
 Sind sie verumbt kommen geloffen,
 (Dann die Thur hat jhn glassen offen
 Der arg Verrahter Petrian,)
 Vnd mein liebsten erstochen han,
 Vnd jhn gehangen an ein strick:
 Da entran ich zu all meim Gluck.
 Doch legten sie mich gfanglich ein.
 Wolt jhr den Mord lassen gut sein,
 Vnd euch an jhn beden nit rechen,
 So wolt vnd must ich von euch sprechen
 Dass jhr keins ehrlichen Manns seyd werht.

170

175

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190

Mal. Mein Hertz hat stetigs Rach begert,
 Das mir oft droß mein Witz entgangen;
 Hett nie Zeyt die Rach anzufangen.
 Darzu so hab ich nie gewist
 Wie es alles zugangen ist.
 Ietz aber, so ich hab den bscheidt,
 Darzu die zeit vnd glegenheit,
 So wil ich schon recht thun den Sachen,
 Eu³ vom Balthazar ledig machen.
 Doch muss sich eur genaden stellen
 Als ob sie Balthazar nemen wöllen.
 So will ich freundlich stellen mich.

195

200

Dann werden sie eifreuen sich,
Meinen es sey vergessen schon.
Denn fang ich ein Tragedi an,
Mit jhnen vor dem Konig ag'n;
Dareyn wolt euch auch lassen ziern !
Die Gschicht bring ich also herumb
Dass jhr leicht bringt Balthazar vmb ;
So will ich den Lorentz erstechen.
Vnd will es schon der Konig rechen,
So stich ich mein Dolchen in mich.

Pel. Ja, desgleichen so thu auch ich;
Dann wenn ich jhm seir Lohn hab geben,
Beger ich lenger nit zu leben.
Ich gehe dahin, es bleib dabey !
Doch also dass verschwigen sey !

Pelimperia geht ab. Der Marschalt geht hin vnd schuttelt den Kopf, ficht mit jhm selbst, kompt der König mit Ernesto, dem Hauptman, Lorentz vnd Balthasar, Pelimperia vnd Philomena, Gangolffo, dem Gesanaten.

Amur. Sohn Lorentzo, nun sag vns balt !
Was hast du doch mit dem Marschalt ?
Wir mercken dass er zornig ist.

Lor. (neigt sich). Allergrossmachtiger König, so wist
Dass ich mein Tag vor, wie jetzund,
Mit jhm gezürnt hab kein stund.
Zurnt er mit mir, so weiss ichs nit.

Amur. Wir woltens ja gern sehen nit.
Herr Marschalt, trett zu vns herbey,
Vnd zeiget vns an was euch sey !
Habt jhr ein Zorn zu jhn zweyen ?

Mal. Nein, Herr Konig, bey mein treuen.
Sie sind beyd mein Gnedige Herrn ;
Beger jhn guts zu thun, so ferrn
Ich das an Leib vnd gut vermag.

Lor. (gibt jhm die Hand). Darfur ich euch grossen danck sag.
Dagegen sollt jhr das auch wissen,
Wo jhr kond meiner dienst geniessen,
So will ich sparn gar keinen fleiss.

Bal. (gibt jm auch die Hand). Weil ich dann auch kein Vrsach weiss
Darumb ich zurnen sollt mit euch,
So bin ich vrbiert dergleich
Euch auch zu dienen, wo ich kan.

Mal. (gibt jhm die Hand). Zu vnterthenigem danck numm ichs an,
Vnd will danckbar erfunden wern.

Amur. Frid vnd Einigkeit hab wir gern. ~
Nun komm du, Pelimperia,
Siechst du den jungep Printzen da,

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245

Dess Königs Sohn aus Portugall?

Den geb wir dir zu einem Gmahl.

Das wirst du zu Danck nemen ^{an}.

Pel. (neygt sich). Was Euer Maiestatt will han, 250
Darzu will ich gehorsam sein.

Amur. (steht auf, gibt Bal. die Hand). Ietzt seyd jhr der lieb Eyden mein.
Vnd Gott woll euch zu disem stück
Geben vil Wolfart, Heyl, vnd Gluck,
Vnd dass jhr langs Leben mogt haben. 255

Bal. Weil mich eur Majestatt begabn
Mit dem hochsten Schatz auff der Welt,
Der besser ist als gut vnd Gelt,
So danck ich der demutig drumb.
(Zu Pel.) Vnd jhr, Hertzlieb getreu vnd fromm, 260
Jhr seyt die alleredelst Gab,
Die ich fur all Königreich lieb hab,
Die mir mein Hertz vnd Seel eifreut.

Amur. Dass man ein kostlichs Mahl bereynt
Zu Ehrn dem königlichen Gsanden, 265
Dass er daheim in seinen Landen
Kan seinem König zeygen an
Dass man jhm hab gross Ehr gethan!
Auch woll wir Gsandte schicken mit,
Dass man jhn auff die Hochzeit bitt,
Vnd geb auch sein Consens därein. 270

Mal. All ding vor wol bestellet sein.
Von essen, trincken vnd Confect,
Kasten, Kuchen vnd Keller voll steckt,
Dass das wenigst nicht mangeln soll. 275
Vnd gfellt es auch dem König wol,
So wollen wir, wie bey den Alten,
Ein gar Herrlich Tragedi halten,
Die ich mir vor lengst hab erlesen;
Zeigt an von schonen kunen Wesen,
Vnd schickt sich wol fur Manns Person. 280
Ich selbst will mich drein legen an,
Denn nur vier Person gehorn drein.
Die two konnen bed Fursten sein,
Vnd Pelimperia das Weibsbild. 285

Amur. Man hat dergleich hie lang nicht gspilt.
Schau, Lorentz, dass es angricht werd!
Vnd machs, wies der Marschallt begert!
So schauen wir mit Freuden zu.

Lor. Eur Majestatt befelch ich thu. 290

Der König geht mit seinen Leuten ab Pelimperia bleibt mit Philomena zurück.

Pel. Hier muss ich auff den Marschalt warten.

Phil. Das Spil thut sich gar seltzam karten,
 Dass jhr den Printzen nemen solt,
 Von dem jhr vor nichts wissen wolt,
 Vnd der euch hat eur Lieb erüschlagen.

295

Pel. Ey, schweig still vnd thu nichts davon sagen,
 Wenn du behalten willt mein Hult,
 Sonder nimb dir ein wenig gedult!
 Es ist das Spil noch nicht gar auss.
 Dort kompt auch gleich der Marschalt rauss.

300

Der Marschalt geht ein, gibt der Pelimperia ein Zettel.

Mal. Den Zettel thut ausswendig lehrn!
 Thut allen Zorn gantz abwertz kehrn,
 Biss wir vnsern Feinden nachmals
 Den strick haben bracht an den Halss!
 So wollen wir jhn zucken die Schlingen,
 Vnd all vnser Feind vmbbringen.
 Gott geb, dass vns nicht thu misslingen!

305

Sie geben die Hand einander vnd gehn ab

ACTUS SEXTUS.

Malignus, der Marschalt, geht ein, thut als schlag er Toppicht auff, butzt es alles zu der Comedi sauber; so kommen zu ihm Lorentz und Balthasar.

Lor. Herr Marschalt, jhr thut euch bemühen.
 Werden wir denn so bald auffzihen,
 So woll wir vnser Person staffirn.

Mal. Vns Comedianten wills geburn
 Dass wir zeitlich gnug sind bereydt.
 Wenn der Kong sitzt an der Mahlzeit,
 So zihen wir dann auff alsbald.

5

Bal. Ich bitt, verzeicht mir, Herr Marschalt!
 Mich deucht, ein Comedi macht Freud,
 Ein Tragedi nur Traurigkeit;
 Vnd weil wir sind in Freud erquickt,
 So hett sich fur vns bass geschickt
 Ein fein posierlichs glachter Spil.

10

Mal. Davon halten die Weiber vil,
 Die gern tantzen, lachen vnd singen;
 Dagegen soll man von ernstlichen dingen
 Den Mannern sagen vnd agirn.

15

Lor. Machts halt, wie es sich will geburn!
 Wir wollen gehn vns richten zu,
 Dass man alsbald auffzihen thu.

20

Sie gehn alle ab, kompt der Kong mit seinen Leuten, als dem Ernesto, etlichen Trabanten, vnd was er haben kan, setzt sich.

Amur. Der Marschalt hats als wol zugricht.
So spilt er auch ein schöne Gschicht,
Die wir haben gelesen schon.

Ernest. Mit der sach er wol vmbrehn kan.
Das macht, er hat sie oft getrieben,
Hat vil gelesen vnd geschrieben,
Auch selbst vil in der That erfahrn,
Hofdiner gwest vor langen Jahrn;
Dessgleichen ich nicht kenn im Reich.
Ich mercks, er will anfangen gleich.

Jetzt trumblt man, vnd zichen die Comedianten auff, vnd ist Balthasar der Turckisch Soldan, Lorentz ein Ritter von Rodis, Pelimperia die Liebhabent Jungfrau, dess Soldans Schwester, Marschalt der Konig auss Babylon; gehn vmb; alsdann gehen sie alle wider ab. Kompt Balthazar, in gestallt dess Turckischen Soldan, mit seiner Schwester, welche die Pelimperia vertritt.

Bal. Hor, Schwester, es kompt mir jetzt fur,
Es streb der Konig von Babl nach dir,
Vnd du wollst jhn zum Gemahl han.
Nun ist er schier ein alter Mann
Vnd du bist ein junge Jungfrau.
Darumb dich eben wol furschau!
Alt Manner vnd Junge Weiber
Haben zweyerley vngleich Leiber.
Solt dir dann dein freyen umbschlagen,
Vnd du wollst kommen vnd mirs klagen,
Wenn du wollst handeln ohn mein raht,
So magst du dir haben den Schad,
Zu sampt dem aussglachter vnd hohn.

Pel. (in gestallt dess Soldans Schwester). Ich hat gut Heyraht gehabt
schon,
Vnd hat unter denselben allen
Eur Lieb noch nie keiner gefallen.
Einer war euch nicht reich genung,
Einer zu alt, der ander zu jung,
Einer war nicht von Königlichem Gschlecht.
Wo nem ich ein, der euch wer recht?
Ihr thut mir alle Heyraht wehrn.
Wenn kond ich so kommen zu ehrn,
Ich wolt wol hie bey euch verligten
Dass ich nimmer kein Mann kondt kriegen.
Dasselb ich nicht erwarten will,
Vnd euch vertrauen in dem Spil,
Ween jhr mir schlagt die Heyraht ab,
Dass ich ein Ordens Ritter hab,
Der will mich mit sich fuhren hin.
Vnd ich gantzlich dess Willens bin

25

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60

*Mich mit demselben wegk zu begeben,
Vnd bey jhm zu sterben vnd leben.*

Bal. (im Namen dess Soldans). *Ei, Schwester, thu ein wenig gmach!
Lass mich nachdencken bass de Sach,
Vnd geh du in dein Gmach hinein!
Ich will von studan bey dir sein.*

65

Die Jungfrau geht ab.

*Meiner Schwestr Heyraht bringt mir leiden.
Ich muss sehen, wie ichs kön scheiden,
Vnd will dem König sagen frey
Dass mein Schwester nicht redlich sey,
Vnd dass sie an dem Ritter hencck,
Damit er jhr nicht mehr nacklenck.
Auch so will ich dencken darneben,
Wie ich sie alle bring umbs Leben.
Ich mag die Heyraht nicht nachgeben.*

70

Er geht ab. Kompt Malignus in gestallt dess Königs auss Babylonie.

Mal. *Ach, sollt das Königlich Fraulein
Mir zu der Ehe versprochen sein
Von jhrem Bruder, wie von jhr,
So wer alls leid benommen mir.
Aber wie ich mir lass sagen,
Thut er jhr andre Leut antragen
Vnd buhl umb sie ein Ritter gwiss.
Dess Ritters Orden von Rodis;
Vnd der thu darauff practicirn,
Dass er sie woll mit gwalt weg fuhrn.
Dieser wann er mir nur auffsties,
Vnd sich dergleich vernemen liess,
So wolt ich jhm ohn allen schmertz
Den Stilet stossen durch sein Hertz,
Vnd die Jungfrauen retten mit.
Dort kompt, die mein Hertz machet frid.*

80

85

90

Kompt Pelimperia in Namen dess Soldans Schwester.

*Seyt mir willkom zu tausentmal!
Ach, wie leyd ich gross noth vnd qual
Von wegen eurer Lieb allein!*

Pel. *Aber Soldan, der Bruder min,
Thut mir das heftig widerrahten,
Vnd zwar jhm selbst vnd mir zu schaden.
Dann lest er nicht die Heyrat zu,
Ich jhm zu schand vnd schmack was thu
Das ich zuvor nicht hett im Sinn;
Vnd kündt ich dann umbbringen jhn,
Solt er mirs beichten keinem Pfaffen.*

95

100

Mal. Er hat euch zu gebieten noch schaffen,
Vnd bin so wol konig als er.

105

Auch must mir leid sein dass ißh wer
Nicht so mächtig, reich, und so gut,
Nicht so wehrhaft an Hertz und Muht,
Als er vnd ehen seins gleichen.

Drumb thut nicht von vns abweichen!

Dann wir begern euch zu ehren.

110

Von dem Ritter thut euch abkehren,
Der euch mit gewalt wolt wegk führn!

Pel. Ich will thun was sich will geburn,

Vnd schwer damit, bey Eyd vnd Ehr,

Wenn mich mein Bruder hindert mehr

115

Wenn er mir bissher hat gethan,

Vnd ich mich an jhm recien kan,

Dass ich will keinen fleiss nicht sparn

Mein Lieb eur Lieb zuoffenbarn,

Will ich dieselben haben vor andern.

120

Mal. Koniglichs Fraulein, ich muss jetzt wandern.

Doch habt gedult! ich komm bald wider,

Vnd stich den Ritter zu boden nider,

Der euch mit Gwalt wegführn wolt!

Pel. Ach Gott, wenn das geschehen sollt,

125

Vnd ich kond eur Majestatt erwerben,

So muss mein Bruder durch mich sterben,

Wenn jhr mir ein wenig wolt beystehn.

Mal. Ja, ich furcht sie nicht alle zwen.

Thun sie euch boss, schwer ich ein Eyd,

130

Sie müssen sterben alle beyd.

Sie gehen ab.

Amur. Die Tragedi vns wol gefellt;

Der Marschalt hats wol angestellt.

Wie sie aber zu end wird gehn,

Das gibt der Aussgang zuverstehn.

135

Jetzt kompt Lorentz in gestallt des Ritters auss Rodis.

Lor. Die Lieb wird in mir wie ein Feur.

Kein Pein vnd Straff, wie ungeheur

Man mir die nur fürmahlen kan,

Sollt mich nicht abtreiben davon

Dass ich nicht absteh von meim ohrn.

140

Gott geb, Gott gruss, was ich hab geschworn!

Dess Konigs Schwester muss mein sein,

Oder will leyden Todes peyn.

Jetzt geht Pelimperia in gestallt des Soldans Schwester ein. Lorentz in gestallt
dess Ritters geht zu jh.

Königlichs Fraulein, krafft meins Hertzens,
 Ein Heylerin als Leyds und Schmertzens,
 Ein Widerbringerin meins Leb'ns,
 Last mein Hoffnung nicht sein vergebens?

145

Dann sollt ich euch nicht überkommen,
 So wer mir all mein Trost benommen.

Darumb bitt ich, thut much gewern!
 Sicht es schon eur Bruder ungern,

150

Wöll wir wol an ein Ort davon,
 Da er uns kein leid nicht mag than.

So will ich euch also versehen

Dass euch kein abbruch soll geschehen

155

An eurem Königlichen Stande

Wollt jhr das thun, gebt mir eur Hand!

Pel. Dasselb aber ist mir nicht eben,

Dass ich euch meine Hand soll geben.

Ich verheyrat mich solcher Gestalt

160

Ausser meins Standts noch nicht so balt,

Auch nicht wider meins Bruders willen.

Kompt der Marschalt in gestallt dess Komigs auss Babylon.

Mal. Halt! ich will dir dein hochmut stillen;

Die Jungfrau steht mir zuversprechen.

Mein Stilet wülf ich in dich stechen.

165

Er sticht den Lorentz in gestallt dess Ritters, dass er stirbt.

Amur. (oben auff der Zinen). Wenn das nur thut spillweiss geschehen,

So ist gar lustig zuzusehen.

Kompt Balthazar in gestallt dess Soldans.

Pel. O gebt bald euren Dolchen mir,

Dass ich mein Bruder im Zorn schwir,

Denselben auch stoss in sein Leib,

Ich vnd jhr vor jhm sicher bleib!

170

Er schleicht jhr den Dolchen zu.

Bal. Was habt jhr da fur ein Blutbad?

Vnd sagt, wer euch bestellet hat

Allein zu seyn bey meiner Schwester?

Ich hab dirs erst verbotten gester,

Du sollst der Mannsbild mussig stahn.

175

Pelimperia in gestallt seiner Schwester stoss jhm den Dolchen in Leib

Pel. Von deint wegen will ichs nicht lohn.

Er fellt vmb und stirbt.

Also sind vnser Feind gerochen,

Vnd die zwen Ehrendieb erstochen.

Jedoch seind wir in grosser gefahr;

180

Dass ein end nem mein traurn gar,
 Vnd ich mich nicht mehr forchten darff
 Meins Vatters straff, ernstlich vnd scharff,
 Vnd komm zu eureh Sohn dest neher.
 So gseng euch Gott, hertzlieber Schwehr!
 Meins bleibens ist allhie nicht mehr.

185

Sie ersticht sich auch.

Amur. Wir glauben, bey königlicher Ehr,
 Dass sie allsand gestorben sind.
 Darunter sind drey Könige Kind,
 Ein Sohn, ein Tochter, vnd ein Eyden.

190

Mal. (reist die Larffen weg). Der König lass sich dess bescheiden,
 Dass auch den gringen Leuten sind
 Gleich so heb vnd wehrt jhre Kind
 Als sie sind eurer Majestatt.
 Die Tragedi den ernst hat,
 Dass wir vnser Feind gar erstechen,
 An dem wir vns begern zu rechen.

195

*Er geht geschwind, zeicht sein Todten Sohn unter dem aussgang aller mit Blut
 am Leib gezeichnet herfur.*

Secht doch die traurig Tragedi an!
 Das hat eur Sohn gethan meim Sohn.
 Das hat meim Vatterlichen Herten
 Gebracht solch jammer, nöht vnd schmertzen
 Dass mirs kein Mensch auff Erden glaubt.
 Dardurch ich ward der Sinn beraubt.
 Nun weil wir vns gerochen haben,
 So will ich dich lassen begraben,
 Mein Hertenallerliebsten Sohn,
 Vnd will mir vor den Todt auch than.

200

205

Er tregt sein Sohn wider zu ruck, bringt ein strick vnd ein blosen Dolchen.
 Nun will ich mich an den strick hencken.

Der Konig lauft mit seinem Gesind ein, nimpt jhm den Strick.

Amur. Ey, Gselk, das thu dir nur nicht dencken!

Sie reissen jhm Strick und Dolchen auss den Handen

Du must ein ander Straff aussstehn.
 Drumb sag bald, wie thets als zugehn,
 Dass du so vil mord hast gestifft?

210

*Malignus erwischt ein messer, schneit jhm die Zungen ab, wirfft sie wegk, vnd
 holt ein blutig Tuchlein furs Maul.*

Schau doch einer zu dem Bösswicht!
 Eh er vnss der Warheit bericht,
 Eh schneyd er jhm selbst ab die Zungen,

215

Dass er darzu nicht werd gezwungen,
Doch solls nicht vnverschwigen bleiben.
Bringt ein Schreibzeug ! so muss' ers schreiben.

Es lauft einer ab, bringt ein Schreibzeug.

Auff dass wir dessen wissens han,
Wie dieses übel sein Vrsprung gwan.

220

Er setzt sich vnd schreibt, schuttet den kopff, er kann mit der Federn nicht schreiben, man soll jhm ein Messerlein geben, er woll die feder anderst schneiden. Man gibt jhm eins, er stots in den Konig, der fellt vnd stirbt, alsdann ersticht er sich selbst.

Ernestus, der Hauptman, beschleust

Ach ist das nit ein grosse Klag,
Dass so vil gross Leud auff ein Tag,
Nur von geschöpfpter missgunst wegen,
Sind ermord worden vnd erlegen !

Dann erstlich gwan Lorentz verdruss,
Dass der kuhn Heldt Horatius
In dem krieg erlanget den Preiss,
Dass er auff jhn leget mit fleiss
Mit Verrahterey jhn vmbzubringen,
Vnd sein Schwester dahin zu zwingen,
Dass sie Balthazar nemb zur Ehe.

225

Dess must er sterben in Hertzen wehe.
Das stiftet als der böss Feind an.
Als man aber den Mord hett than,
So machet er gar gross die Gfahr,
Dass der Mord nicht wird offenbar,
Dass er vnd auch sind Helffer liessen
Ihren eignen Diener erschiessen,
Den andern aber an Galgen hencken,
Dass man dess ubels nicht solt dencken.

230

Die Schwester liess er setzen ein.
Doch wards als offenbaret fein,
Wie sich der erst Mord hett zutragen.
Darauss erfolgt gross weh vnd klagen,
Biss endlich die Mordthat war gerochen,
Den Authorn jhr Practick zerbrochen,
Dass sie in jren Sunden sturben,
Bedes an Seel vnd Leib verdurben.
Darauss man hat zu mercken schon,
Dass die Arbeit hat gleichen Lohn,
Dass auch keiner dem andern wehr
Was derselb hat mit Recht vnd Ehr,
Meyd bose Nachred hinder ruck,
Den Gottsfurchtigen nicht vnterdrück,
Bey Leib aber begehe kein Mord,

240

245

250

255

Die weil Gott verbeut durch sein Wort,
Dass man ja niemand tödten soll !
Dann straffts die Oberkeit schon wol
Auff anruffen so balden nicht,
Sonder etwan durch die Finger sicht,
So thut doch Gott dat nicht vergessen,
Vnd lest ein solchen wider messen
Wie er andern gemessen hat ;
Vnd das offt auss eim kleinen schad
Kempt eines gantzen Lands verderben,
Dass siben vmb eins willen sterben.
Wie hie die Radleinsfuhrer beyd,
Der König, der die Grechtigkeit
Auff anruffen nicht liess ergehn,
Müssen schrökliche Straff aussstehn,
Von hinn scheiden ohn Reu vnd Beicht
Darauss man hat zu glauben leicht
Wie sie seind auss dem Leben gfahrn.
Gott woll vns vor der gleich bewahrn,
Vnd zu dem ewigen Leben sparn !

260

265

270

275

Abgang.

NOTES

NOTES

TO

THE SPANISH TRAGEDIE

ACT I.

SCENE I.

THIS Induction was probably suggested by the opening Scene of Seneca's *Thyestes*, where the Ghost of Tantalus appears in the company of a Fury.

1-5. Few passages in Elizabethan literature were so often quoted and caricatured as these lines. Cf. Heywood's *The Fair Maid of the West, Part I*, v. i :

'It is not now as when Andrea liv'd
Or rather Andrew, our elder Journeyman !
What, Drawers become Courtiers ? Now may I speake,
With the old ghost in *Ieronimo* :
"When this eternall substance of my soule
Did live imprisoned in this wanton flesh,
I was a Courtier in the Court of Fesse."

And Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, v. iii, where Ralph enters with a forked arrow through his head, and cries :

'When I was mortal, this my costive corps
Did lay up figs and raisins in the Strand :
Where sitting, I espied a lovely dame,
Whose raaster wrought with lingel and with awl.'

See too Shirley's *The Bird in a Cage*, iii. i, where Bonamico, who is supposed to have died, reappears among his friends, and after quoting ll. 1-2, 'and so forth,' asks them, 'And how d'ye like *Don Andrea*, gentlemen?' For other parodies in *Wily Beguiled*, *Tomkis' Abumazar*, and Rawlins' *The Rebellion*, see *Introduction*, pp. xciv-xcvii.

10. *In secret*. These words are of importance. The love of Andrea and the high-born Bel-imperia was clandestine, and Pedrignano, a servant in the Duke of Castile's household, had acted as go-between. The affair was, however, discovered, and had led to a violent display of anger on the Duke's part. This we learn from

several references in later parts of the play. Thus in Act ii. i. 45-50, Lorenzo, Bel-imperia's brother, reminds Pedringano :

‘It is ngt long, thou knowst,
Since I did shield thee from my fashers wrath,
For thy conueiance in *Andreas* loue,
For which thou wert adiudg'd to punishment:
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment,
And since, thou knowest how I haue faououred thee.

Similarly Lorenzo (iii. io. 54-5) recalls to Bel-imperia

‘that olde disgrace,
Which you for *Don Andrea* had indurde.

and tells her (iii. io. 70) that her melancholy since the news of Andrea's death

‘My Fathers olde wrath hath exasperate.’

The Duke himself refers to the episode (iii. 14. 108-12) :

‘How now, girle?
Why commest thou sadly to salute vs thus?
Content thy selfe, for I am satisfied:
It is not now as when *Andrea* lu'd;
We haue forgotten and forgiuen that.’

For the bearing of these passages on the questions of the source of the play and the authenticity of *The First Part of Ieronimo*, see *Introduction*, pp. xxxi and xlvi.

15. *the late conflict with Portingale*. See *Introduction*, pp. xxx-xxxii.

18-85. This narrative of the descent of Andrea's Ghost into Hell is skilfully modelled on Virgil's account of Aeneas' visit to the underworld in the *Aeneid*, Bk. vi. With 20-2 cf. *Aen.* vi. 326-8, and with 30-1 cf. *Aen.* vi. 417-25, ‘honied speech’ being substituted for the *melle soporatam et medicatis frugibus offam* of the original. With 32-37 cf. *Aen.* vi. 430-2; with 41-4 cf. *Aen.* vi. 440-4; with 47 cf. *Aen.* vi. 477-8; and with 57-8 cf. *Aen.* vi. 625-7. Similarly 59-64 and 72-3 follow *Aen.* vi. 540-3, but with one noteworthy modification. Virgil writes :

‘*Hic locus est partes ubi se via findit in ambas.*
Dextera, quae Ditis magni sub moenia tendit;
Hac iter Elysium nobis; at laeva malorum
Exercet poenas, et ad impia Tartara mittit.’

But Kyd substitutes ‘three waies,’ because Aeneas, to whom Deiphobus gives this description, has already in his descent passed the ‘fieldes of loue’ and the ‘Martiall fields,’ while Andrea has only hitherto heard them mentioned by ‘Eacus’ and ‘Rhadamant.’ He has therefore to include them in his picture of the regions through which he descends after his passport is drawn, and thus we have the triple division with ‘the foresaid fields’ on the right, ‘deepest hell’ on the left, and the

'Elizian green' in the middle. The punishments of hell, 65-71, are adapted from *Aen.* vi. 570-1, 601, 608-713, and 616-7; and 'the gates of Horn,' 82-3, are taken from *Aen.* vi. 893.

46. *Martialist*. Used by Greene, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Dekker, but not by Shakespeare.

81. *rounded*, whispered. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 217-8:

'They're here with me already, whisp'ring, rounding:
"Sicilia is a so-forth."

SCENE II.

12-14. Adapted from Claudian's *De Tercio Consulatu Honorii*, 96-98:

'O nimium dilecta Deo, cui fundit ab antris
Aequus armatas hyemes; cui militat aether,
Et coniurati ventunt ad classica venti.'

41. *Cornet*, a troop of cavalry; so called from the standard at its head. Cf. Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*, Act 1:

'Take a cornet of our horse,
As many argolets and armed pikes.'

52-4. Cf. *Corn.* v. 170-1 and 183-4.

55-6. Partly taken from Statius, *Thebais*, viii. 399:

'Ense minax ensis, pede pes, et cuspide cuspis,'

partly (as Schick suggests) formed on the analogy of such passages as *Aeneid* x. 361:

'haeret pede pes, densusque viro vir.'

and *Curtius*, iii. 2. 13:

'vir viro, armis arma, conserta sunt.'

59. *scindred*. A unique spelling; possibly a misprint.

70. *Heere-hence*, from henceforth. Cf. Chapman, *Hymn to Hermes*, 59:

'But Hermes herehence having his content
Cared for no more.'

82. *their Vice-roy*. See *Introduction*, p. xxx.

Stage-direction *tucket*, a flourish of trumpets.

189. *controlde*, overmastered, held in check.

143. *corsiue*, corrosive, annoyance. Seldom used in this metaphorical sense.

160. *whether*. Here used in its early pronominal sense, 'which of the two.' This use is not found in Shakespeare, but it occurs in A. V. *St. Matthew*, xxi. 31, 'whether of them twain did the will of his father.'

164. *wan*. This M.E. form of the preterite is found in Qq. of *1 Henry IV*, iii. 2. 59, but Ff. read 'won.'

172. Cf. *King John*, ii. 1. 137:

'You are the Hare, of whom the Proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard.'

SCENE III.

5. Cf. for a repetition of this violent *oxymoron* Act iii. 13. 29, and iv. 2. 31 :

'But let her rest in her vnrest awhile.'

and *Richard III*, iv. 4. 29 :

'Rest thy vnrest on England's lawfull earth.'

7. Schicle suggests that the line is a paraphrase of Seneca's *Phaedra*, 607 :

'*Curae leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*'

15-7. Probably another case of adaptation. Schick notes that John Webster, the writer of the pamphlet *Academiarium Examen* (1654), quotes in his introductory *Epistle to the Reader* the line : -

'*Qui cadit in terram, non habet unde cadat.*'

Similarly Thomas Andrewe, in *The Vnmasking of a Feminine Machiavell* (1604) fol. B3b, quotes in the margin :

'*Qui iacet in terram (sic) non habet unde cadat.*'

On Andrewe's poem, see further *Introduction*, p. xcvi.

74. *Where then became*, what became of. A good instance of the transition from the more restricted meaning of 'become,' as a verb of motion, to its wider and vaguer use.

82. *Terseraes Lord*. Alexandre was apparently *Capitão Donatário* of Tersera or Terceira, one of the islands belonging to the Azores group. This title was bestowed upon the original discoverers and colonizers of countries annexed to the Portuguese crown, and gave its holder almost despotic sway. The privileges of the post were hereditary, and descended to the lineal successors of those to whom they were granted. See *Introduction*, p. xxix, for the bearing of this passage upon the date of the play.

SCENE IV.

7. *nill*. Not used by Shakespeare, except twice in the proverbial form 'will he, nill he,' 'will you, nill you.'

20. Cf. *Aeneid*, ii. 615-6 :

'*Iam summas arces Tritonia (respice) Pallas
Insedit, nimbo effulgens et Gorgone sæeva.*'

22. *pauncht*, stabbed in the belly. Cf. *Tempest*, iii. 2. 101 :

'Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake.'

Shakespeare, by putting it into the mouth of Caliban, indicates that it is a coarse phrase.

dingd, knocked down. Another curiously blunt phrase in its connexion here.

27. *remorce*, regret, pity.

85. *welding*, carrying. An unusual sense of the word, developed from the meaning 'to possess, make use of.' The retention of the M.E. form by Kyd is noticeable.

53-4. *will not slacke . . . to serue.* For this uncommon use of 'slack,' followed by an infinitive, cf. *Deut.* xxiii. 21: 'When thou shalt vow a vow unto the Lord thy God, thou shalt not slack to pay it.'

90. *ambages*, round-about phrases.

97. *translucent*. Cf. *Soliman and Perseda*, ii. i. 60, where the variant 'tralacent' is used.

98. *words of course*, obligatory, ceremonial phrases. Cf. *Steele Tatler*, 109: 'Their congratulations and condolences are equally words of course.'

105. *umerous*, capricious, variab.

SCENE V.

22. *pompous*, splendid, stately; without any disparaging connotation. Cf. *Coryat, Crudities*, i. 36: 'I will make relation of those pompous ceremonies that were publicuely solemnized.'

26-31. Kyd's history is here curiously inaccurate. There is no reason to suppose that Robert of Gloucester was ever in Portugal. But the capture of 'Sarasin' Lisbon in 1147 was effected partly by the help of a body of Englishmen. Affonso Henriques, the Portuguese hero-king, was fortunate in securing for this hazardous enterprise the assistance of a fleet of crusaders who had put in at Oporto on their way to the Holy Land. The bulk of those on board were English, and a letter written by one of them is still extant, mentioning among the leaders Hervey Glanvill, constable of the men of Norfolk and Suffolk, Simon of Dover, constable of all the ships of Kent, and Andrew of London. Robert of Gloucester, as it happens, died of fever in England, on Oct. 31, in this year, exactly a week after the capture of Lisbon.

36-42. Kyd's history is here not quite so wild as before, for Edmund Langley, Earl of Kent, fifth son of Edward III, did make an expedition to Portugal during his brother Richard II's reign. With this exception, however, his account is ludicrously wrong. Edmund set sail from England in July, 1381, to help the King of Portugal against the Spaniards. But through inaction very little was effected, and the King made peace secretly with his enemies. When his treachery was discovered, Edmund would have attacked him had he felt strong enough, but, as it was, he had no choice except to return to England in October, 1382. In 1385 he took part in the expedition to Scotland, and for his services was rewarded by a grant of £1000, and the title Duke of York. (See *Dictionary of National Biography*, Article *Edmund de Langley*.)

47-52. Kyd's history is still mainly fanciful. John of Gaunt made an expedition to Spain in 1367, under the Black Prince, to support

Pedro the Cruel against Henry of Trastamare, but the allusion is here more probably to his later expedition of 1386-7, when he claimed the throne of Castile. He met with success at first, but sickness broke out among his troops; and he was forced to retire from Spain and fall back upon Bayonne. Negotiations, however, followed, which resulted in the marriage of his daughter, Catharine, to the heir to the Castilian throne.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

1-10. Modelled, especially 3-6 and 9-10, on the opening lines of Sonnet 47, in Watson's *Hecatompathia*:

'In time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake;
In time all haggred Haukes will stoope to Lures;
In time small wedge will cleaue the sturdies Oake;
In time the marble weares with weakest shewres.
More fierce is my sweete loue, more hard withall
Then Beaste or Birde, then Tree or stony wall.'

Watson's lines are an adaptation of the opening lines of Serafino's 103rd Sonnet:

'Col tempo el Vilanello al giogo mena
El Tor, si fiero e si crudo animale;
Col tempo el Falcon s'usa a menar l' ale,
E ritornare à te chiamando à pena.'

On the significance of the passage in helping to date the play see *Introduction*, pp. xxiv and xxix. Further parallels may be found in *Euphues*, e.g.: 'The softe droppes of raine pearce the hard marble, many strokēs ouerthrow the tallest oke.' Line 3 is quoted in *Much Ado about Nothing*, i. i. 271, but as it is a proverbial expression, we cannot be certain, though it is highly probable, that Shakespeare is referring to the present Scene. In *The Poetaster*, Act iii. 1, at Tucca's command to recite 'in an amorous vein,' the 1st Pyrgus declaims ll. 9-10, 25-26, 21-22, 27-28 of Balthazar's speech. An amusing parody of the Scene occurs in Nathaniel Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock*, Act i. 2 :

'Sir Abr. Ninn. O no, she laughs at me and scorns my suit :
For she is wilder and more hard withal,
Than beast or bird, or tree, or stony wall.'

Kate. Ha! God-a-mercy, old Hieronimo.

Abr. Yet might she love me for my lovely eyes.
Count Fred. Ay, but perhaps your nose she doth despise.

Abr. Yet might she love me for my dimpled chin.

Pendant. Ay, but she sees your beard is very thin.

Abr. Yet might she love me for my proper body.

Strange. Ay, but she thinks you are an arrant noddy...

Abr. Yet might she love me in despite of all.

Lucida. Ay, but indeed I cannot love at all.'

20. *I, but.* On Kyd's use of this and other distinctively Euphuistic constructions, see *Introduction*, p. xxiv.

45–50. See note on 1. 1. 10.

47. *conueiance, cunning, secret Agency.*

58. *If case.* For this construction cf. 3 *Henry VI*, v. 4. 34:

'If case some one of you would flye from us.'

67–75. These lines, with the omission of 75–6, and with slight verbal changes in 69 and 72, are recited by the two Pyrgi in the Scene from *The Poetaster* referred to in the Note on 1–10 above.

87. *this cross.* '92 proves that the 'cross' was the hilt of Lorenzo's sword.

107. *tam armis quam ingenio.* A well-known motto of which *tam Marti quam Mercurio* is a variant.

SCENE II.

S.D. Balthazar and Lorenzo above. The reading of the earlier Qq. *above* is right, for Balthazar and Lorenzo overhear the dialogue between the lovers from a raised platform at the back of the stage, probably identical with the 'gallerie' from which later the Court views Hieronimo's play, cf. iv. 3. 12. In *The Tempest*, iii. 3. 19 ff., Prospero, while surveying the invitation of his enemies to the enchanted banquet by strange shapes, is described in the Ff. stage-directions as, 'on the top.'

37. *counterchecke.* In using this phrase Bel-imperia is keeping up the metaphor of a 'war' between herself and her lover; she will meet his loving strategy with a kindred countermove.

46. *trauellers, labourers,* in which sense the spelling of Qq. 1623–33 'traualers' is now usual.

50. *the prickle at her breast.* An allusion to the common legend that the nightingale sings with a 'prickle' or 'thorn' at her breast, in order to keep awake.

SCENE III.

8. *coy it, affect shyness.* Cf. Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, iii. 2 :

'When he comes to woo you, see you do not coy it.'

9–21. On the probable semi-historical references here, see *Introduction*, p. xxx.

SCENE IV.

7. *controles, is at issue with, conflicts with the promptings of.*

28. *record, repeat their songs.* Cf. Ben Jonson, *Penates*:

'Sweet robin, linnet, thrush,
Record from every bush.'

44-5. Quoted, with slight verbal variations, by Gullio in *The Retorne from Pernassus*, iii. 1. 1025-6, whereupon Ingenioso comments, 'Faith, gentleman! you're reading is wonderfull in our English poeits.' Sarrazin (p. 43) quotes from *The Historie of Soliman and Perseda* in Wotton's *Courtlie Controuersie* a passage which he thinks Kyd may have had in mind: 'And with their bodies likewise encreased and augmented their new conceiued loue, like vnto the yong Vine, which embraceth the tender Elme, wherunto it is so firmly vnited by their mutuall growth, as in fine they are incorporate togither.' The resemblance, however, may be accidental, and it is certainly a far-fetched suggestion that Shakespeare had Kyd's lines in his memory when he wrote, *Comedy of Errors*, ii. 2. 176: -

'Thou art an Elme, my husband, I a Vine,
Whose weaknesse married to thy stronger stafe
Makes me with thy strength to communisate.'

SCENE V.

1-12. There is abundant testimony to the enduring impression created by the tragic situation at the close of Scene iv and here. The Quartos from 1615 onwards have a woodcut illustrating the episode, which was doubtless singled out for this honour on account of its popularity. Imitations and caricatures of it were incessant for half a century. It suggested, as shown in *Introduction*, pp. lxxxix-xc, a striking passage in *Arden of Feversham*, iii. 2; and in *The Retorne from Pernassus*, iv. 3, Studioso gives proof of his theatrical powers by reciting part of Hieronimo's speech. Generally, however, the episode is ridiculed by other dramatists. In *The Poetaster*, iii. 1, it is thus parodied:

'Tuc. Now thunder, sirrah, you, the rumbling player.

2 Pyr. Ay, but somebody must cry "Murder," then, in a small voice.

Tuc. Your fellow-sharer there shall do't; cry, sirrah, cry.

1 Pyr. Murder! Murder!

2 Pyr. Who calls out murder, lady, was it you?

Hist. O admirable good, I protest.'

For other burlesques in Ludowick Barry's *Ram Alley*, v. 1, and Rawlins' *Rebellion*, v. 1, see *Introduction*, pp. xci and xcvi-xcviii. The opening line of Hieronimo's speech, in particular, became a regular byword. Shakespeare uses the phrase 'naked bed' in *Venus and Adonis*, 397:

'Who sees his true love in her naked bed';

and he has a jest at this line and at iii. 12. 31 in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, l. 9: 'Go by, S. Ieronimie, goe to thy cold bed, and warm thee.' The same words, except 'Go by, S. Ieronimie,' are repeated by Edgar in *King Lear*, iii. 4. 48. In Thomas Randolph's *Conceited Pedlar* (printed 1630) occurs the statement: 'If your laughter give my embryo jests but safe deliverance, I dare maintain it in the

throat of Europe, Jeronimo rising from his naked bed was not so good a midwife.' Fletcher in *The Chances*, Act v. 3 (quoted by Fleischer), puts the line, in garbled form, 'Who calls Jeronimo from his naked bed?' into the mouth of Don John.

29. *leese*. This M.E. form had not died out entirely in Elizabethan English. It is found in Shakespeare, *Sonnet v*:

'But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show, their substance still lives sweet.'

and in Ben Jonson, *Every man out of his Humour*, v. 1: 'Take heed you leese it not, signior, ere you come there.'

40-1. Sarrazin compares *Hamlet*, iv. 7. (Quarto 1):

'Reuenge it is must yeld this heart releefe;
For woe begets woe, and grieve hangs on grieve.'

55-6. Cf. i. 5.15.

91. *infective*, infectious.

46. *sweet louely Rose*. Used of Richard II by Hotspur, i *Henry IV*, i. 3. 175.

49. *the glasses of his sight*. Cf. *Coriolanus*, iii. 2. 117:

'And Schooleboyes Teares take up
The Glasses of my sight.'

67-80. A *pastiche*, in Kyd's singular fashion, of tags from classical poetry, and lines of his own composition. Dr. Traube of Munich (quoted by Schick) has pointed out the probable source of 72-3 in Tibullus, ii. 4. 55 ff.:

'Quidquid habet Circe, quidquid Medea veneni,
Quidquid et herbarum Thessala terra gerit....
Si modo me placido videat Nemesis mea vultu,
Mille alias herbas misceat illa, brbam.'

The latter part of 78: 'sic, sic iuuat ire sub umbras' is from *Aeneid*, iv. 660.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

1-11. An adaptation of Seneca's *Agamemnon*, 57-73.

'O regnorum magnis fallax
Fortuna bonis, in praecipiti
Dubioque locas excelsa nimis.
Nunquam placidam sceptra quietem
Certumve sui tenuere diem;
Alia ex alia cura fatigat
Vexatque animos nova tempestas.
Non sic Libycis Syrtibus aequor
Furit alternos volvere fluctus,

*Non Euxini turgent ab imis
 Commota vadis unda, nivali
 Vicina polo,
 Ubi, caeruleis immunitis aquis,
 Lucida versat plastrata Bootes,
 Ut praecipites regum casus
 Fortuna rotat.
 Metui cupiunt, metuique timent.*

8. *striueth . . . the waues.* This use of a singular verb, followed by a subject in the plural is, of course, frequent in Elizabethan English.

19. *traine*, deceitful expression, guile! Cf. iii. 2. 38, where the word is used in the sense of 'trap' or 'snare.'

21. *consorted*, consorted with, accompanied. This transitive use of the verb is somewhat rare. Shakespeare uses it metaphorically, *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1. 178 :

'Sweet health and faire desires consort your grace.'

The noun occurs in Kyd's letter to Puckering: 'of whose consent if I had been, no question but I shold also haue been of their consort.'

23. *coastes*, keeps close to. Cf. Fletcher and Rowley's *Maid in the Mill*, i. 1 :

'Who are these that coast us? You told me the walk was private.'

43. Sarrazin notes the parallelism between this and i *Tamburlaine*, i. 1:

'But this it is that doth excruciate
 The verie substance of my vexed soule.'

47. *when*, an expression of impatience. Cf. Prospero's exclamation to Caliban, *Tempest*, i. 2. 316 : 'Come, thou tortoise, when?' Dodsley, ignorant of this Elizabethan use of 'when,' changed it wrongly to 'with him.'

52. *malisde*. The use of this verb without an accusative following is very rare.

79. *quitall*, requital.

98. *meane*, moderate.

SCENE II.

1-4. On Jonson's ironical praise of these 'fine speeches' in *Every man in his Humour*, i. 4, and on the parody of them in Tomkis' *Albumazar*, see *Introduction*, pp. lxxii-lxxxiv and xcvi-xcv.

2. There seems an echo of this line in *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 5. 58:

'O loue! o life! not life, but loue in death!'

12. *secretary to my mones*, the confidant to whom my moans are uttered.

13. *wake*. I have retained the reading of Qq., as though there is a singular subject 'night,' the verb is probably attracted in to the plural by the preceding word 'visions.' In 15 'solicite' is probably similarly attracted by 'wounds,' and 21 'driue' by 'dreames.'

24-5. Quoted (with change of 'Whats here?' into 'Whats this?') in Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock*, i. 1, when Nevill finds Scudamore reading a letter from Bellfront.

38. *traine*, snare, trap. Cf. iii. 1. 19.

48. *circumstances*, round-about, indirect methods. Cf. Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 154:

‘You . . . herein spend but time,
To winde about my loue with circumstance.’

88. *S. Luigis*. Schick's plausible conjecture for the '*S. Luigi*' of the earlier Qq. *Luigi*, as he says 'is at any rate Italian, if not Spanish.'

94. *Che le Ieron*. An unintelligible exclamation, possibly a corruption of the page's name.

SCENE III.

15. *suspect*, suspicion.

S.D. *Shootes the Dagge*. A 'dagge' or 'dag' is a heavy pistol. Reed quotes, among other illustrations, three instances of the word from *Arden of Feversham*, iii. 6.

37. *Ile be his Priest*. A euphemism for 'I'll murder him,' the priest being the attendant at a man's death. Fleischer compares *2 Henry VI*, iii. 1 :

‘And to preserve my Soveraigne from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.’

SCENE IV.

3. *mistrust*, suspect.

24. *the fact*, the criminal deed. Cf. *Murder of John Brewen*, p. 287, l. 8.

35. *hardly shall deny*, shall with difficulty resist my pleadings.

36. It seems strange that Balthazar, still technically a prisoner of war, should claim the right to interfere with judicial proceedings in Spain.

42. *limde*, ensnared.

45. *holpe*. For this form of the strong past part. cf. *Tempest*, i. 2. 62-3:

‘Were we . . . blessedly holpe hither.’

46. *fatch*, contrivance, stratagem.

56. *to stand good Lord*, to act as a good lord to him.

69. *turned off*, hanged.

78. *tickle*, critical, touch-and-go.

79. *ends . . . doubts*. Cf. Note on iii. 1. 8.

83. *pretence*, intention.

SCENE VI.

16. Hieronimo probably refers to the handkerchief dipped in Horatio's blood (cf. ii. 5. 51) which lies concealed near his heart.

23. *geere*, business.

44-5. *thou wouldest . . . my habit.* An allusion to the custom of the hangman obtaining the clothes of those whom he executed.

48. *without boot*, except it be to my advantage (which it will not be).

67. *companion*, low fellow. Cf. *2 Henry IV*, ii. 4. 132: 'I scorne you, scurui companion.'

94. *That . . . hapnes*, that bar it from reaching happiness. Here the singular verb 'intercepts' comes after a plural subject. The construction is more frequent when the verb precedes the subject.

SCENE VII.

8. Kyd repeats these striking, if overstrained, figures of speech, in *Cornelia*, i. 40:

'And with their blood mad^e marsh the parched plaines.'

And v. 420:

'And dewe yourselves with springtides of your teares.'

16. *countermurde*, strongly fenced in. A 'countemure' is a wall built within, or outside of, another wall for additional defence. The use of the verb is rare.

65. *band*, cursed.

SCENE VIII.

Here Hawkins, followed by the later English Editors, begins a new Act. But there is no warrant for this division in the Quartos. Kyd evidently wrote the play in four Acts, each closing with the appearance of The Ghost and Revenge as Chorus. Schick notices appositely that the Elizabethan versions of Seneca's *Thebais* and *Octavia* are divided into four Acts.

5. *recure* combines here its original meaning of 'heal' with a suggestion of 'recover,' 'bring back,' due to its confusion with M.E. *recouren=recoveren*.

8. *outrage, outcry.*

11. *whipstalke*, the handle of a whip.

SCENE IX.

18. *apply me*, conform myself.

SCENE X.

19. *soothe me vp*, confirm what I say. Schick compares O.E. gesōðian=to prove the truth of, bear witness. Cf. Massinger, *Duke of Milan*, v. i.:

'Sooth me in all I say:
There's a main end in it.'

20. *stand on tearmes with*, make conditions with, stands on her rights.

21. Lorenzo's jaunty and laconic allusion to Horatio's murder and Bel-imperia's secret detention is highly characteristic.

28. *With extremes abuse my company*, use fatal violence to my companion.

54—5, and 68—70. See Note on i. 1. 10.

102—3. Another piece of classical patchwork, of which the meaning is obscure.

SCENE XI.

8. *ballace*. An Elizabethan variant of ‘ballast.’ Cf. Induction to *Every man in his Humour*: ‘When his belly is well ballaced, and his brain rigged little, he sails away withal.’

17. *Bacon*. Very rarely used, as here, of a live pig.

25. *unquard, unbeuelled*, uneven and unpolished.

39. *Tooke him unto mercy*. This simple emendation gives a satisfactory sense. ‘Him’=Balthazar, with, ‘that valiant but ignoble Portugal in apposition.’ It would appear, however, from Balthazar’s words, i. 2. 161—5, that Horatio would have killed him, but for Lorenzo’s intervention.

43. *And things called whippes*. This phrase comes probably from the old *Hamlet*. Cf. Armin’s *Nest of Ninnies*, p. 55 (1608): ‘Ther are, as Hamlet saies, things cald whips in store.’ It is used also in *2 Henry VI*, ii. 1. 136: ‘Have you not Beadles in your Towne, and things call’d Whippes?’

18—25. Sarrazin (*Thomas Kyd*, &c., p. 53) has pointed out some similarities of phrase between this passage and Spenser’s description of the Cave of Despair, *Faerie Queene*, i. 9. 33 and 34. Cf. especially 19, 20 with:

‘Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave
Far underneath a craggy cliff yplight.’

But the parallelism is probably only accidental.

SCENE XII.

1. S.D. *Enter Hieronimo with a Poniard in one hand and a Rope in the other*. Hieronimo appears with the stock ‘properties’ of a would-be suicide. Schroer (*Über Titus Andronicus*, pp. 77, 78) compares the scene in Greene and Lodge’s *Looking Glass for London*, where the repentant usurer enters similarly provided. In the *Faerie Queene*, i. 9. 29, Despair, when persuading Sir Trevisan and Sir Teruin to die, offers the one a ‘rope,’ the other ‘a rusty knife.’ So in Skelton’s *Magnyfycence*, l. 2312 ff., Despair offers Magnyfycence a knife and a rope.

3. *Seld seene*, unusual, curious.

14, 15. *this path . . . or this*, i.e. the rope or the poniard.

16—9. Schick points out that the sequence of ideas here is exactly the same as in Hieronimo’s Latin hexameters, ii. v. 78—80.

22. *I'll be with thee to bring, I'll chastise you, bring you to reason.*
Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 2. 305 :

'Pand. I'll be with you niece, by-and-by.
Cress. To bring, uncl's ?'

24. *there goes the hare away.* A proverbial phrase, meaning 'here the matter ends.' Schick, however, quoting Gosson's *Schole of Abuse*, p. 70: '*Hic labor, hoc opus est, there goeth the hare away,*' interprets the phrase here, 'there is the game I want to hunt ; that's where the game lies !'

21. *Hieronimo beware ; goe by, goe by.* Perhaps no single passage in Elizabethan drama became so notorious as this. It is quoted over and over again as the stock phrase to imply impatience of anything disagreeable, inconvenient, or old-fashioned. Thus Sly in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew* (ll. 7-16), in answer to the Hostess' question : 'You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst ?' retorts, 'No, not a deniere. Go by, S. Ieronimo, goe to thy cold bed and warme thee.' (Cf. Note on ii. 5. 1-12.) In Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday* (1600), Sibil, when bidding Rose disregard Rowland Lacy, says : 'If I were as you, Ide cry, go by Ieronimo, go by.' In Dekker's *Satiromastix* (1602), when Blunt offers Horace money if he will write an ode, Tucca cries, 'Goe by Ieronimo, goe by.' In Dekker and Webster's *Westward Hoe*, ii. 3 (c. 1604), Mistress Birdlime describes a woman as, 'like a play ; if new, very good company, very good company ; but if stale, like old Ieronimo, go by, go by.' In Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable*, iv. i. (1602), Simperina, wishing to get rid of the old courtier Curvetto, cries, 'Go from my window go, go away ; go by, old Ieronimo.' In *A new Dittie in prayse of Money*, contained in a collection issued by T. Delaney (1607), and quoted by Koeppel (*Engl. Studien*, xviii. 133), the proverbial character of the phrase is still more clearly shown :

'When thou hast money, then friendes thou hast many,
When it is wasted, their friendship is cold.
Goe by, Ieronimo ; no man then will thee know.'

Similar, though even more striking, is the use of the phrase quoted by Dyce from Taylor's *Superbiae Flagellum* (1630) :

'For as a cart-wheele in the way goes round,
The speake that's high'st is quickly at the Ground,
So Enuy or iust cause, or misconceit,
In Princes Courts continually do waite,
That he that is this day Magnifico
To-morrow may goe by Ieronimo.'

Dyce further (*Remarks on Collier's and Knight's editions of Shakespeare*) quotes a use of it as a nickname from Fletcher's *The Captain*, iii. 5, where Jacomo is told that he will be called :

'Bloody-bones, and Spade, and Spit-fire,
And Gaffer Madman, and Go-by-Ieronimo,
And Will-w*^h-a-whisp, &c.'

61. It is evident from the King's words here, and from the dialogue that follows between him and Lorenzo, 83 ff., that he is still ignorant of Horatio's murder. There is a want of plausibility in this, for Hieronimo has no object in concealing the fact from the King, though he may hesitate to denounce the powerful Lorenzo as the murderer.

71. *Ile rip the bowels of the earth.* Cf. *Jew of Malta*, i. 1:

'Ripping the bowels of the earth for them.'

where the present passage is probably imitated.

79. *outrage.* See Note on iii. 8. 8.

101. *our selfe will exempt (him) the place.* The emendation here proposed is simpler than that adopted by Hazlitt and Schick. Moreover it is natural to speak of exempting a man from a place involving duties; not of holding the place itself exempt. Again, the use of the emphatic pronoun 'our selfe' is thus explained. Lorenzo has urged that Hieronimo should be made to resign his office. The King answers that, as this would increase the Marshal's melancholy, he, of his own accord, will excuse him from his duties, without demanding his resignation, till the matter can be fully investigated. Collier's emendation 'execute' is not given in his edition of Dodsley, but in his Introduction to *The Murder of John Breven*. It may possibly be right, as the Marshal's duties are chiefly judicial (cf. iii. 4. 36, and iii. 6. 11, 12 and 35, 36), and could be temporarily discharged by the King.

XII A.

80. *Then we burne day light.* A proverbial expression, meaning 'we waste time.'

86. *agglots*, ornamental tags; 'aglots' and 'aglets' are variants of this word, but 'aggots,' the earlier reading, = 'agates.'

101. *reaved*, robbed of; the weak form of the past participle is uncommon.

109. *tree.* Hieronimo is anticipating his more emphatic request in 121, 122; but it is possible that 'teare,' the reading of 1602 A, is right.

*114. *matted*, apparently means 'set in a mat or mount, i. e. a piece of thick paper or cardboard used to protect or set off a picture.' Schick, who gives 'dull' as the meaning, evidently looks on 'matted' as a variant of 'mat' or 'matt' = faint or dull in colour.

123. *seemingly*, in semblance. The Painter can show on his canvas the symbol of a cry.

130. *beardes . . . of Judas his owne colour*, red beards. Reed quotes, among other illustrations, Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheap-side*, iii. 2: 'What has he given her? . . . Two great 'postle spoons, one of them gilt. Sure that was Judas with the red beard.' He refers to Leland's *Collectanea* and Plot's *Oxfordshire* as authorities for the statement that painters constantly represented Judas with red hair. There may be an allusion also to the 'make-up' of Judas in the Miracle Plays.

131. *iuttie ouer*, hang over, project.

140. *ierring*. Rare variant of 'iarring,' i.e. being marked off by the vibrations of the pendulum.

SCENE XIII.

1. *Vindicta mihi*. From Seneca's *Octavia*:

'*Vindicta debetur mihi*.'

The exclamation '*Vindicta*' is ridiculed in *The Poetaster*, iii. 1, and in the Induction to *A Warning for Faire Women*, but the reference may not be to this passage. See *Introduction*, p. xc.

5. An inexact form of Seneca's *Oedipus*, 115:

'*Per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter.*'

With this quotation Hieronimo begins a new train of thought. Instead of attending on the will of heaven, he reflects that one crime opens the way for another, 'euils vnto ils conductors be,' and that therefore he should repay violence with violence. In any case 'death's the worst of resolution,' i.e. resolute action can at worst end in death. Even the man who imagines that by patient endurance he will attain to a calm existence is likely to have his life cut short.

13, 14. From Seneca's *Troades*, 511, 512. In the next four lines Kyd freely translates the verses.

19. A rendering of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, vii. 819:

'*Caelo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.*'

22. *With open but inevitable ills*. The reading of all Quartos, but the sense is not satisfactory. We should expect a contrast between the open and therefore by no means 'inevitable ills' employed by vulgar wits, and the secret yet certain method which Hieronimo contemplates.

24. *kindeship*, kindness; a M.E. form.

29. See Note on i. 3. 5.

35. An expansion of Seneca's *Oedipus*, 515:

'*Iners malorum remedium ignorantia.*'

The corrupt reading of 1633 Q. was adopted till Sarrazin traced the source of the quotation.

45. *coile*, disturbance, tumult.

58. *Corrigidor*. A Spanish magistrate, 'the chief Justicer or gouernour of a towne.' Kyd, however, seems here to consider a 'Corrigidor' an advocate, not a judicial functionary.

61. *an action of the Case*. 'An action for redress of wrongs not specially provided against by law, in which the whole cause of complaint was set out in the writ.'

62. *Ejectione firmae*. A writ which lay to eject a tenant from his holding.

72. *Corsicke rockes.* Cf. Seneca's *Octavia*, 382:

Remotus inter Corsici rupes maris.

Reed, not understanding the allusion, thought 'corsick' (as he spelt it) a variant of 'corsy,' which he explained as 'large, huge, great.'

108. *ore turnest then.* Neither this nor *oerturned then*, the reading of the three latest Qq., gives satisfactory sense. If *ore turnest* is kept, the simplest emendation is *thou* for *then*; and lines 102-7 might then be interpreted: 'Hieronimo, when, like a raging sea tossed with wind and tide, thou rollest wave after wave (of passion) in constant succession on the surface, whilst in the depths too there is tumult though less obvious, art thou not ashamed to neglect the sweet revenge of thy Horatio?' Fleischer in his 'Bemerkungen' retains the original reading, but this leaves *ore turnest* without a subject. His interpretation is ingenious, though, I think, over-subtle. He supposes Hieronimo to reproach himself because like a storm-tossed sea he sets only the upper waves in motion while leaving the depths in comparative calm, i.e. he utters his grief in words, but does not show himself stirred to the depths by taking revenge. The four Editors who read *o'erturnest then* do not comment on the passage. Schick keeps *o'erturnest then* in his text, but in a note favours an emendation proposed by Mr. Gollancz, *oeturneth thee*, the two following lines to be taken as an exclamation. If either of the readings with the emendation *oeturneth* be adopted, *when as* in 102 should preferably be written *whenas* = 'when.'

118. *canst.* Used here in its early sense, 'hast knowledge of, skill in'; cf. Lovelace's lines:

'Yet can I music too: but such
As is beyond all voice and touch.'

125. *rent*, a variant of 'rend.' Cf. *Euphues*, 'renting his clothes and tearing his haire.'

151. *fauour*, appearance.

SCENE XIV.

6, 7. Another of Kyd's historical blunders. The Portuguese were never 'Kings and commanders of the westerne Indies.' The lines may be a confused reference to the capture of the Azores by the Spanish fleet in 1582.

11. A sea-voyage between the capitals of Portugal and Spain is only to be paralleled by Valentine's similar sea-voyage from Verona to Milan (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1. 171).

17. *condisent*, consent. This somewhat rare word, with its legal flavour, is suited to an official pronouncement by the King.

25. The Viceroy's deliberations with his Council upon the King of Spain's 'articles' (cf. iii. 1. 105-7) had evidently ended in their unanimous acceptance.

87. *extremities*, unrestrained expression of emotion.

111-3. See Note on i. i. 10.

117. *tro*. An unusual variant of 'trow,' which, when added at the end of a question, expresses contemptuous wonder. Cf. *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii. 4. 59: 'What means the fool, trow?'

118. *Pocas palabras*, few words. This Spanish phrase, from its use here, became a stock jest. Shakespeare puts it in mangled form into Sly's mouth, *Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, 5: 'Therefore *paucis pallabris*; let the world slide.'

120. *No; would he had*. An 'aside,' though possibly the opening word, 'No,' is addressed to Hieronimo.

156. *I marry...and shall*. For this elliptical phrase cf. i *Henry IV*, v. 2. 32: 'Marry, and shall, and verie willingly.'

168,169. Schick, who quotes Dunlop (*History of Prose Fiction*, ii. 310), states that the more correct form of this quotation seems to be:

‘Chi mi fa più carrezzze che non suole
O mi ha ingannato.o ingannar mi vuole.’

Dunlop assigns the lines to Ariosto, without, however, specifying the context.

SCENE XV.

3. *Erichtho*. Hazlitt substitutes *Alecto*, but Fleischer suggests that Kyd may have been misled by Ovid's epithet *furialis* applied to *Erichtho*, the Thessalian witch (*Heroines*, xv. 139) into taking her for one of the Furies.

2-6. A corrupt passage. I have adopted Schick's emendation which is satisfactory from a metrical point of view, though 'O'er-ferried' in 5 is a doubtful conjecture. The penultimate syllables in *Acheron* and *Erebus* may, however, have been elided, and the passage have run originally as follows:

‘Solicite *Pluto*, gentle *Proserpine*,
To combate *Acheron* and *Erebus* in hell.
For neere by *Stix* and *Phlegeton* (were known),
Nor ferried *Caron*, &c.’

Hazlitt wrongly modernizes 'neere' as 'near' instead of 'ne'er.'

10. I have restored, with emended punctuation, the reading of the earlier texts, which means 'to let pass unnoticed, while thou art asleep, the events that thou art warned to watch.' Dodsley's reading, based on Q. of 1633, has been wrongly adopted by later editors.

29. *boare*. As the present tense is used in the rest of the description of the 'dumme shew,' Fleischer conjectures *beare*, but the torch-bearers have probably passed across the stage before *Reuenge* begins to speak.

ACT IV.

(SCENE I.)

20. *thus careles should be lost*. A pleonastic and irregular clause, as if the preceding words had run, ‘But monstrous Fathers to permit that those, &c.’

32. *heaven applies our drift*. Schick rightly, I think, interprets: ‘Heaven furthers our drifting plans, brings them to a definite goal.’ Collier follows the Qq. in his edition of the play, but in his Introduction to *The Murder of John Brewen* he suggests ‘applauds our drift’ as the right reading.

46. *I will consent, conceale*. Cf. First Q. *Hamlet*, iii. 4:

‘I will conceale, consent, and doe my best.’

70-9. On the question of autobiographical references here see *Introduction*, pp. xvii, xxii, and lvi.

86-8. It is through Heywood’s quotation of these lines in his *Apology for Actors* (1612) that Kyd’s authorship of *The Spanish Tragedie* is established. He is describing the Roman custom of choosing prisoners condemned to death to act on the stage ‘such parts as were to be kil’d... These were Tragedies naturally performed. And such Caius Caligula, Claudius Nero... and other Emperours of Rome vpon their festivals and holy daies of greatest consecration vsed to act. Therefore M^r Kid in *The Spanish Tragedie*, vpon occasion presenting it selfe, thus writes.’ Then follow the three lines.

105. *as it is our Countrey maner*. Though Balthazar is the speaker, the reference, of course, is not to Portuguese, but English stage-custom. It was usual before the performance of a play for its ‘argument’ or plot to be communicated to the audience.* Before ‘the play within the play’ in *Hamlet*, a dumb-show is performed which, in Ophelia’s words, ‘imports the argument of the play’ (iii. 2. 150). In *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, v. i. 129 ff., the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe is prefaced by a dumb-show, after which the ‘Prologue’ expounds the plot. In the case of Hieronimo’s play this preliminary exposition was peculiarly necessary, as it was played ‘in vnknowne languages’; cf. 171-7. The ‘argument’ having been recited here, nominally for the benefit of the ‘Kingly troupe,’ but really for the instruction of the audience in the theatre, Kyd cleverly avoids a repetition of it before the performance, by making Hieronimo present the King with a copy of the play (iv. 3. 6) in which the ‘argument’ is set down. No doubt such a copy was often presented to illustrious spectators.

107-29. On the relation of this version of the story to Wotton’s novel and to the play of *Soliman and Perseda*, see *Introduction*, pp. lvi-lvii.

117. *Bashawes, Pachas*; the earlier English form of the Turkish title, derived indirectly through the Italian *bassa*.

140. *seueral abstracts*, separate copies of the individual parts.

147. *the huntresse, Diana*.

163-5. A company of Italian players performed before the Queen

at Windsor in 1577. Whetstone in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses* (1582) mentions comedians of Ravenna, who were not 'tied to any written device,' but who had 'certain grounds or principles' (i.e. outlines of performance) 'of their own.' These improvised comedies were known as *commedie dell' arte*,¹ and it is to the performances of this company that Kyd is probably alluding.

166-7. See *Introduction*, p. xx.

184, 185. The later texts evidently give the lines in right order, as Hieronimo's 'shew' behind the curtain is the body of Horatio which he afterwards uncovers, 4. 89.

SCENE II.

18. *complot* apparently has the meaning of 'part-plotter, part-agent,' but I can find no other instance of such a use of the word, which elsewhere signifies 'plot' or 'conspiracy.' In his desire for a pun, Kyd has probably extended the meaning of the word.

16. *vnmanur'd*, uncultivated.

29. *to hold excusde*, to make excuses for. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. i. 53, 54:

'We cite our faults,

That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues.'

Hazlitt's emendation therefore is not needed.

SCENE III.

S.D. *he knocks up the curtaine*. It is behind this 'curtaine' that during the performance of Hieronimo's play Horatio's body is concealed. Cf. iv. i. 185.

12. *the gallerie*. The actor-spectators were seated probably on the same raised platform from which Lorenzo and Balthazar had overheard the dialogue between Horatio and Bel-imperia, ii. 2. 7 ff.

17. *the Title*, a board or playbill giving the name of the piece, and the scene. Collier compares *Wily Beguiled*:

'*Prologue*. How now, my honest rogue, what play shall we have here to-night?

Player. Sir, you may look upon the title.'

Malone in his 'Historical Account of the English Stage' in his edition of Shakespeare (1821), iii. 108, quotes the mangled form of the line in the Q. of 1610.

SCENE IV.

80. A play, *Ajax and Ulysses*, was produced in 1571. Among the 'Romaine peers' who had been made the subjects of dramas were *Quintus Fabius* (1574), *Mutius Scevola* (1577), and *Cipio Africanus* (1580). Stephen Gosson in the *Schoole of Abuse*, p. 40 (1579), mentions that he had himself written a piece called *Catilins Conspiracies*.

84. Cf. *Jew of Malta*, i. 2:

'The hopeless daughter of a haplesse Jew.'

and *Cornelia*, i. 214:

'Hopeles to hide them in a haples tombe.'

86. A usual function of the speaker of the Epilogue. Cf. Epilogue to *2 Henry IV*: 'I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill venture) it come un-luckily home, I breake, and you, my gentle Creditors, lose.'

103. *sorted*, chosen, sought out.

110. *soonest*. Cf. *Henry V*, iii. 6. 120:

'The gentle gamester is the soonest winner.'

and *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 4. 27:

'Make your soonest haste.'

112. *Through girt*, pierced. 'Girt' is here the past participle of 'gird' = 'strike,' which is to be distinguished from 'gird' = to encircle.

118. *Marcht in a net*. A proverbial phrase to denote a transparent attempt at deceit. In *Henry V*, i. 2. 93-4, the Archbishop of Canterbury, after showing that the Kings of France, while denying Henry's claim in virtue of the Salic Law, themselves inherit through the female line, taunts them with rather choosing:

'To hide them in a Net
Than amply to imbarre their crooked titles.'

122-8. See ii. 5. 51-2.

S.D. *He runs to hange himselfe*. Cf. iv. 1. 129.

156. *Breake ope the doores*, i. e. of the 'gallerie,' whence the King and Viceroy and their suite were watching the play, and the key of which Hieronimo had secured. Cf. iv. 3. 12-3.

186-7. It is difficult to see what secret Hieronimo is so determined to guard after the comprehensive revelation contained in his long speech.

175. *secure*, careless, unconcerned.

180. Adapted from *Dr. Faustus*, Scene iii. 303:

'Had I as many souls as there be stars.'

S.D. *He bites out his tongue*. This superfluous horror is probably suggested by classical precedents. Schick quotes aptly from *Euphues*, p. 146: 'Zeno, because he would not be enforced to reveal anything against his will by torments, bit off his tongue, and spit it in the face of the tyrant.' Cf. *Titus Andronicus*, iii. 1. 131.

SCENE V.

15^o. *consort*. See Note on iii. 1. 21.

17-24 and 31-44. Echoes of the Virgilian imitations in the Induction. Cf. Note on i. 1. 18-85.

18. *inurde*, put into operation, carried on.

28. *bugs*, bugbears, objects of terror.

NOTES

TO

CORNELIA

(WHERE the quotations from G., i. e. Garnier's *Cornelie*, correspond to one or more complete lines of Kyd's translation only a numerical reference to the latter is given.)

The Argument.

24. *Pompey's faction*: 'les enfans de Pompee.' G.
27. *assaulted*: 'inuesti.' G.
29. *his so mighty enemy*: 'son ennemy.' G.
32. *the Townes and places thereabouts* r 'toutes les villes du pays.' G.
34. *this most faire and miserable Ladie*: 'la miserable Cornelie.' G.
36. *understanding . . . Affrique*: 'entendant comme de surcrois le nouveau desastre d'Afrique.'
38. Garnier adds the following words, which Kyd has not translated: 'Vous verrez ce Discours amplement traité en Plutarque és vies de Pompee, de Cesar, et de Caton d'Vtique: En Hirtius cinquesme liure des Commentaires de Cesar: Au cinqiesme liure des guerres ciuiles d'Appian, et quarante-troisiesme de Dion.'

ACT I.

- 5, 6. 'Vous choisissez au moins les plus coupables testes,
Et le reste sauvant, les broyez de tempestes.' G.

It is doubtful if Kyd understood fully 'les broyez de tempestes,' i. e. 'overwhelm them (les plus coupables) with storms.'

18. *are returnd from Stix.* G. has simply 'revienne.'

19. *'armez pour nostre Capitole.'* G.

25. 'Tu nous trames ces maux,' G., i. e. 'thou hatchest such evils against us.'

26. 'Tu renuerses nos loix, mortelle Conuoitise.' G. Kyd makes 'couetize' an attribute of 'Ambition' in 24, instead of an independent

Personification. Reed quotes examples of this archaic synonym of 'covetousness' from Ben Jonson's *Catiline* and *Alchemist*, and Nash's *Pierce Penilesse*.

28-9. 'Nos peres t'ont trouuee au pied des premiers murs,
Et mourant delaissee à leur nepueux futurs.' G.

'mourant' qualifies 'peres,' but is mistakenly applied by Kyd to 'conuoitise.' Hence the introduction in 30 of 'reuiuing,' which represents nothing in the original.

31. *out-lanced*, spilt. A rare compound, involving an inaccurate use of 'lanch,' which means 'cut' or 'pierce,' and cannot strictly govern 'blood.'

32. *hongst*. Originally a North-Midland form of the past tense of the causal verb *heng*. Not found after early seventeenth century.

32. *O Hell*: 'ô crime.' G.

* 34-7. A paraphrase rather than a translation of:

'Il n'y a foy qui dure entre ceux qui commandent
Egaux en quelque lieu, tousiours ils se debandent,
Ils se rompent tousiours, et n'a jamais esté
Entre rois compagnons ferme societé.'

'Ils se debandent' = 'they become disunited.'

38. *the father and the sonne*: 'le Gendre et le Beau-pere.' G.

40. *made marsh*. Cf. *Spanish Tragedie*, iii. 7. 8.

55. *signorize*, have dominion. A rare word, used by Fairfax transitively, 'He that signorizeth Hell' (*Translation of Tasso*, iv. 46). Cf. Act iii. 2. 8.

59-63. For a similar list of nationalities cf. *Soliman and Perseda*, i. 2. 53-61.

59. *the flaxen-haired high Dutch*: 'les blons Germains.' G.

60. *madding after*, madly eager for. A rare use of the verb. Chaucer has 'in armes for to madde' (*Troilus and Criseyde*, i. 479).

61. 'Ny le Gaulois ardent.' G.

62. 'Le More qui erre
Aux Libyques sablons, renommé de Didon.' G.

'erre aux' = 'wanders over' not 'travels to.' Kyd's omission of the reference to Dido is curious.

72. 'L'Aquilon, le Midy, le Couchant, le Matin.' G. Kyd has misunderstood the line, which means, 'The North, the South, the West, the East.' But Gassner is not therefore justified in substituting 'North' for 'Morne.'

75. *thy posterite*: 'tes enfants.' G.

88. *topside-turvey*. One of the many variants of 'topsy-turvy.' As *topsy-tervy* (1528) is the first recorded form, the probable derivation is top + so + tervy from M.E. *terven* = to throw; 'topside' is thus an incorrect form, due to a mistaken association with 'side.'

84. *thy maine-saile torné*: 'tes voiles abatus.' G.

85. 'Tes costez entrouuerts de rames deuestus.' G.

92. 'Tu te vantes en vain de tes nobles ayeux.' G. Kyd has introduced an antithesis between this and the following line which does not exist in the original.

100-1. An obscure rendering of:

'Aussi que peu souuent en temps calme nous chaut
De tenir la raison pour bride comme il faut.'

100. *sild*. Raic variant of 'seld' = 'seldom.'

102-5. Expanded from the original, and more emphatic:

'Nous sommes insolens des presens de Fortune,
Comme s'elle deuoit nous esfre tousiours vne,
Tousiours ferme et durable, et qu'elle n'eust les piez,
Comme elle a, sur le knut d'vne boule pliez.'

124. 'Exemple aux orgueilleux de l'inconstance humaine.' G.

133. from the *Carte and plough*: 'de grands peres champestres.'

G. Cf. *The Householders Philosophie*, p. 279, l. 6, and *Introduction*, p. lxiii.

140. G. has simply 'qui ne nous doiuent rien.' The addition of 'but reuenge for wrongs' is characteristic of Kyd.
ought, owed.

144. *to heauen*: 'Aux Dieux, peres communs de tous.' G.

149-50. 'Tenir toute la terre à nostre main sujette,
Et voir sous mesme ioug l'Ethiope et le Gete.' G.

150. *what lyke vs best*, what pleases us most.

151-4. 'Celuy commande plus, qui vit du sien contant,
Et qui va ses desirs par la raison domtant:
Qui bourreau de soymesme apres l'or ne soupire,
Qui ne conuoite point vn outrageux Empire.' G.

158. *for stayning*, i. e. 'to prevent it stayning.'

159-221. Kyd's rendering of the chorus departs in so many points from the original that for purposes of comparison I give the latter fully:

'Sur ton dos charge de miseres
Des Dieux la colereuse main
Venge-les crimes que tes Peres
Ont commis, ô peuple Romain:
Et si pour destourner l'orage
Qui pend sur tes murs menacez,
Les Dieux n'appaisez courroucez,
Ton malheur croistra d'auantage.'

"L'ire des bons Dieux excitez
"Est parasseuse à nous punir:
"Souuent la peine meritee
"Se garde aux races à venir:

"Mais d'autant qu'ils l'ont retenué,
"Prompts à pardonner nos pechez,
"D'autant plus se monstrerent faschez
"Quand nostre offense continue.

"Lors ils tirent de sa cauerne
"La noire Peste, pour souffrir
"Un venin puisé dans l'Auerne,
"Et le souflant corrompent l'air :
"Ou la Famine chagrineuse
"Aux membres foibles de maigreur:
"Ou la Guerre pleine d'horreur,
"Plus que toutes deux outrageuse.

La guerre, par qui l'Ausonie
 A tant engressé de guerets
 En la belliqueuse Emonie
 Grosse de soldars enterrez,
 Qui pour nous saccager encore
 Va pousser des Thessales champs
 La meutre et les discords mechans
 Jusques dans la campagne More.

De celuy brusloyent les entrailles
 D'ire, de rage et de rancoeur,
 Qui fist des premieres batailles
 Herisser vn camp belliqueur :
 Qui sur les montagnes de Thrace
 Eist le premier descendre Mars,
 Horriblant parmy les soldars
 D've sangliante coutelace.

Qui de trompettes éclatantes
 Osa le premier eschauffer
 Les troupes d'horreufremissantes,
 Pour les precipiter au fer :
 Qui par les campagnes herbues
 Fist tomber nos crops tronçonnez
 Comme quand les bleds moissonnez
 Tombent en iaelles barbues.

A celuy rué dans les gouffres
 Qui bouillonnennt en Phlegethon,
 La peine, Ixion, que tu souffres,
 De Promethé l'oiseau glouton
 N'est digne peine de son crime :
 De son crime iuste loyer
 Pluton y deuroit employer
 Tous les tourmens de son abysme.

Las miserables que nous sommes,
 Assez tost en dueil eternel,
 La Parque ne pousse les hommes
 Deuant le iuge criminel !

*Assez tost nostre corps ne tombe
 Dans le ventre obscur des tombeaux
 Si nous de nous mesmes bourreaux
 Ne nous apprestons nostre tombe !

Nos Citez languissent desertes,
 Les plaines au lieu de moissons
 Arment leurs espaules couvertes
 De larges espineux buissons.
 La mort en nos terres habite,
 Et si l'alme Paix ne descend
 Dessur nous peuple perissant,
 La race Latine est destruite.'

Kyd mistranslates lines 174, 176, 180, and 184-6. He also gives an unintelligible version of stanzas 6 to 8, through failing to recognize that 'celuy' in the first line of stanza 6 does not refer back to 'la guerre' in stanza 5, but introduces a new subject, namely *the man*,

‘Qui fist des premieres batailles
 Herisser vn camp belliqueur,’

and whose misdeeds and proper punishment are the theme of this and the two following stanzas.

181. *Emony*, Haemonia or Thessaly, in which Pharsalia is situated.

193. *Coutelace*. A rare variant of 'cutlass,' showing clearly its French origin.

216. *surcloud*, choked up with; a rare intensitive of cloy.

221. *quailed*, subdued.

ACT II.

- 8. *shunne*: 'abandonne.' G.
- 10. 'Me face trauerser l'infernale muiere.' G.
- 12. *my husband*: 'mes espoux.' G.
- 20. *where sinnes doe maske unseene*: 'ou les trespassez vont.' G.
 Kyd misinterprets, 'les trespassez,' i.e. 'the dead,' as 'trespasses.' In 30 however he renders 'apres le trespass d'eux' correctly.

23. *Empory*. Rare variant of 'Empery' = dominion.
34. 'Rmporté de Bellonne, emporta tes amours.' G. Kyd completely mistakes the sense. The reference is not to Crassus' first appearance in arms, but to his death in battle.
35. *goe break the bands*: 'en viuant les Manes.' G.
- 39, 40. *with faith . . . slept*:
- ' Qui sa foy loyale
Veut rendre à son espoux en l'onde stygiale.' G.
47. *as some belieue*: 'Comme certe il faut croire.' G.
50. *and after broke*. Condensed from:
- 'Quand lvn ou l'autre atteint d'inconstance pariu're
Fause l'amour promis apres la sepulture.' G.
56. 'Et du trespas cruel qui te sille les yeux.' G. Kyd again misinterprets *trespas*.
- 79, 80. 'Et n'espargne non plus ce mal contagieux.
Vn membre qui est sain qu' vn membre carieux.' G.
89. *Heard*, herdsman, rustic: 'des paisans.' G.
98. 'Renuersez comme espics de greslesaccagez,' G., i.e. 'overthrown, like ears of corn beaten down by hail.'
94. 'D'auoir veu les yeux bas tant de grands Rois barbares
Apporter,' &c. G.
- Kyd applies 'les yeux bas' to Pompey instead of to the barbarian Kings.
- 124-7. 'Les accidens humains sur nostre teste tournent,
Et iamais attachez en vn lieu seouinent,
'Non plus que ce grand ciel, que nous voyons tousiours
'Dvn train infatigable entretenir ses tours.' G.
125. *ticke*, uncertain, volatilé.
129. *Coast*, skirt, move round about. Cf. *Gaw. and Gr. Knt.* 1696: 'þe sunne . . . costez þe clowdes of þe welkyn.'
- 132-5. An expansion of:
'Apres l'Hyuer glacié le beau Printemps fleuronne,
L'Esté chaud vient apres, apres l'Esté Autonne.'
- On 135 see *Introduction*, pp. lixi-lixii.
139. *flesh'd*, violently enraged. Cf. *Tragedy of Barnavelt*, iv. 3: 'There can be no attonement . . . Vandort is flesh'd upon me.'
147. *then Rome*: 'qu' aucun.' G.
156. *Leaving*: 'deliurant.' G.
- 171-7 A paraphrase of:
- 'Las ! mon dueil seroit moindre, et les larmes fecondes,
Qui tombent de mes yeux comme de larges bondes,
Se pourroient estancher, si entre les combas
Il eust le fer au poing acquis vn beau trepas,
Couché sur vn monceau de hasardeux gendarmes,
Ouvert d'vn grand' playe au trauers de ses armes,
Dans le flanc, dans la gorge, et degouttant parmy
Son heroique sang, du sang de l'ennemy.'

172. *faughin*. An unusual variant of "falchion," akin to M.E. *fauchoun*.

186. 'Lors le sang me gela dans mes errantes veines.' G.

187. *like a thornie groue*: 'Comme espics dans les pleines.' G.

191-2. 'L'esprit qui se gesroit de rage impatiante
S'efforça de briser sa prison violente.' G.

Kyd apparently takes 'rage impatiante' as equivalent to 'sa prison' in the following line. But 'de rage impatiante' is an adverbial clause, and 'sa prison violente' means the body.

197-8. 'Et trois fois retenuë avec larmes et cris,
Avec force de bras, à plaindre ie me pris.'

Kyd mistakes the sense. Cornelia is speaking of the means by which her companions restrained her from suicide.

200. *A bedroll . . . blasphemies*: 'Mille outrageux blasphèmes.' G.
'Bedroll' or 'beadroll,' originally a list of those to be specially prayed for; hence any lists or series.

201-5. 'Depuis, ô Ciceron, mon corps s'est affoibly,
Mais non pas ma douleur, qui ne sent point d'oubly.
Le trespassie viuante, et quoy que le iour sorte
De sa couche moiteuse, ou que la nuict l'emporte,
Soit que Phebus gallope, ou soit que retiré,
Le ciel soit brunement de sa sœur esclairé,
Je suis tousiours veillante, et le somme qui rampe,
De son pauot mouillé mes paupieres ne trempe.' G.

Here Kyd condenses the third to the sixth lines into the single verse 424; the last two lines are badly mistranslated, the meaning being, 'I am always awake, and creeping slumber with its moist poppy does not steep my eye-lids.'

208. *winck*, shut my eyes in sleep. Cf. *Babes Book*, p. 50: 'Go to bedde bi tym, and wynke.'

219. *dead and gone*: 'morts ou chassez.' G.

225. *indifferently*, impartially.

229. 'Nostre propre malheur reprend souci dvn autre.'
Acknownne, past participle of 'acknowe,' O.E. *oncnawan*, to recognize.

233. A curious metaphorical paraphrase of 'Nos pleurs parmi les pleurs communément tarissent.'

234-5. A mistranslation of:

'Les miennes tariront, quand cendre en vn cercueil
Ie ne sentirai plus ny tristesse ny dueil.'

i.e. 'My tears will be dried, when, ashes in a coffin, I shall feel no more sadness nor mourning.'

250-1. 'Ie pleure inconsolable, ayant vn bien perdu
Helas! qui ne pourra m'estre iamais rendu.' G.

258. 'Et que les fils des Dieux, nez sur terre,' G., i.e. 'godlike heroes,' like Scipio, mentioned in 260.

269. *Towers like thorny-pointed speares*: ‘tours en poîtes herises.’ G.

273. *to our eternall mones*. Added by Kyd.

275. *handwork*. Elizabethan form of O.E. *hañdweorc*, and almost obsolete in Kyd’s time. ‘Handiwork’ is modern form of O.E. *hand-geweorc*.

276. *razed*: ‘embrase,’ i.e. ‘burnt.’ G.

280. A mistranslation of ‘Possible que la mort nous mire en deuisant,’ i.e., ‘haply Death aims at us while we talk.’

288. *in Lernas blood*. This rendering of ‘sang Lernean’ suggests that Kyd did not understand that the allusion is to the blood of the Lernaean hydra, slain by Hercules.

291. *in a fiery gap*: ‘dans une fosse ombreuse.’ G.

292. ‘De sortir dvn malheur qui iour et nuit m’ étreint.’ G.

293. ‘Nul humain accident ne domte vn grand courage.’ G.

301. ‘D’elle (i.e. la mort) ie n’eus iamais ny crainte ny souci.’ G.

304–5. An expansion of: ‘Il ne faut l’appeler ny recourir à elle.’

318–23. A paraphrase of:

‘Quiquonques ne fremist aux menaces de mort,

‘N’est suiect comme vn peuple aux iniures du Sort.

‘L’eau, la flamme, le fer, le ciel, et Jupin mesme

‘Ne sçauroyent de frayeur luy faire le front blesme.

‘Que peut-il redouter, quand ce qui est la peur,

‘Quand la mort que lon craint, luy asseure le cœur?’

The last two lines are mistranslated; they mean, ‘of what can he be afraid, when that which is the very object of fear, when death dreaded by the world, gives boldness to his heart?’

319. *slightly fraied*, easily frightened.

332. *At such a Kings departure or decease*. A mistranslation of ‘au desceu de son Roy,’ i.e. ‘without the knowledge of his King.’

336–7. ‘On l’ iroit offensant (i.e. Dieu) luy qui veut bien qu’ ainsi Qu’ il nous preste la vie, il la retire aussi.’ G.

338–409. For purposes of comparison I again give the Chorus in the original.

“Tout ce que la massiue terre

“Et les hommes, foible puissance,

“Soutient de son dos nourricier

“Ne sçauroyent arrester le cours

“Est suiet au ciel qui l’enserre,

“De ceste celeste influence

“Et à son branle iournalier :

“Qui domine dessur nos iours.

“Les felicitez, les desastres

“Rien ne durable ne seiourne,

“Despendent dece mouement,

“Toute chose naist pour perir,

“Et chaque chose prend des astres

“Et tout ce qui perist retourne

“Sa fin, et son commencement.

“Pour vne autre fois refleurir.

“Les Empires, qui redoutable

“Les formes des choses ne meurent

“Couurent la terrestre rondeur,

“Par leurs domestiques discors

“De ces tournemens variables

“Que les matieres qui demeurent

“Ont leur ruine et leur grndeur :

“Ne refacent vn autre corps.

"La rondeur des boules mouantes,
"Tournoyant d'vn égal chemin,
"Couple des natures naissantes
"Le commencement à leur fin.
"Ainsi les Citez populéuses
"Qui furent champs inhabitez
"Eecherront et plaines poudreuses,
"Puis retourneront en Citez.

Ne voit-on pas commes les veinés
Des rochers dressez en coupeaux
Enfantent les belles fontaines,
Et les fontaines les ruisseaux,
Les ruisseaux les grosses rivieres,
Les rivieres aux flots chenus
Se vident aux eaux marinieres,
Et la mer aux rochers veinus?

Comme nostre ville maistresse
Des Princes a senty les loix,
La suite des temps vainqueresse
L'assuettira sous les Rois:
Et la couronne blondoyante,
Qui cendoit des Tyrans le chef
De mille gemmes rayonnante,
Le viendra ceindre de rechef.

Encor les murailles leuees
Par vne pastourale main,
Dans le sang fraternel lauees,
Rougitron de meurtre inhumain.
Et encor l'injuste arrogance
D'vn Tarquin ardant de fureur
Tiendra la Romaine vaillance
En espouentable terreur.

Encor d'vne chaste Lucrece
L'honneur coniugal outragé
Sera par sa main vengeance
Dessur son propre sang vengé:
Dedaignant son ame pudique
Supporter le seiour d'vn corps
Qu'aura l'audace tyannique
Souillé d'impudiques efforts.

Mais ainsi que la Tyrannie
Vaincra nos coeurs abastardis,
Aduienne qu'elle soit punie
Aussi bien qu'elle fut iadis:
Et qu'vn Brute puisse renaistre
Courageusement excité,
Qui des insolences d'vn maistre
Redeliure nostre Cité.'

Kyd's version of this Chorus, applying the Platonic doctrine of a circular movement throughout nature to the history of Rome, is, in the main, spirited and lucid. But it contains several obscurities, and one or two serious mistakes. In 340-1 the rendering of the concrete statement—

'Est sujet au ciel qui l'enserre,
Et à son branle iournalier'

by an abstract generalization deprives the passage of much of its definiteness; 354, *No clowde but will be ouer-cast*, suggests an entirely different idea from *Rien de durable ne seiourne*; in 362-5 the image of the 'boules' coupling in their circular movement beginnings and endings is obscurely expressed; and 370-1 are an inaccurate version of

'Ne voit-on pas comme les veinés
Des rochers dressez en coupeaux.'

But it is in 378-89 that Kyd goes completely astray, his version giving no hint of the meaning of the original that Rome, which was once under kings, will by the revolution of time again be subjected to them, and that her walls will again be stained with fratricidal bloodshed.

388. *freight*. Variant of 'freight,' contracted form of pa. part.; here apparently used in a passive sense= 'been freighted or laden with.'

350-1. *practise stayes of*, put a check on, bring to a standstill.
The use of the plural 'stayes' in this active sense is rare.

373. *conuart*. Unusual variant of 'conuert' in the sense of 'change, turn into'; cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 229:

Conuert to angeſ,^f 'Lef grieve

385. *check*, show herself recalcitrant (to Caesar); a metaphor from falconry.

389. *infect*. For this form cf. *Sp. Tr.* iii. 1. 36.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

1-18. Added by Kyd. Cf. *Introd.* p. lxxv.

3-6. A somewhat obscure allusion to the legend of Clytie, daughter of Oceanus, who when deserted by her lover Apollo pined away and was changed into a sunflower, which always turned its face to the sun-god. Cf. Ovid, *Metamorph.* iv. 256 ff.

7. *broken song*. Shakespeare uses the phrase 'broken music' in *Henry V*, v. 2. 231, *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 150, and *Tr. and Cress.* iii. 1. 52 in the sense of 'concerted music' or 'part-music.' Kyd has evidently this technical meaning of 'broken' in his mind, though its application to the song of the swallow is obscure.

10. According to the usual version of the legend Adonis was transformed not into a rose, but an anemone.

13. *remembrancers*. A metaphorical use of the title of certain Exchequer officials, employed in recording documents.

20. *blubbred eyes*. Cf. *Cambyses* (*Dods.* iv. 208): 'With blubbred eyes into my arms I will thee takē.'

21. *consort*: cf. *Sp. Tr.* iii. 1. 21, Note.

27. *flawes*, sudden attacks. Cf. *Faer. Qu.* v. 5. 6.

33. 'Et presque tous les bons
Sont tombez sous sa rage.' G.

Kyd misinterprets *les bons*, i.e. 'good men,' as neuter.

36. *Getulie*, Gaetulia, a district in Northern Africa.

40. *from the Lybique playnes*: 'aux Libyques plaines,' G.; i.e. 'in the Libyan plains,' but Kyd's phrase may mean 'with the Lybique plains as their base.'

51. An obscure rendering of 'Du sang Cornelien ne soit point esloigné.'

68. 'Tournoit plus loing du soir que de l'Aube du iour.' G.

72. *dulnes*, drowsiness; cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 185: 'Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse.'

77. *brawne-falne*, shrunken in flesh, thin; cf. Lyly, *Euph.* (p. 127 *Arb.*): 'His armes brawne-fallen for want of wrastling,' and Chapman, *Gent. Ush.* i. 288: 'Leane and brawn-falne: ¶, and scarsly sound.'

82. *lynself*, a cloth of wool and linen mixed.

106-7. Chere Ame, quand viendra la seuere Clothon
Despecer de mes iours le fatal peloton ?' G.
i.e. 'untie the fatal knot of my days.'

128-9. This rendering of 'Ce sont fantômes vains et larues solitaires' obscures the sense.

129. *trace*, wander. For this *intrans.* use cf. *Faer. Qu.* vi. 3. 29:
'Not wont on foot with heavy arms to trace.'

130. *eaths*, easily. 'Eath,' in this sense, is often found in M.E., but the form here used, with the addition of a genit. 's,' is rare, if not unique.

134. *disgaged*, disengaged, set free; a rare word.

141. or make the wise afeard. Added by Kyd.

142-3. A mistranslation of:

* Personne, que la Mort ineuitable domte,
En'vee monde laissé des Enfers ne remonte.

SCENE II.

4. G. has simply 'aux Scythes porte-trousses,' an allusion, probably misunderstood by Kyd, to the Scythians carrying their belongings everywhere with them.

5. *embas'd*, dishonoured.

7. *signiorizd*. Cf. note on i. 55.

18. Kyd omits the second line of the couplet:

'Sont morts atterrassez, pasture des oiseaux,
Pasture des poissons qui rament sous les eaux.'

29-30. A mistranslation of:

'Il s'enflamme, il s'asprit de l'aduersaire effort
Tant qu'il trouue où se prendre, et puis il tombe mort.'

31. *afronts*, confronts, opposes.

38. 'Violant de Nature et des hommes la loi.' G.

39-44. Substituted for the following lines:

'Comme vn simple paisant qui de fortune trouue
Des louueaux en vn bois an desceu de la Louue,
Les massacre soudain, fors vn tant seulement,
Qu'il emporte et nourrist pour son esbatement.
Auecques ses aigneaux aux pastis il le meine,
Il l'estable auecque eux comme vne beste humaine,
Le traritte tendrement: mais luy grand deuenu,
Au lieu d'auoir le bien du Berger recogney,
Vne nuict qu'il s'auise, estrangle insatiable
Tout le foible troupeau, puis s'enfuit de l'estable.'

49. *Minerua, Stator*: 'Feretriens, Statutus,' G. Kyd does not understand that these are epithets of Jupiter in 47. He was sur-named *Feretrius* from the *feretrum* or litter on which the trophies of

vanquished foes were borne to his temple. Why Kyd should have thought Minerva was meant, I cannot conjecture.

57. *reseru'd*, preserved; a common Eliz. meaning of the word. Hence Gassner's emendation is needless.

80-1. 'Et ton corps déchiré de cent poignars aigus
Immoler à nos chefs par ta force vaincus.'

SCENE III.

9. *affright* Very rarely used, as here, as pa. part. of active verb 'afright.'

10. 'En vn moment decheu, tomba mort à l'enuers.' G.

15-6. A mistranslation of :

'Vn buscher ie dressay de petites aiselles
Esparses ça et là, demeurant de nasselles,'

i. e. 'I made a pile of small anchors, scattered here and there, remaining from the ships.'

15. *Seggs*, sedges. This M. E. form was still common in Eliz. English.

21. After this Kyd omits the line :

'Des Syrtes et des rocs esprouvez si souuent.'

23. *that honoured her*. Added by Kyd.

26-29. Abridged from :

'O douce et here cendre, ô cendre deplorable,
Qu'aueques vous ne suis-ie ! ô femme miserable,
O pauvre Cornelie, hé n'aura iamais fin
Le cours de ceste vie où me tient le destin ?
Ne seray-ie iamais auecques vous, ô cendre !
N'est-il temps qu'on me face au sepulchre descendre ?'

37. *the Law of Armes*: 'le devoir d'hostelage.' G.

43. *Aspicks, Serpents, Snakes*: 'Les serpens de Cyrene.' G.

48. 'Ou que la terre s'ouure et referme sur vous.' G.

56. After this Kyd omits the following lines :

'Corn. Nos suppliantes voix leurs courages n'emeuuent ?

Phil. De nulles passions emouvoir ne se peuuent.

Corn. Ne font justice à ceux qui la vont demandant ?

Phil. Or qu'on ne la demande, ils nous la vont rendant.'

60. *heauen doth with wicked men dispence*, i.e. 'does not interfere with, lets go unpunished'; 'les grands dieux gardent expressément,' G.

69. *god to fore*, God going before, assisting. For the older form of the phrase 'God to-form' cf. Chaucer, *Tr. and Cr.* i. 1040, and *Rom. of Rose*, 7198. Shakespeare uses the modernized form 'God before'; cf. *Henry V*, i. 2. 307-8:

'For God before,
We'll chide this dauphin at his father's door.'

84. 'Et qui pour le meurtrir a mis tout son effort.' G. With Kyd's line cf. *Sþ Tr.* iii. 4. 40-1.

88. *Photis*, 'Photinus,' G., i.e. Photinus, the minister of Ptolemy of Egypt, who advised his master to have Pompey put to death.

98. A paraphrase of:

'Tout le bien qu'il en dit n'est que deguisement

99-100. 'Phil. Il n'eust voulu voir mort celuy qui fut son gendre.
Corn. Si eust, puisqu'il vouloit la liberté defendre.' G.

Kyd entirely mistranslates the second line.

107. *inextinguible*. A variant of 'inextinguishable,' from late Lat. *inextinguibilis* through French.

signiorie, dominion, rule. Cf. note on 1. 55.

108. *Not heauens feare*: 'Non la crainte des Dieux et du grondant tonnerre.' G.

110-1. Garnier is more explicit:

'Non le respect du sang, non l'amour ordinaire
Du pere à ses enfans, dès enfans à leur pere.'

118. After this Kyd omits two lines:

'Phil. Laissez cela, Madame.

Corn. Il faut que ie le laisse,
Attendant des grands Dieux la faueur vengeresse.'

stoope. For this trans. use cf. 2 *Henry IV*, v. 2. 120:

'I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise direction.'

117. After this Kyd omits four lines:

'Plustot dedans la mer les animaux paistront,
Et les poissons flottans sur la terre naistront:
Plustot le clair Soleil ne luirra plus au monde,
Que mon mal se relâche, et ma peine feconde.'

118-124. A paraphrase of:

'Ma tristesse est vn roc, qui durant les chaleurs
Produist comme en hyuer vne source de pleurs,
Qui ne s'epuise point: car bien qu'à grand' secousse
Vn Auton de soupirs de l'estomac ie pousse,
Ardant comme vne braise, encor' ce chaud venteux
Ne scauroit desecher mes yeux tousiours moiteux.'

In 122 *Auton*, i.e. 'South-wind,' is mistranslated 'Autumne.'

125. *recure*. Cf. note on *Sþ Tr.* iii. 8. 5.

136. *fire mee vp*: 'Qu'il m'applique le feu.' G. A very rare instance of 'fire,' in the sense of 'set fire to,' having a personal object.

146-220. This chorus is rendered by Kyd more faithfully than those in Acts I and II. He does not completely distort the meaning in important passages; but he diverges in details so widely from the original that I give Garnier's lines in full.

' Fortune, qui ceste rondeur
 Assuettist à sa grandeur,
 Inconstante Deesse,
 Nous embrasse et nous comble
 d'heur,
 Puis tout soudain nous laisse.

Ses pieds plus legers que le vent
 Elle deplace plus souuent,
 Que des Aufons l'haleine
 N'esboule le sable mouuant
 De la côte Cyrene.

Ore elle nous monstre le front
 De mille liesses fecond,
 Ore elle se retourne,
 Et de son œil au change promp
 Sa faueur ne seiourne.

Instable en nos prosperitez,
 Instable en nos aduersitez,
 De nous elle se ioue,
 Qui tournons sans cesse agitez
 Au branle de sa roue.

Iamais au soir le blond Soleil
 Ne luy veit tombant au sommeil
 Vne face benine,
 Qu'au matin des qu'il ouure l'œil
 Ne la trouue chagrine.

Elle n'a seulement pouvoir
 Sur vn peuple à le deceuoir,
 Mais sa dextre volage
 Peut vn grand empire mouuoir,
 Comme vn simple mesnage.

Et donne les mesmes terreurs
 Aux couronnes des Empereurs
 Tremblans à sa menace,
 Qu'à la moisson des Laboureurs
 Qui depend de sa grace.

Le marchand qui fait escumer
 Pour le proffit l'auare mer,
 Craintif sur le riuage,
 Te vient deesse reclamer
 Pour faire bon voyage.

Tu peux sur les flots mariniers,
 Tu peux sur les sillons blatiers,
 Sur les vignes fertiles,
 Et tu peux sur tous les mestiers
 Qui s'exercent aux villes.

Mais sur tout se monstre ton
 bras
 Puissant au hasard des combas,
 Où plus qu'en autres choses
 Qui se conduisent icy bas
 Arbitre tu disposes.

Tel a par ton pouuoir mocqueur
 Toute sa vie esté vaincueur,
 Qui au fort de sa gloire
 Perd^e contre vⁿ ieune belliqueur
 Sa vie et la victoire.

Ainsi l'Empereur Libyen
 Qui du beau sang Ausonien
 Enyura nostre plaine
 Fut vaincu vaincueur ancien
 D'vn ieune Capitaine.

Ainsi Maire l'honneur d'Arpin,
 Qui defendit le nom Latin
 De la Cimbroise rage,
 Esprouua de ton cœur mutin
 L'inevitabile outrage.

Et Pompé, de qui les beaux iours
 Tu as fauorisé tousiours
 De gloire liberale,
 En vain implora ton secours
 Aux plaines de Pharsale.

Ore Cesar, qui gros d'honneur
 Se voit de la terre seigneur,
 Presomptueux a'y pense,
 Ne preuyant de son bon-heur
 La constante inconstance.

Rien ne vit affranchi du Sort:
 Personne deuant qu'estre mort
 Heureux on ne peut dire.
 A celuy seul qu'esteint la mort
 Fortune ne peut nuire.'

158. *then Autumnne blasts*: 'Autons' mistranslated as in 122.

159. *fieres*, smiles flatteringly. Rarely used in this sense, unless

followed by 'on' and the object. Cf. *Chester Plays*, ii. 51 : 'Though he flyer, flotter, and flicker.'

164. *bleare our eyes*, dim our sight; hence, 'blind, deceive.'

187. *where health or wealth*. The sense here is obscure. Kyd probably did not understand the meaning of 'les sillons blatiers,' i. e. 'furrows full of corn.'

190. After this Kyd omits the tenth stanza in Garnier's chorus.

196. *the Lybian Monarchy*: 'l'Empereur Libyen,' G., i. e. Hannibal. Kyd, however, may not have understood the allusion, as the description of Scipio Africanus as 'one that ne're got victorie' is most inapt.

201. *Arpins friend*: 'l'honneur d'Arpin.' Kyd is apparently unaware that 'Arpin' = Arpinum, and is the name, not of a man, but of a place.

212. *signiorizing*. Cf. note on i. 55.

219-20. A curious perversion of Garnier's statement that only the dead are secure from Fortune's assaults.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

5. *the riuers of theyr bloode*. A favourite image of Kyd. Cf. *Sþ. Tr.* iv. 4. 124.

18. *They leave to see into*, they have ceased to regard.

24. 'Et sanglant eslance dedans la mer voisine.' G.

36. *powre and pelfe*: 'un pouuoir supreme.'

42-3. An expansion of:

'Et que les Peres vieux voisent disant de nous.'

61-2. A mistranslation of:

'Il verra que ma dextre au sang haineur soiuillee
Sera, quoy qu'il m'en fasche, au sien propre mouillee.'

71. 'Il m'est à tard de voir le beau iour esclairer,
Qu'il meure.' G.

spend... daylight, waste time; a variant of the proverbial phrase 'to burn daylight.' Cf. *Sþ. Tr.* iii. 12 A. 30.

88-9. An expansion of:

'et Cesar au contraire
Sans auoir ennemy.'

91. *brought his men to field*: 'dans le champ de Mars ... a conduit ses soldars.' G. Kyd misinterprets the allusion to the *Campus Martius*.

103-4. 'Il peut tout, il fait tout, bref il est Roy, sinon
Qu'il ne porte dvn Roy la couronne et le nom.' G.

109. *Spayne*. Abridged from:

'Le bord
De l'Espagne esloignee, où le Soleil s'endort'

116-7. 'Brut. Il ne le faut blasmer de ceux qu'emporte Mars.
Cass. Il en est l'homicide auecques ses soldat.' G.

124-9. An expansion of:

'Il a mis en danger par sa temerité,
Contre vn peuple innocent, nous et nostre Cité.
On le deuoit hurer pour expier la ville,
D'auoir sans cause esmeu l'Alemagne tranquille.'

132. *whom*. Refers to 'these Nations' in 130.

138-42. 'Les Gaules à Cesar estoient vn auant-ieu
Du discord citoyen, qu'il a depuis esmeu
Pour se faire monarque, apprenant à combatre
Vn peuple qui ne veut au seruage s'abatre.'

Kyd takes the relatival clause 'qu'il a depuis esmeu' as referring to 'Les Gaules' instead of 'discord citoyen,' and translates 'esmeu' as 'remov'd' instead of 'stirred up.' 'apprenant à combatre vn peuple' is also misunderstood, the meaning being 'learning to fight a nation.' The obscure ending of 142 is added by Kyd.

149-150. 'Il (i.e. Cassius) fuita le seruage ostant la tyrannie,
Ou l'ame de son corps il chassera bannie.' G.

170-1. 'O Brute, ô Seruile,
Qu'ores vous nous laissez vne race aulie.' G.

Cassius is apostrophizing the early Republican heroes, not, as Kyd's version suggests, his own contemporaries.

cry you ay me, encourage, abet (the tyrant). It originally meant 'to encourage the archers by crying out "Aim" when they were about to shoot.'—Nares. The phrase occurs in *King John* ii. i. 196.

186-251. The Chorus runs thus in the original:

'Celuy qui dvn courage franc
Prodigue vaillament son sang
Pour le salut de la Patrie,
Qui sa vie entretient exprés
Pour meurtrir les Tyrans pourprés
Sans crainte qu'elle soit meurtrie :

Et qui au trauers des cousteaux,
Des flammes, et des gouffres d'eaux
Asseuré dans son ame brave,
Les va tuer entre les dars
De mille escadres de soldars
Delirant la franchise esclave,

Comme vn Peuple ne tombe pas,
De la mort gloute le repas:
Son renom porté par la gloire

Sur l'aile des siecles futurs
Franchira les tombeaux obscurs
D'vne perdurable memoire.

Les peuples qui viendront aprez
Luy feront des honneurs sacrez,
Et chaque an la ieunesse tendre
Ira le chef de fleurs orné
Chanter au beau iour retourné
Dessur son heroique cendre.

Ainsi les deux Atheniens
Qui du col de leurs citoyens
Ont la seruitude arrachee
Viuront tousiours entre les preux,
Et iamais au sepulchre creux
Ne sera leur gloire cachee.

Le peuple, qui ne satisfait
Que d'ingratitude au bienfaict
De ceux le merite guerdonne,
Qui pour le delurer des mains
De quelques tyrans inhumains
Mettent en danger leur personne,
Et Iupiter pere de tous,
Vomissant son iuste courroux
Sur les superbes diademes,
Fait à fin de les malheurer
Encontre eux souuent coniurer
Leur enfans, et leur femmes mesmes.
Ne dois-tu pas craindre vn chacun,
Toy qui te fais craindre au commun?
La crainte, qui la haine engendre,
Importune nous poursuivant,
A beaucoup d'hommes fait souuent
Beaucoup de choses entreprendre.

O combien les Rois sont couverts
Tous les iours de hazards diuers !
Qu'au sort est suette leur vie !
Pressant vne pauure Cité
En estroite captiuité,
Qui ne leur doit estre asseuie.
Peu de Tyrans selon le cours
De nature ferment leurs iours :
Plustot par les poisons couardes
Ils meurent traistrement surpris,
Plustot par les peuples aigris,
Et plustot par leurs propres gardes.
Celuy vit bien plus seurement,
Qui loin de tout gouvernement
Caché dessous vn toict de chaume,
Sans rien craindre et sans estre
• craint,
Incogneu, n'a l'esprit atteint
Des troubles sanglans du Royaume.

This Chorus is, as a whole, correctly and forcibly rendered, but in a few passages Kyd diverges from the original. Thus 198-9 mean ‘as a Nation does not perish, devoured by glutinous Death.’ In 208 *in the Sommer* is a mistranslation of ‘au beau iour retourné,’ i.e. ‘at the return of the glorious day when he performed his deed.’ 216-21 pervert the original meaning that the people, though ungrateful for benefits, yet rewards the merits of those who at personal risk free them from tyrants. In 235, *enforcing them thereto* should qualify ‘Feare,’ not ‘Hate,’ as the stanza emphasizes the reflex effect of the fear which a Tyrant inspires. 234-39 describe, with reference to Caesar and Rome, the dangers run by a Tyrant trying to enslave a free city, not by a king attacking ‘stranger towns’

196. *scowres*, roves; der. from L. *excurregere*. Cf. *Paston Letters*, iii. 195, ‘In plesury new your hert doth score and raunge.’

241. *kindly*. Here used, as comparison with the French text shows, in the sense of ‘according to Nature’s course.’

243. *quaile*, overpower, bring to an end. Cf. i. 221, where, as here, the word is used transitively, though it is derived from O. E. *cwellan*, to die. The proper causative is ‘quell.’

SCENE II.

7. *bright heauens masonrie*: ‘que les dieux ont maçonnez eux-mesmes.’ G.

13-6. An expansion of:

‘O beau Tybre et tes flots de grand’ aise ronflans,
Ne doublent-ils leur crespes à tes verdureux flancs,
Joyeux de ma venue ?’

15. *crispie*, rippled.

19. *Trytons Mariners*: 'Tritons mariniers.' G.

28-9. A mistranslation of:

'Soit où son char lassé de la course du iour
Le ciel quitte à la nuict' qui commence son tour.'

45. *at Loyre*: 'dans le Loire.' G. Kyd apparently takes Loire to be the name of a town.

51. 'Ceux que l'Euxin ondoye,' i.e. 'those who are washed by the Euxine's waves.' For the phrase 'makes marsh' cf. i. 40 and *Sþ. Tr.* iii. 7. 8.

57. *my brother in law*: 'mon gendre.' G. Kyd evidently did not know that Pompey was married to Caesar's daughter Julia.

59. *haught*, high; 'orig. *haut*, *fault*', from contemporary French; corrupted late in 16th cent. to *haught* after words like *caught*, *taught*, &c., in which *gh* had become mute; perh. influenced by *high*, *height*. — N.E.D.

68. *Discent of*, descended from; a rare form of the pa. part.

69. *afront*. Cf. note on iii. 2. 31.

118. *owe*, own.

119. *mighty things*: 'tant de riches provinces.' G.

123. 'Je ne crains point ceux-là qui restent de la guerre.' G.

128. 'On ne sçauroit flechir les resolus courages.' G.

136. 'Ains que laissant la tombe à mon terrestre faix,' G., i.e. 'leaving the tomb to my earthly frame.'

147. 'Nos iours sont limitez qu'on ne sçauroit estendre.' G.

150. 'Sur l'attente des Dieux ne se faut hasarder.' G.

155-6. Substituted for 'Il n'est telle rancœur qu'elle est de citoyens.'

160. *aloneily*, solely, exclusively; orig. form 'all only.'

168-243. The Chorus runs thus in the original:

'O Beau Soleil qui viens riant
Des bords perleux de l'Oriant,
Dorant ceste iournee
De clairé rayonee :

Garde de cuile fureur
Le chef de ce grand Empereur,
Qui de l'Afrique noire
Apporte la victoire.

Et toy de qui, douce Venus,
Les Eneades sont venus,
Ta faueur ne recule
De la race d'Iule.

Ains fay que luy ton cher enfant
Entre son peuple trionfant
Repousse de la terre
Les tisons de la guerre,

Que bien tard quittant le souci
De nous qui l'adorons icy
Nouvel astre il esclaire
A nos murs salutaire.

Io que son grand front guerrier
Soit tousiours orné de laurier,
Et ses belles stâtuës
De lauriers reuestues.

Io que par tous les cantons
On n'apperçoive que festosns,
Qu'à pleines mains on rue
Des fleurs parmi la rue.

Il a vaincu ses ennemis,
Il les a tous en route mis,
Puis sans meurtrir personne
A chacun il pardonne.

Aussi les bons Dieux, le support De tous ceux à qui lon fait tort, Sont tousiours aduersaires Des hommes sanguinaires.	Qui par tuyaux chemine Le long de leur poitrine. L'estrangere prosperité Leur est vne infelicité :
Iamais ils n'allongent leurs iours, Ains les accourtissent tousiours, Et font tomber leur vie En la main ennemie.	La tristesse les mange Au son d'vne louange. Ny de Phebus l'œil radieux, Ny le repas delicieus,
Cesar priué par ses haineurs, Citoyen, des communs honneurs, Contraint de se defendre Alla les armes prendre.	Ny le somme amiable Ne leur est agreable. Ils ne reposent iour ne nuict, Tousiours ce bourreau les poursuit
La seule enueuse rancueur, Qui leur espoingçannoit le cuer Pour sa gloire soudaine, Alluma ceste haine.	Qui leur mord les entrailles De pinçantes tenailles. Ils portent les flambeaux ardans D'vne Tisiphone au dedans,
Mechante Enuie, hé que tu fais D'encombe à ceux que tu repais ! Que ton poison leur verse Vne langueur diverse.	Leur ame est becquetee Comme d'vn Promethee. La playe ne se ferme point : Elle est tousiours en mesme point:
Il tourne le sang de leur cuer En vne iaunastre liqueur,	De Chiron la science N'y a point de puissance.'

Kyd's translation is in the main accurate, but he misunderstands the fifth stanza (184-7), which means: 'And quitting, as late as possible, the care of us who adore him here, may he shine a new star in heaven, beneficial to our walls.' The reference is not to Caesar in his lifetime, but to his future apotheosis.

202. *agen.* Variant of 'again' in its meaning of 'against.' A mixed form between Southern *ayen* and Northern *again*, showing the common literary pronunciation even when *again* was written. Cf. *N.E.D.*

ACT V.

1-2. Abridged from :

' Malheureux que ie suis! entre mille dangers
De fer, de feu, de sang, et de flots estrangers,
Entre mille trespass, entre mille trauerses,
Que i'ay souffert sur terre, et sur les ondes perses !

22. *O world, o wretch*: 'O dolente ! ô chetive !' G.

24. *confirmd*, self-controlled, resolute.

26. ^{27.} Possible que la route est moindre que le bruit.' G.

31. ' Suffiront, Cornelie, à plaindre vos malheurs.' G.

39. *O earth, why op'st thou not*: 'Venez me prendre, ô Parque.' G.

50-1. ' Tâchoit escarmouchant de nous tirer du fort.' G.

52. *warie wel-taught troopes*: ‘bandes casanières.’

53. *barrs*, barriers. Cf. ‘Holborn bars.’

58. *Coasting along*, hanging close upon us; for a trans. use of the verb cf. ii. 129.

63. *his Pyomers (poore weary soules)*: ‘Ses gens lassez.’ G. ‘Pyoneers’ are the soldiers who clear the way before an army, by digging and cutting; derived from Fr. ‘pionnier,’ an extension of ‘pion,’ a foot-soldier.

66. *to hold us hard at work*: ‘l’enleuer des mains de l’adversaire,’ G., i.e. ‘to capture it (Thapsus) from the enemy.’

70-1. A mistranslation of:

‘Cognoissant de combien importoit telle ville,
Et qu’avec peu de gens y commandoit Virgile.’

72. *The fields are spred*: ‘Tout s’epand par les champs.’ G.

78. *battails*: ‘bataillons.’ G.

80. *One while at Tapsum*: ‘Or de Tapse approchans.’ G.

89. *meanely Arm’d.* Abridged from:

‘Qui n’auoyent rien que la targue et la pique,
Le fer dessur le dos.’

91. *to make a wretch a King*: ‘faire vn Colonel vainqueur.’ G.

101. *o’re-layd them*, pressed them sore.

111. *approue*, put to the test.

124. ‘Pour le peuple Romain par la crainte escarte.’ G.

127-8. ‘Ores le bien, l’Empire, et l’estat des Romains
(Le vray prix du vainqueur) balance entre nos mains.

130. *blubbred*. Cf. note on iii. 1. 20.

142. *valiantly beset*: ‘percé de part en part.’ G.

143. *before our faces*: ‘au pied de son rampart.’

146. Added by Kyd.

147-52. ‘Ainsi dist : et ses gens criant tous à la fois
De parole et de mains approuuerent sa voix.
Le bruit monta leger iusques dedans les nues :
Comme quand l’Aquilon souffle aux Alpes cornuës,
Les chesnes esbranlez, lvn à l’autre battant,
Dans l’espesse forest font vn son esclatant.’ G.

The noise of the shouting army is not compared by Garnier to that of northern winds, but of oaks swayed by those winds. Kyd, however, strangely mistakes ‘chesnes esbranlez’ for ‘the clattering armour’ of Scipio’s troops.

151. *buskling*; here apparently = ‘shaking.’ The word (which is apparently a frequentative of ‘busk,’ to prepare or get ready) is used in this sense transitively in Studley’s *Trans. of Herc.* Oct. 189, ‘He buskling up his burning mane, doth dry the dropping south.’

155. *euer-each other*, one another; 'euer-each' = M. E. *everyche*, i. e. each; 'the combination with 'other' is rare.

160-4. An expansion of:

'L'air resonne de cris, le Soleil appallist,
Le feu sort des harhois, et dans le ciel iaillist.'

165. 'Se choquent furieux de longues piques iointes.' G.

167-9. A paraphrase of:

'Ialoux de commander l'vn et l'autre aux troupeaux
Courant impetueux si tost qu'ils s'entre-aduisent
Et de corne et de front le test ils s'entre-brisent.'

170. Cf. *Sþ. Tr.* i. 2. 54.

171. *as moates about the Sunne*: 'comme festus,' i. e. 'like straws.'

174-7. A paraphrase of:

'Le sang decoule à terre, et ia par gros bouillons
Court enflé par la plaine entre les bataillons.
La terre se poitrist, et toute la campagne,
Qui volloit en poussiere, au sang Romain se bagne:
Deuent grasse et visqueuse, et fond dessous les pieds,
Comme un limon fangeux qui les retient liez.'

176. *Champant*. A variant of champaign, i. e. 'level, open.'

183-5. Cf. *Sþ. Tr.* i. 2. 52.

185. *casts the ground*, throws the earth into mounds.

190-3. An inaccurate version of the original, which compares the struggle to the motion of a Pine shaken by two contending winds:

'Comme aux Alpes on voit quand la Bize et le Nort
Contre-soufflent vn Pin de leur plus grand effort,
Oie de ce costé son chef à terre prendre,
Ore de cestuy-là contrairement descendre.'

198. *the Cornets of the soldairs (cleerd)*: 'les bataillons esclaircis de soldars,' G., i. e. 'the battalions with their ranks thinned.' For 'Cornet' in the sense of a 'troop of cavalry' cf. *Sþ. Tr.* i. 2. 41.

207. *Passant regardant softly they retyre*: 'à trois pas se retirent.' G. 'Passant regardant,' an heraldic term used of a beast in a bearing, walking, but with his head turned behind him.

210. *discouerd*, disclosed to view.

215. 'Tant que l'vn des deux meure.' G.

216-224. Modelled, as Steevens has pointed out, on Lucan's *Pharsalia*, vii. 557-64:

'Hic Caesar rabies populis stimulusque furorum,
Ne qua parte sui pereat scelus, agmina circum
It vagus, atque animis ignes flagrantibus addit;
Inspicit et gladios, qui toti sanguine manent,
Qui niteant primo tantum mucrone cruenti,

*Quae presso tremat ense manus, quis languida tēia,
Quis contenta ferat, quis praestet bella iubenti
Quem pugnare iuvet.*

219-21. A paraphrase of :

‘Voyoit de qui la dextre
Se monstroit au carnage &u plus ou moins adextre :
Voyoit de qui les dais ne rougissoyent q’au bout,
Et ceux qui degoutoyent ensanglanitez du tout.’

223. A mistranslation of ‘Et ceux qui trespassoyent estendus dans la presse.’ Kyd wrongly interprets *trespassoyent*, i.e. ‘died,’ as ‘pac’d it through.’

227-8. A perversion of :

‘~~et~~ qu’une torche ardante
Luy (i e. Oreste) rallume au dedans sa couple rennaissante.’

If ‘our’ be the right reading, 228 is almost unintelligible, but perhaps it is a mistake for ‘his.’

231-2. ‘Vont la teste baissee, et fermes sur leur piques
Ouurent de grands efforts les phalanges Libyques.’

‘Both Battalions’ is meaningless here.

242. ‘Aux yeux de leurs bergers, qui hardis les defendent.’

246-7. A mistranslation of :

‘et les bandes entieres
Trebuchoyent plus espois que iauelles blatières,’

i.e. ‘and whole companies lay stretched on the ground thicker than sheaves of corn.’

254. Added by Kyd, and, apparently, meaning ‘that the sight ~~terrifies~~ those who are unhurt.’

255-9. Cf. *Sþ. Tr.* i. 2. 59-62.

257. A mistranslation of :

‘Les vns percez à iour, les autres soustenoyent
De leurs mourantes mains leurs boyaux qui trainoyent,’

i.e. ‘Some pierced through and through, others holding with dying hands their trailing entrails’

258. After this Kyd omits the line, ‘Ou se troyent du corps vne fleche pointue.’

263-4. ‘Ce qui peut eschaper en fuyant, print parti
De regagner le camp dont il estoit parti.’ G.

268. ‘Mais las desia Cesar de malheur l’occupoit.’ G. *efisoones* may be used by Kyd incorrectly in the sense of ‘already,’ or it may mean ‘forthwith.’

280. *as thundring flints* : ‘comme vn tonnerre.’ G.

281-2. Added by Kyd.

287. *souspirable*, lamentable ; adopted from Garnier, and probably a unique use.

295. *Hyppon*, Hippo Regius, on the coast of Numidia.

298-300. 'Qui [i.e. la flotte adverse] le [i.e. Scipion] voyant l'ancre avec peu de vaisseaux, Assiegé de la terre, et du vent, et des eaux, L'inuestit de furie enfonçant en peu d'heures, Que dura le combat, ses nauires meilleures.'

By referring *qui* to Scipio instead of to the enemy's fleet Kyd completely misinterprets the meaning, which is, 'Who seeing him at anchor, with few vessels, assaulted by land, wind, and water, attacked him furiously, sinking in the few hours that the fight lasted, his best ships.'

298. *slightly shipt*. For 'shipt' = furnished with a ship or ships, cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 47: 'Is he well shipp'd?' *

302. *Behold*. Gassner's change to 'Beheld' is wrong; the word is merely an exclamation.

303. *brake agen*, broke up completely. For the form 'agen' cf. note on iv. 2. 202, and for the intensive use, cf. *Merch. of Ven.* iii. 2. 205: 'Wooing heere until I swet againe.'

307. *their fauchins in their fists*. Cf. ii. 172, and note.

308. *through-galled*: 'entr'ouvert,' G. = pierced in every quarter. A rare compound of 'gall,' which is used specially of arrows or shot.

311. *coniured*, united in a conspiracy.

328. *Crawld to the Deck*: 'S'auance sur le bord.' G.

345. *tyering*. Variant of 'tiring,' i.e. 'preying'; cf. 3 *Henry VI*, i. 1. 268:

'And like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son.'

361-5. Added by Kyd.

374. *Iulia*, Pompey's former wife, the daughter of Caesar.

380-3. A paraphrase of:

'Et te repentiras (si tu n'as bien le cœur
Plus que d'une Tigresse enyuré de rigueur)
D'auoir ton Adrastee attisé si cruelle
Au cœur de ton Cesar pour vne faute telle.'

381. *rigor*. The abstract English word scarcely gives the sense of *rigueur*, i.e. 'pitiless rage.'

387-9. An expansion of:

'indignement ialouse
Contre l'heur usurpé d'une seconde espouse.'

393. 'Si desirieux d'un maistre.' G.

395. 'Quand le destin contraire aux phalanges d'Afrique.' G.

398. *topside turvey*. Cf. note on i. 83.

400. 'Ses guerniers nourriçons enuoyez au trespass.' G.
i.e. 'Its soldiers, the state's life-blood, sent to death'

404-7. ‘Ore Dieux Afriquains, ore est venu le temps
 Que de nous’reuengez deuez estre contans,
 Et contans les esprits de ces vieux Capitaines
 Qui vaincus ont passé par les armes Romaines.’ G.

Kyd makes nonsense of the passage by interpreting ‘contans’ in 406 as ‘counting,’ depending on ‘Dieux Afriquains’ and ‘governing ‘les esprits de ces vieux Capitaines.’

410. *so deuant*: ‘si roux.’ G. Kyd’s rendering suggests that he was unaware that Thrasymene was a lake.

419-20. An expansion of:

‘Pleurons, ô troupe aimée, et qu'à iamais nos yeux
 En nostre sein mourant decourent larmoyeux.’

418. *Valing*, casting down; rarely used, as here, without the connotation of submission to a superior.

420. *springtides of your teares*. Cf. *Sþ. Tr.* iii. n. 8.

427. *neglectly*, negligently; very rare, possibly unique use of the word.

428. *accoustrements*. This form is used by Shakespeare in *A. Y. L. I.* iii. 2. 402: ‘You are rather point deuice in your accoustrements.’

433. Garnier has simply ‘Veufue de mes Espoux.’

444. *Sold at a pike*: ‘Vendre sous vn pique,’ G., i.e. ‘venalis sub hasta.’ Kyd probably did not understand the allusion.

458. *fumous*: ‘fumeuses,’ G., i.e. ‘vaporous.’ Hence Gassner’s emendation is probably right, and I have adopted it. But Kyd may have misunderstood the meaning of the French word and translated it by ‘famous.’

463-4. An expansion of the line, ‘Ie vomiray ma vie, et tombant legere Ombre.’ With 464 cf. the two opening lines of *Sþ. Tr.*

NOTES

TO

SOLIMAN • AND PERSEDA

ACT I.

SCENE I.

10-11. From the contrast between the 'bloody quill' of Melpomene in 11 and her 'tung' in 12 the reference here seems to be to a non-dramatic version of the story, probably Wotton's translation of Yver's tale in *A Courtlie Controversie*.

17. Cf. *Sp. Tr.* i. 1. 91.

26. *to euerlasting night*. Cf. *Sp. Tr.* ii. 2. 57, 'into eternal night,' and *Ard. of Fev.* iii. 2. 9, 'And Arden sent to everlasting night.'

27. *moraliz'd*, shown the moral of.

29. *brightsome*. For a similar formation cf. 'gladsome,' ii. 1. 11.

SCENE II.

2-3. For an elaborated form of this simile cf. *Corn.* i. 79-87.

6. *pastime*. Rarely used as a verb. Cf. Latimer, *Sermon of the Plough*: 'They pastime in their prelacies with gallant gentlemen.'

9. *feres*, companions.

13. *dittie*. Used in its strict sense of the words to a tune. Cf. *A.Y.L.I.* v. 3. 36: 'There was no great matter in the dittie, yet the note was very vntunable.'

28. *nice, coy*.

80. *I, watch you vauntages?* * 'Are you on the look out to get the better of me?'

86. For an elaboration of this metaphor cf. *Sp. Tr.* ii. 2. 7-9.

39. *this ring*. In Wotton's tale (p. 36) Erastus gives Persida (as the name is there spelt) 'a jewell wherein was a Diamante and an Emeralde.'

41. *boot*, additional gift, profit.

58-61. Cf. the similar lists of nationalities in *Corn.* i. 59-63, and iv. 2. 44-50; see *Introd.* p. lvii.

59. *sudden, hasty, passionate*. Cf. *Mach.* iv. 3. 59:

'Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name.'

61. *Eclipped*. A singular, and etymologically indefensible, variant of *Yclipped*.

62. *aprooved*, tested.

69. *And if I thriue in valour, as the glasse*. The Qq. punctuate, 'thriue, invalour as the glasse.' If this is right then 'valour' means 'worth, efficacy.' But the punctuation adopted in the text is probably correct.

81. *and overtane*, and be overcome. The omission of the auxiliary verb before the participle is frequent in Eliz. English.

88. *triumphs*, ceremonies, shows.

90. *outlandish*, foreign.

98. *welnded with the Greekes*. For this use of 'with' to indicate the agent, cf. *W.'s Tale*, v. 2. 68^e 'He was torn to pieces with a bear.' Hazlitt needlessly adopts 'rounded,' the marginal MS. emendation in one of the 1599A Qq.

SCENE III. .

22. *skenes*, Irish daggers, usually of bronze, double-edged, and more or less leaf-shaped; Gaelic *sgian*, a knife. Hawkins, followed by Hazlitt, wrongly reads 'Kerns.' Cf. 1. 95.

41. *Rutter*, a trooper, or dragoon; Dutch *ruiter*. Cf. *Dr. Faustus*, i. 1. 103: 'Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves.'

48. *lay*, faith, creed. For an instance of this rare use of the word cf. Chaucer, *Man of Lawe's Tale*, 278 :

'She . . . seyde him she wold reneye her lay,
And cristendom of preestes handes fonge.'

49. *braue*, cry of bravado.

51. *the Sophy*, the Shah of Persia.

55-7. The text is corrupt, but the transposition of 55, thus making Brusor's march through Asia follow his defeat of the Persians, is a plausible emendation, especially as his passage from the plains of Africa to the 'coasts held by the Portinguize' (58) would also be in natural sequence.

59. *golde abounding*. The simplest emendation of the Q. reading, where the comma between 'golde' and 'abording' is a printer's error. Hawkins and Hazlitt, however, read 'abording,' i.e. 'landing on the coast of,' which apparently refers to Brusor. But this leaves 'Euen to the verge of golde' unexplained.

77. *Epitheton*, appellation; uncommon, but used by Foxe, Holinshed, and in the Douay Bible. Cf. *The Hous. Phil.* p. 257, 12 and 274, 23.

95. *Kernes*, light-armed foot-soldiers; Irish *Ceatharnach*.

108. *Pities adamant*, the loadstone of pity.

140. *O extempore, O flores*. A corruption, of course, of *O tempora, O mores*.

143. *By Gods fish*. An oath, apparently, of Piston's coining.

146-7. *occupation*, trade, especially of a mechanical kind. Hence Basilisco's indignation.

160-1. *Dudgin dagger*, a dagger with a hilt made of 'dudgin,' a particular kind of wood, probably boxwood.

169-71 Alluded to in *King John*, i. i. 243-4:

'Lady Paulc. What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave
Bast. Knight, Knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.'

191-2. *By Cock and Rie, and Mousefoot.* In the colloquial oath, 'By Cock and Pie,' the word 'Cock' is a corruption (with intermediate form 'Gock') of God; 'Pie' is the ordinal of the Roman Catholic Church. For the coupling of the expression with 'Mouse-foot,' cf. Dent's *Pathway to Heaven* (1601): 'I know a man that will neuer swear but by Cocke or Pie or Mousefoot. I hope you will not say they be oathes.'

212. *iustile.* Unusual variant of 'iostle.'

214. *iet,* 'strut.'

227. *olde,* great; a frequent Eliz. use of the word.

228. *the Fox in the hole,* a game played by boys, who hopped on one leg, and beat one another with pieces of leather.

SCENE IV.

15. In Wotton's tale (pp. 39-40) it is the Prince of Cyprus who, 'seazing vpon the hinder skirt of his helmet with an ardent boldness, drew it so rudely, or rather happily towards him, as the datchets and buckles slipping, he openly discovered the bare head of our Rhodian Erastus.' In so doing he cut the chain (p. 43) 'with the gorget of Erastus' armoure,' and it slipped from him without his perceiving it.

31. *lauolto,* a lively round dance of Italian origin. Cf. *Hen. V*, iii. 5. 33: 'lavoltas high, and swift corantos.'

37. *mated,* overcome.

52. *a Fidlers fee.* A proverbial phrase for a scanty wage. Cf. 1st Pt. *Retirne fr. Parnass.* i. i. 380: 'He . . . gave me fidler's wages and dismisi me.'

55. *channell bone,* collar bone; 'channel(l)' and 'cannel' are often found in M.E. and in Eliz. Engl.= 'neck'; cf. Part II *Tamb.* i. 3. 102: 'and cleave him to the channel with my sword.'

68. *dismount.* Rarely used, as here, of a horse throwing its rider.

97. *consideration.* Used here, probably, in its technical legal sense. If so, it is one of the earliest examples of such a use, as the *N.E.D.* gives no instance of it, with this specific meaning, before 1592.

116. *In dalyng war,* in playing at war, in spending time in warlike sports; a rare meaning of 'dally,' which, when followed by an object, usually means 'to delay, put off.'

127. *misintends,* is malignantly planning; a rare word, used by Spenser, *Sonnet xvi*, in the sense of 'aim badly.'

130. Cf. *Corn.* ii. 250-1.

SCENE V.

12. *Bassowes.* An uncommon variant of 'Bashawes,' i.e. 'Pachas.'

36. *hath bin manured to,* has been spilt like manure on; probably a unique construction.

39. *mean*, moderate, partial.

49. *Infer*, bring forward.

58. *Aristippus-like*. A reference to Aristippus, who in R. Edwardes' *Damon and Pithias* (Hazlitt, Dodsley's *Old Plays*, iv. p. 16) plays the part of the typical flatterer :

‘I professe now the courtly philosophie,
To crouche, to speake fayre; myselfe I applie
To feede the kinge’s humour with pleasant deuises.’

63. *rechlesse*. Assibilated form of ‘reckless’.

73. *giue ame to this presumption*, direct these presumptuous speeches to their mark; a metaphor from archery. Cf. *Corn.* iv. i. 172 : ‘cry you ayme,’ and Note.

SCENE VI.

20. *ticklē*, unstable, inconstant.

30. *Bragardo*. A unique variant of ‘bragard’ or ‘braggart’.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

2–3. Cf. *Sþ. Tr.* ii. 2. 3–4.

3. *semblant*, resembling, similar.

15–16. Cf. *Sþ. Tr.* ii. 2. 32, and ii. 4. 36.

45. *And blinde can iudge no colours*. A proverbial phrase.

50. In Wotton's tale (p. 45) Persida ‘in excuse of hir departure sayde, that the streyghtnesse of hir gown greued hir so sore as she was very ill at ease therwith.’

60. *tralucent brest*. Cf. *Sþ. Tr.* i. 4. 97.

85. In Wotton's tale, Persida, after complaining of the ‘streyghtenesse’ of her gown, ‘the better to counterfeite the matter caused Agatha to vnclaspe hir bodie: but alas she was griped with an other claspe more vneasye to be loosed.’

99. *my sweet second selfe*. Cf. *Sþ. Tr.* ii. 4. 9.

110. *light foote*, swift, cf. ii. 3. 21, and *Faerie Queene*, iii. 4. 7 :

‘There she alighted from her light-foot beast.’

180. Cf. *Euphues*, p. 100 (Arber) : ‘Is not poyon taken out of the Honnysuckle by the Spider?’

187. *blast*. Strictly ‘a blasted or withered blossom,’ but here ‘a blossom that withers quickly.’

168. *remorse*, pity.

176. *aleauement*, alleviation. The emendation is, however, perhaps unnecessary, as *alcagement*, the reading of the Qq., may be a unique formation, from *aleage* a variant of M.E. *allege*=‘lighten, allay.’ Spenser uses the verb in *Shep.'s Cal.* March :

‘The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast.’

214. *replie*, supply.

221. *a paire*, a set; cf. ‘a pair of cards,’ i.e. ‘a pack of cards.’

223. *He men and low men*. A slang phrase for false dice, so called because loaded in such a way as to turn up respectively high or low numbers. Cf. W. Cartwright, *Ordinary*, ii. 3:

‘your high

And *low* men are but trifles: your pois’d dye
That’s ballasted with quicksilver and gold.’

224. *Drumsler*, ‘drummer’; a rare form, a corruption of ‘Drum-slayer’ or ‘Drumslade.’

228. *Charleman is come*. An obscure allusion. Hazlitt’s suggestion that Lucina calls Ferdinand Charleman in sport is not very plausible.

231. *union*, a large pearl.

232. Suggested by Wotton’s words (p. 51), ‘Lucina who had receyued the Carquenet in exchaunge of hir Chayne, knew his chapman, otherwisse she would hardly haue departed from the Iewell.’

238. *sorted*, turned out, happened.

243. *garded*, ornamented with a border of lace. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.* ii. 2. 170:

‘Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows.’

244. *Dasell mine eyes*. For the intransitive use of the verb, cf. Webster, *Duch. of Malfi*, iv. 2:

‘Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.’

266. *stay*, place of sojourn.

290. *dominere*, live riotously. Cf. Jonson, *Ev. Man. in Hum.* ii. 1: ‘Let him spend, and spend, and domineere.’

SCENE II.

11. *a pair of false dice*. Cf. note on ii. 1. 221.

17. *counter-cambio*, exchange; a unique adaptation of Italian *contracambio*.

21. *prickado*. A burlesque phrase formed on the analogy of *passado*, the technical term for a forward thrust in fencing.

57. *coystrell*, varlet; originally, a groom or servant to a Knight.

64. *surquedry*, arrogance, presumption; cf. Chaucer, *Persones Tale*, 403: ‘Presumption is when a man undertaketh an emprise that him oughtnot to do, oreilles that he may not do; and this is called surquidrie.’

91. *Pigmew*. Rare variant of ‘Pygmy.’

ACT III.

SCENE I.

18. *not twentie yeares of age*. Wotton represents Erastus as being about sixteen years old. When Persida gave him the chain he had attained the age of fifteen, and he had ‘enjoyed this iewell’ for ten months before the Tournament, when he lost it (pp. 35 and 37).

88. *sect*, troop, company ; not used in its distinctively ecclesiastical sense.

53. *Whatshē*. Hazlitt's emendation may be right, but the Qq. reading throws the metrical stress on the emphatic word 'he,' and 'bouldly' may have had a trisyllabic pronunciation.

85-90. Cf. 3 *Henry VI*, ii. 1. 91-2.

'Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun.'

88. *talents*. Archaic form of 'talons.'

92. *presents*, presence.

SCENE II.

41. Demophon, the son of Theseus, was beloved by Phyllis, who, on being abandoned by him, committed suicide. The story is told by Ovid, *Heroides*, ii. 1.

SCENE V.

5-6. The text is partly corrupt, but the suggested emendation in 6 probably represents the original meaning.

SCENE VI.

11. *countercheck*, act in opposition to. The word is used, with a slightly different significance, in *Sp. Tr.* ii. 2. 37.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

2. *Sugerloafe hat*, a hat of a conical shape, which is sometimes called 'a sugarloafe' alone.

25. *thy dumps*. The phrase, which is not found before the sixteenth century, has not here the modern colloquial association ; the use of 'dumps' with a poss. pronoun is rare.

55-7. Cf. Wotton, (p. 55) : 'Euen as Alexander the greate pardoned Thebes for the loue of Pindarus, and Stagirius (*sic*) for the good will he bare to Aristotle : or as the fortunate Augustus entreated rebellious Alexandria at the requeste of Arrius.'

77-88. On the possible debt of this description to Watson's *Hecatompathia*, Son. 21, cf. *Introd.*, pp. xxiv and lix, note.

77. *lockes*. Evidently a right emendation, as Soliman is describing Perseda's beauties in detail.

133. The Qq. rightly put a comma between 'my deare,' addressed to Perseda, and 'Loue,' which is a personification contrasted with 'Maiestie' in 134.

145-6. Suggested by Erastus' words to Soliman, Wotton (p. 60) : 'I humbly thanke the Heauens whyche haue planted a hearte so noble and vertuous in the breaste of my soueraigne King, to haue power to bryde his will, the which is vnto you a Trophee more glorious, than if you had conquered the Occidente Empire.'

176. The joining of Erastus and Perseda's hands by Soliman apparently constitutes a marriage. Wotton alludes (p. 60) to a more formal ceremony: 'Immediately the marriage was celebrated with great solemnite and magnificence, whyche the Emperour honoured in person wthy his whole Courte.'

222. *stumble*, trip up, defeat; this metaphorical trans. use is infrequent.

233. *perswades*, persuasions; a rare form.

245. *Vnder couler of great consequence*, under pretence of matters of great moment.

SCENE II.

1. *expugnation*, taking by storm, conquest; not uncommon in sixteenth and seventeenth century writers.

12. *forehard*, heard before; an unusual compound.

23. *collop*, a slice; usually, a slice of bacon or meat for frying.

24. *squicht*. A unique use of the word, which is of onomatopoeic formation, and means 'shrieked, squealed.'

32. *Tremomundo*. A corruption perhaps of Spanish *Tremebundo*. *cakebread*, bread made in flattened cakes.

34. *Basolus manus*. Piston's corruption of the Spanish salutation, *Beso las manos*, 'I kiss your hands.' The phrase is fairly frequent in Eliz. literature. Cf. Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie*, p. 292: 'With vs the wemen giue their mouth to be kissed, in other places their cheek, in many places their hand, or in stead of an offer to the hand, to say these words *Beso los manos*'; and Gabriel Harvey's *Letters*, p. 136: 'I like not those same congyes by *Beso las Manos*'.

43-6. Probably a parody of Tamburlaine's words, Part II *Tamburlaine*, v. 3:

'See, where my slave, the ugly monster, Death
Shaking and quivering, pale and wan for fear,
Stands aiming at me with his murdering dart,
Who flies away at every glance I give,
And when I look away, comes stealing on.'

50. *muliebrite*, womanhood; rarely used.

62. *inioritie*. Used here apparently in the sense of 'lowness of stature.'

ACT V.

SCENE I.

13-7. For the thought and imagery here, cf. *Sph. Tr.* ii. 2. 7-17.

24. *Importuning*, importing, having a bearing on; for a similar confession of 'importune' and 'import,' cf. *Faer. Qu.* iii. 1. 16:

'But the sage wisard tells, as he has redd,
That it importunes death.'

wealth, well-being.

81. *mine.* Hazlitt reads 'me' on the analogy of 33, but 'frame' here = 'be used as,' and is naturally followed by the possessive pronoun, while in 33 'frame' = 'fashion' and is followed by the ethical dative.

87. *Ile want him,* I will do without him.

SCENE II.

4 Soliman hides behind a partition or curtain (cf. *S.p. Tr.* iv. 3. 1, S.D.), and the rest of his speeches till after Erastus' execution are 'asides.'

36. Weston (p. 66) briefly relates that Erastus was accused by false witnesses of treason and rebellion, 'for that he had consented (sayd they) to deliuer the Ile of Rhodes into the possession of the Christians.'

48. Piston remains on the stage unseen. Thus we have an unusually complicated grouping here: (1) In the centre of the stage Erastus, the Marshall, the Witnesses, and the Janissaries, (2) Soliman, (3) Piston.

65. *minding*, intendirg.

69. *a kenning.* A verbal substantive from 'ken' in its sense of 'descriy'; used sometimes, possibly here, to denote a marine measure of about twenty miles.

84. In Wotton's tale (p. 66) Erastus is beheaded.

87. Cf. the almost identical line, *S.p. Tr.* i. 4. 92.

92. *limited, appointed.*

118. *the tower's top.* Represented probably by the gallery at the back of the stage; cf. *S.p. Tr.* iv. 3. 12.

126. *when.* An expression of impatience; cf. *S.p. Tr.* iii. 1. 47.

126-8. Cf. Ovid, *Metam.* xlii. 415:

'Mititur Astyanax illis de turribus unde
Pugnantem pro se, proavitaque regna tuentem,
Saepe videre patrem monstratum a matre solebat.'

134. *detect, expose.*

149. *deft,* deafened; this pa. part. of the verb 'deaf' is rarely used.

SCENE III.

5. *porpuse.* A corruption by Basilisco of 'prepuce' = foreskin.

7. *pinky-ey'd*, small-eyed; to 'wink and pink' with the eyes means 'to contract them and peep out of the lids.' Cf. Holland's *Pliny*, Bk. xi: 'Also them that were pink-eyed and had very small eies, they termed ocellae'; also *Ant. and Cleop.* ii. 7. 121:

'Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne.'

16. *the old Cannon.* I have been unable to trace the source of Basilisco's quotation.

25. Cf. the almost identical line, *S.p. Tr.* i. 3. 76.

34. *Knights of the post,* witnesses ready to swear falsely for a bribe;

so called from being always found waiting at the posts set up outside the sheriff's doors.

40. *conuaid*, carried out; cf. *K. Lear*, i. 2, 109: 'I will . . . conuey the businesse as I shall find meanes.'

70. *Abraham-coloured*, with auburn-coloured hair. 'Abraham' is a corruption of 'auburn,' of which 'abern' and 'abron' are variants. Cf. *Coriol.* ii. 3. 21: 'Our heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram,' which the fol. of 1685 alters to 'auburn.'

81. *quiddits*, captious, subtle arguments.

82. *captious*. Probably here = 'crafty, clever.'

87. A proverbial expression.

93. *phillip*. Variant of 'fillip' = 'a blow.'

SCENE IV.

10. Cf. *Sþ. Tr.* i. 4. 35.

S. D. *in mans apparell*. Wotton (p. 67) speaks of Persida, 'buckling vnto her body the armour which sometime pertained vnto hir friend, I meane the greene armour.'

54. *Inurious*, insulting.

59. A partly corrupt line, of which no entirely satisfactory emendation can be suggested.

S. D. *Soliman kills Perseda*. In Wotton's tale (p. 67) Persida is killed, not in single combat, but by 'a value of shot' from the Turkish army, 'among the which two bullets sent from a Musket stroke hir through the stomach.'

81. Cf. the almost identical line, *Sþ. Tr.* ii. 5. 46. Wotton (p. 68) also compares the stricken Persida to a rose, but to one 'which by age hath lost y^e red luely hue.'

146. *boyles like Etna*. For the simile cf. *Sþ. Tr.* iii. 10. 75.

154. *amisse*, fault; a substantival use of the adverb, found chiefly in Eliz. English.

S. D. *Then Soliman dyes*. In Wotton's tale (pp. 69-72) Soliman is not poisoned, but survives the lovers, whom he buries in a gorgeous tomb.

SCENE V.

37. *Cynthias friend*, Queen Elizabeth.

NOTES

TO

THE HOVSHOLDERS PHILOSOPHIE

Page 239, 4. *Betwixt Novara and Vercellis.* Tasso's journey took place in October 1578, when he was fleeing in disguise for safety from the Court of Urbino to that of the Prince of Savoy.

10. *The unexpected pleasure of which game stayed me.* T. has simply 'poco stante.'

23-4. *not far hence, neere that River:* 'di quà dal fiume,' T., i. e. on this side of the river.

25. *disease, discomfort.*

P. 240, 5-7. *Thereupon . . . staiē.* Kyd, apparently through a grammatical blunder, has transferred these words to the 'giovinetto.' T. puts them into his own mouth: 'e gli dissì che sulla ripa del fiume prenderei consiglio secondo il suo parere di passar oltre, o di fermarmi.'

14. *preuent, anticipated.*

15-6. *but heretofore, going into Fraunce, I past by Pyemont.* A mistranslation of T., who states that he passed through 'Piemonte' before, but by a different road: 'perciocchè altra fiata, che andando in Francia passai per lo Piemonte, non feci questo cammino.'

27. *shrowded, sheltered.*

36. *commorants, residents.* The word is not uncommon as an adjectife, but is very rarely used, as here, as a substantive, except in the technical sense of 'members of the Cambridge Senate resident in the town (commorantes in villa) who were no longer members of their colleges.' Cf. *N. E. D. sub voce.*

37. *Passador:* 'passatore,' T.; here used in the sense of a 'ferriman.'

38. *upon what occasio(n) they knew not.* Added by Kyd.

P. 241, 11. *leddle me to:* 'mi additò,' T., i. e. 'pointed out.'

12-3. *and it was as high.* Before these words Kyd omits 'Ella era di nuovo fabbricata.'

19. *porthalts:* 'appartamenti di stanze.' T.

20-1. *and as manie in the upper end:* 'ed altrettanti appartamenti conosceva, ch' erano nella parte della casa superiore.' T.

29. *curious plates of Candie:* 'candidissimi piatti di creta.' T.

P. 242, 7. *Spirit*: ‘aspetto.’ T.

efsoones. Apparently means here ‘just then,’ though this is unusual.

28. *in other things*: ‘in altra occasione.’ T.

29. *regardant*. Rarely used, as here, without reference to sight.

39. From *Georgics* IV. 133.

P. 243, 3–6. From Petrarch, *Canzone IX*, 21–4; the two last lines are completely mistranslated in 9–10, as Kyd confuses *ghiande*=‘acorns’ with *ghandaje*=‘jays.’

15–7. *necessaries . . . for the supply of good manners, I meane, not of good meate*: ‘cose necessarie al bel vivere, non che al vivere.’ T.

27. *rewes*. A M.E. variant of ‘rows’; cf. Chaucer, *Knight’s Tale*, 2007–8:

‘To hakke and hewe
The okes old and leye hem on a rewe.’

31. *some store of hyues for Bees*: ‘molti alberi d’api.’ T.

32. *gryft*. Very rare variant of ‘graft’ used as pt. part.

P. 244, 9. *Cowgomers*. A very rare, probably unique, variant of ‘cowcombers’ or ‘cucumbers.’

15–6. *But he then . . . was wanting*. An inaccurate rendering of ‘Ma egli, quasi pure allora avveduto che la moglie vi mancasse, disse.’

38. *otherwise*: ‘di meno eccedendoli,’ T.; this mistranslation partly causes the confused rendering in 245, 6–9.

40–245, 1. *which if . . . moderate*: ‘le quali, se non per altro, almeno per esempio de’ figliuoli, debbono moderare.’ T.

P. 245, 6–9. *where, if they exceeded . . . children unto*. Completely mistranslated. T. draws two pictures of the evils which occur respectively when a father is too young or too old. The first extends from 244, 38 to 245, 6; the second then proceeds: ‘ma se di molto maggior numero di anni eccedessero, non potrebbei i padri ammaestrare i figliuoli, sarebbero vicini alla decrepità, quando i figliuoli fossero ancora nell’infanzia, o nella prima fanciullezza, nè da loro potrebbero quell’ajuto attendere, e quella gratitudine, che tanto dalla natura è desiderata.’

11. *Natis munire senectam*. From Lucretius, iv. 1249.

15–7. *no less satisfied . . . your Sonne*: ‘non meno dell’età che dell’ altre condizioni de’ vostri figliuoli dobbiate esser soddisfato’; the wrong rendering of ‘dell’ età’ destroys the sequence of the argument.

21. *according to my remembrance*: ‘del mio accorgere accorgendosi.’ T.

34–5. *as for Beefe and such like . . . and the Table*: ‘perchè il bue si porta piuttosto per un cotal riempimento delle mense.’ T.

38. *with noble men*: ‘con gli Eroi’; the specialized use of the phrase in Greek mythology is not understood.

P. 246, 3–5. *And the companions . . . upon Beefe*. A mistranslation, showing that Kyd was ignorant of the Homeric story of Odysseus and the horses of the Sun: ‘Ed i compagni di Ulisse non per cupidità di

fagiani, o di pernici, ma per mangiare i buoi del Sole, sopportarono tante sciagure.'

6. *inducith, introauc:tn.*

6-7. *where, after the judgment of some, it shold haue beene some other thing:* 'ove per altro [i. e. nevertheless] non di cervi, ma di alcuna sorte di uccelli dovea far preda.'

8-9. *but in hauing regard . . . Noblemen's dyet.* Kyd again misunderstands *Ero*: 'ma mentre egli volle aver riguardo alla convenevolezza ed al costume degli Eroi.'

' 20-1. *those Beasts that commonly are stald and foddered.* T. has simply 'animali domestici.'

22. *speaking of Aeneas solliours.* Added by Kyd, who thus shows his acquaintance with the passage, *Aen.* i. 215.

31. *Nigrum et dulce*: 'nero et dolce,' T.; the use of the Latin epithets here is curious.

P. 247, 17. From *Catullus*, 27, 2.

P. 248, 2. *but me thinks no time may be compared to Autumn.* Cf. *Corn.* ii. 135, and see *Introduction*, pp. lxii-lxiii.

4. *otherwhile*: 'altrui,' T.

5. *with pastimes*: 'Co' giuochi e con gli spettacoli.' T.

8. *who in Sommer*: 'che ora,' i. e. 'in these seasons' (not Summer only), as the following words clearly show.

10. *whether they first find.* A mistranslation of 'che sopraggiungono all' improvviso,' i.e. 'which (raynes and tempests) unexpectedly occur.'

13. *the third part*: 'se non in picciola parte.' T.

14. *for spoile of weather, wormes, and windes.* Added by Kyd.

23. *are enclozed with dorknes and reserued to the night.* T. simply 'sono nella notte riserbate.'

23-4. *nothing necessarie*: 'poco opportuno.' T.

27. *a Lord*: 'giusto signore.' T.

30. *and contagions*: 'ed afflitti dalle fatiche.' T.

39-40. *a most indifferent Gouernour*: 'giustissimo signore.' T.

P. 249, 7-8. *whereof as one especiall is Grape-gathering for the wine-presse.* An awkward rendering of 'della quale (stagione) è propria ancora la vendemmia.'

11-2. *if in making . . . falsehood.* An inaccurate rendering of 's'egli nel fare i vini usa trascuraggine alcuna,' i.e. 'if he shows any carelessness in making his wines.'

15. *Non solum frigescit Venus*. 'non sol Venere è fredda,' T.; an allusion to Terence, *Eun.* iv. 5, 6, 'Sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus,' which Kyd partly quotes, though inaccurately.

20. *my Father saie.* After this Kyd omits 'dal quale ancora alcune delle cose dette udii dire.'

22-3. *that in this season . . . beleue it did*: 'che in questa stagione ebbe principio il mondo, se in alcuna ebbe principio, come per fede certissimamente tener debbiamo, che avesse.' T.

P. 250, 11. *foregoes*, goes away from.

12-5. *Besides, it beginneth with generation, not with corruption:* ‘e comincia (i.e. il Sole) la generazione, e non la corruzione.’ T.

19-20. *what was said in Platos Tymeus . . . inferior Gods.* The reference is to *Tymaeus*, 41, but the passage lends no support to the argument here.

22. *the world*: ‘il moto.’ T.

P. 251, 1-2. *are peraduenture one of those of whom the crye is come:* ‘e voi siete uno per avventura del quale alcun grido.’ T.

3-5. *whereof you are as worthy . . . your speeches*: ‘il quale è altrettanto degno di perdono, per la cagione del suo fallire, quanto per altro di lode e di maraviglia.’ T.

9-10. *superfluous conceit of mine opinions*: ‘per soverchia animosità di opinioni.’ T.

16. *giuing thanks*. Added by Kyd.

17. *by her Sonnes*. After this T. adds, ‘e ritrossi alle sue stanze’

21. *dysease*, inconvenience, discomfort.

24. Charles V ‘desposed his Monarchie’ in 1554.

40. *disgrade*. Very rarely used, as here, to mean ‘deprive, unburden’, without a punitive sense.

P. 252, 9. *good husbandry*: ‘con tutte l’ arti di lodato padre di famiglia.’ T.

15-6. *with little more expence*: ‘con maggiore spesa,’ T., i.e. ‘though my expenditure has been greater’

17. *experimented*, experienced; a common sixteenth century use.

28-9. *to haue care in choosing of his wife*. T. has simply ‘aver cura della moglie’.

P. 253, 21-2. *in the book of Virgils Aeneidos*. Added by Kyd.

28-7. From *Aeneid*, iv. 25-9.

28. *rought*. M. E. pret. of ‘reach,’ here used with ‘in’ in the unusual sense of ‘swallow up’.

P. 254, 7. *a Begger*: ‘donna ignobile.’ T.

14-5. *Which honor . . . to others*: ‘i quali (atti) da nuna esistenza sono accompagnati, quali son quegli onori, che per buona creanza si sogliono fare altrui.’ T.

17-8. *but that the league . . . farre exceedeth it*. An ambiguous version of ‘che maggiore non quella (differenza), che la natura ha posta fra gli uomini e le donne.’

P. 255, 2. *exonerat*. Usually has as object the person or thing relieved, not, as here, the load.

16-8. *or so as in our soules . . . unto reason*: ‘O nell’ anima nostra, nella quale così ordinate le potenze, come nelle città gli ordini de’ cittadini, la paite affettuosa suole alla ragionevole ubbidire.’ T.

31-3. *for if hee himselfe . . . the marriage bedde*. T. has simply ‘se non violerà egli le leggi maritali.’

39. *was it said of Aristotle*. The remark here attributed to,

Aristotle does not occur in his discussion of *ñldos* (*Nich. Eth.* iv. 9), where he says that shame is commendable in the young.

P. 256, 3-8. *which increaseth . . . or toothsome.* An expansion of 'il quale tanto alle donne accresce di vagherza, quanto loro per avventura ne tolgono quei colori artfficiali, de' quali quasi maschere, o scene, si sogliono colorare.' The illustrative quotation in the margin is from Ovid, *De medicamine faciei*, 45.

7. *poppets.* Variant of 'puppets.'

8. *toothsome*, agreeable. Applied usually to edibles.

10. *with slime or artificiall coullered trash:* 'con gli artificiali imbellettamenti.' T.

15-8. *he can practise . . . pollishing themselues.* An expansion of 'Con niun' altra maniera potà meglio il marito fare che non s'imbelletti, che col mostrarsi schivo de' belletti e de' lisci.' T.

18. *proigning.* An earlier form of 'pruning' = 'trimming, ing'; rarely used, as here, in this sense, without reference to a bird's trimming of its wings.

22-3. *their tricking vp . . . filth.* T. has simply 'così lisciata.'

24. *of modestie and loue.* Added by Kyd.

35. *proude and feltred:* 'superbe,' T.; 'feltred' = tangled, matted. Cf. Tuberville's *Tr. of Ovid's Eps.* 16 b, 'Heavy helmet on thy head and feltred lockes to beare.'

38. *in the shape of man:* 'nella specie dell' uomo.' T.

P. 257, 9. *like a Bsy:* 'non barbato, ma senza barba.' T.

10. *deciphered, delineated.*

11. *with long . . . tresses.* T. has simply 'con lunghissime chiome.'

12-3. *call him Phoebus . . . chiomato:* 'chiamano Febo con aggiunto quasi perpetuo, non tosato o chiomato,' T., i.e. 'call Phoebus by the constant epithets of "Non tosato o chiomato." It is singular that Kyd should leave the epithets untranslated in his text, as if T. were speaking of Italian instead of Classical poets. Nor is his marginal rendering 'vnkempt' accurate.

14. *so hastlie:* 'tanto.' T.

29. *not to discontent her:* 'non solo di piacere a lei, ma di compiacerla.' T.

31. *as others of her calling doo.* After this Kyd omits 'e di quel, che porti l'uso della nostra città.'

34. *be forwarde with the first:* 'sia fra le prime veduta e vagheggiata.'

P. 258, 6. T. quotes the line in an Italian version, 'O da me ognor temuto, e paeventato, suocero caro.'

9-10. *with those prophane . . . Louer doth.* T. has simply 'in quel modo stesse, che viene l'amante.'

12. *Bell' ingannus Paramour:* 'Catelda.' T.

20. *of theyr opposites and indigested contraries:* 'degli oggetti.' T.

21-2. *Neither will I . . . when Homer.* A mistranslation of 'Nè

voglio a questo proposito tacere, che quando Gnero,' i.e. 'Nor in discussing this subject will I refrain from mentioning that when Homer.'

24. *with loue, and louely termes, and amorous games.* T. has simply 'nel suo amore.'

25. A verse-rendering of T.'s prose, 'con lui si colca nell' erba, ricoperta da una nuvola maravigliosa.'

32-4. *And when he saith... his Wife.* A mistranslation of 'bene è vero, che dicendole Giove, che non avea avuto egual desiderio di lei' da quel dì che prima la prese per moglie,' i.e. 'It is true that when Jove says that he had not had equal desire for her since the day when he first took her to wife.'

36-259.1. *because it is... loues of Matrimonie.* Kydhere condenses two separate statements, 'perciocchè è inconvenientissimo a coloro che come padre, o madre di famiglia, vogliono con onestà e con amore maritale regger la casa : nè altro mi sovviene che dire del vicendevole amore, che dee essere tra il marito e la moglie, e delle leggi del matrimonio.'

P. 259, 1-7. *For if a man ... aduertised by vs.* A confused version of 'perciocchè, se il considerare, se il marito dee uccidere la moglie impudica, o in altro modo secondo le leggi punirla, è considerazione, che peravventura può più opportunamente in altro proposito essere avuta ; e se tale la prenderai, quale figurata l'abbiamo, non dei temere che mai ti venga occasione, per la quale di essere da me stato intorno a ciò consigliato, debba desiderare.'

29. *Antiperistasis.* For a metaphorical use of this phrase, explained by Kyd in his marginal note, cf. Burkitt on 2 Cor. iv. 16 (quoted in N.E.D.) : 'The cold blasts of persecution . . . did, by a spiritual antiperistasis, increase the heat of grace within.'

complexion, constitution.

31. *those of Aguitan and thereabouts :* 'dei Celti.' T.

36-9. From Aen. ix. 603-6.

P. 260, 5-6. *Which custome ... extreame :* 'E benchè io quel costume non vitupero.' T.

10. *in that same booke of his Aeneidos.* Added by Kyd. The lines are from Aen. ix. 614-20, omitting 615.

17-22. This version of the Virgilian passage contains several mistakes. In 17 'purple buds' does not represent *murex*, and in 18 'your high Priests hats are made like hoods' is an incorrect rendering of *habent redimicula mitrae*. In 19 the point of the contrast between the feminine *Phrygiae* and the masculine *Phryges* is missed, and 'scale you high Ida hyl' is an inaccurate version of *ite per alta Dindyma*.

23. *some Citties :* 'alcuna città.' T.

28-32. *for such ... theyr example.* A confused version, due partly to the misunderstanding of *Eroi*, as in P. 245, 34-5, and P. 246, 8-9 : 'perchè quella educazione rende gli uomini fieri, come de' Lacedemoni fu giudicato, et quando ella, pur fosse conveniente agli

Eroi, benchè tale non fu Achille ne' costumi, che alcuno Eroe se lo debba proporre per esempio.'

P. 261, 1. *werish, weak, puny*; also used in sense of insipid. Cf. Palsgrave, p. 328: 'weryshe, as meate is that is not well tastye.'

5-9. *is, or ought to be... agreeable therewith*. A confused version of 'è cura in guisa del padre di famiglia che ella insieme è del politico, il quale dovrebbe prescrivere a' padri il modo, col quale dovessero i figliuoli allevare, acciocchè la disciplina della città riuscisse uniforme.'

13-4. *and in their Princes seruice and obedience*. Added by Kyd.

14-6. *and that they... and honesty*. An expansion of 'egualmente nell' arti lodevoli dell'animo e del corpo esercitati.'

27-8. *and are at this day... enfranchized*. A mistranslation of 'ed oggi sono per lo più uomini liberi,' i.e. 'and in these days servants are for the most part freemen.'

34. *signiorising termes*: 'e di più severo imperio'; 'signiorise' is a favourite phrase of Kyd. Cf. Corn. i. 55.

P. 262, 16-7. *if he chaunce... or vterauance*. T. has simply 'se avviene che egli ben norrappresenti la persona, della quale si è vestito.'

19-21. *Likewise he that... dignitez*. A wrong rendering of 'Similmente chi non ben sostiene la persona di Principe, o di gentiluomo che in questa vita (che è quasi teatio del mondo) dalla fortuna gli è stata imposta'

25-7. *and, as Petrarch sayth... the greater number are*. Added by Kyd.

85. *record, remember*.

36-7. *which these... are commaunded*. T. has simply 'il che delle bestie non avviene.'

P. 263, 4. *the forme of those impressions whatsoeuer*: 'le forme delle virtù.' T.

22-3. *the mind... with reason*: 'la docilità de' servi è con ragione.'

P. 264, 8. *Cyuill warre*: 'Guerra Servile.' T.

17-20. *Howbeit it is... worth while the noting*. A confused expansion of 'Tuttavolta grande argomento della viltà che la fortuna servile suole negli animi generare è l'esempio degli Sciti.'

23-4. *besides their weapons many whips and bastonadoes*. T. has simply 'le sferze.'

28-9. *I cannot commend... nor body*. The insertion of 'neither... nor' reverses the meaning of 'questi non loderei che fossero e di animo e di corpo atti alla guerra.'

33. *The first*: 'nella prima,' T., i.e. 'in the first of the two formes' or classes just mentioned.

35. *The next*: 'e quello,' T., continuing the enumeration of the servants in the first class. Similarly in 37 *The thyrd* is substituted for 'ed.'

38. *the Toun affaires*: 'le cose di villa tutte.' T.

- *The others*: 'nell'altra' T., i.e. 'in the second class.'

P. 265, 21. *which (having no recourse)*: ‘*che non si muovono.*’ T. For this use of ‘recourse,’ to denote the flowing movement of water, cf. *Tr. and Cress.* v. 3. 55: ‘*Their eyes o’ergalled with recourse of tears.*’

22. *naughtie, bad, worthless.*

35–6. *no uncleanes, filth, or Rubbishe.* T. has simply ‘*niuna bruttura.*’

38–9. *it may shine . . . as Christall:* ‘*risplendano a guisa di specchi.*’ T.

P. 266, 12. From Petrarch, *Canz.* ix. 18.

16. From *Georg.* i. 160.

19–20. From *Aen.* i. 177–8. The marginal reference to ‘*Aeneid,* Lib. 2,’ which is not given by Tasso, is wrong.

29. *the Maister himselfe:* ‘*il maestro di casa* (i.e. the steward) o *il padrone stesso.*’ T.

34–5. *are to be seuerally lodged from the whole:* ‘*in letti più morbidi ed agiati debbono esser posti a giacere.*’ T.

P. 267, 6. *bent of the brow.* Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.* i. 3. 36:

‘Eternity was in our Lippes and Eyes,
Blisse in our brows bent.’

14–6. *they are Inanima . . . with a soule.* Expanded from ‘*ove gli altri sono inanimi, il servo è animato.*’

22. *if you will rightly understand him:* ‘*se tu vuoi avere di lui perfetta cognizione.*’ T.

25. *some stretch further:* ‘*alcune escono fuori.*’ T.

29. *Clerke:* ‘*Cancelliere.*’ T.

32. *capable of fashions:* ‘*atto alle azioni.*’ T.

34–5. *is applied in the highest:* ‘*è detta in eccellenza.*’ T.

35. *in those good worldes:* ‘*ne’ buoni secoli.*’ T.

89–40. *The like was Tyro . . . written by Tullie.* An ambiguous rendering of ‘Tale anche fu Tirone, al quale sono scritte molte lettere di Marco Tullio.’ Tullius Tiro, the freedman of Cicero, and a distinguished grammarian, was one of his chief correspondents. *Ad Fam.*, Bk. XVI, is entirely addressed to him.

P. 269, 1. *those compasses:* ‘*quelle misure.*’ T.

8–12. *and nō lesse . . . Venice.* A paraphrase of ‘*nè minore (notizia) averla dee de’ prezzi che alle cose sono imposti, o da’ pubblici magistrati, o dal consenso degli uomini; nè meno essere informato, come le cose si vendano o si comprano in Turino, in Milano, in Lione o in Venezia, che come nella sua patria sian vendute o comprate.*’

17. *Fields:* ‘*i campi e le vigne.*’ T.

18–9. *numbred by Algorisme:* ‘*misurata da’ numeri aritmetici.*’ T.

• ‘*Algorisme*=‘*the Arabic or decimal system of numeration;* hence ‘*arithmetic*’ generally; ‘fr. Arab. *al-Khwārazmī*, the native of *Khwārazm* (*Khīrāz*), surname of the Arab mathematician Abu Ja’far Mohammed Ben Musa, who flourished early in the 9th c. and

through the translation of whose work on Algebra the Arabic numerals became generally known in Europe' (N.E.D.).

P. 269, 19-20. *that which ... coyned*: 'quella ancora che del dñaro è misurata.' T.

20. *quadering*, orig. 'making square'; hence 'making foursquare with,' 'matching.' For the use of this rare verb intransitively cf. Kyd's *Letter to Puckering*: 'Nor wold indeed the forme of dñyne praeis used eluelie in his Lordships house haue quadred with such reprobates.'

24-5. *for Landes . . . more account*: 'concosiachè le terre non sonq sempre nel medesimo preggio, e molto meno i frutti loro, e il danaro, non che altro suol crescere, o calare.' T.

29. *manurance*. Used here in its original sense of 'handling,' without the connotation of 'cultivating,' either literally or metaphorically.

overweener. For this rare subst. cf. Massinger, *Parl. of Love*, ii. 1: 'A flatterer of myself, or overweener.'

31-2. *That call I . . . without life*. 'A perversiōn of 'Qualità chiamo poi delle facoltà ch' elle siano o artificiali o naturali, o animate o inanimate.'

P. 270, 14. *by ofte relorse and refuence*, by frequent flow and ebb Cf. P. 265, l. 21.

17. *in a chāmpant Country*, in a flat, open district. Cf. *Corn. v. 176-7*: 'of a Champant Land

Makes it a Quagnire.'

19. *steepward*. A very rare, if not unique form.

22-4. *the Trauailers . . . to passe*. An inaccurate rendering of 'i peregrini, e i mercanti d' Italia in Germānia o in Francia sogliono trapassare.'

25-6. *if aloft . . . ouerflownde*: 'se in colle che signoreggi, che goda di bella veduta, o in valle humile che ne sia priua.' T.

40. *they are better cheape*, they are lower in p:ice.

P. 271, 2-7. *Againe he may keepe . . . of seasons*. An expansion of 'Potrà anco trattenere alcuna volta l' entrate secondo i pronostici, e i giudicii, che si fanno della carestia, e dell' abbondanza degli anni, e delle stagioni.'

26. *diuers sorts of fruits*: 'dall' uve e da' fichi e da altri frutti' T.

35-6. *furnish her messe with those iunclets*: 'arricchire la mensa.' T.

87-9. *that all her housshould . . . drink*: 'che tutti i frumenti, che in casa sono, si macinino, e se ne faccia il pane.' T.

P. 272, 5. *which custome is not gueason in some houses*. A mistranslation of 'chè strana usanza è certo quella d' alcune case,' i. e. 'but strange certainly is the custom of some houses.' 'Gueason' is a rare variant of 'geason' = 'scarce, uncommon.'

8. *Therefore*: 'nondimeno,' T; the change destroys the logical connexion.

11. *for thrift . . . as a ma(n)*. A mistranslation of 'perchè la parsimonia è virtù così propria di lei, come dell' uomo la liberalità.'

21. *bf Lynnen or of wollen weauing*: ‘de’lini, e delle tele, e delle sete.’ T.

28. *ray*, cover with dirt, defile. Cf. *Q. of Sh.* iv. 1, 3, ‘Was euer man so beaten? Was euer man so rayed?’

29-30. *yet to be stene . . . such thrifit*. Added by Kyd.

38-5. *may furnish . . . sonnie or daughter*: ‘può fare alla figliuola ricco ed orrevol mobile.’ T.

37-8. *these verses in the Booke of Virgill*. From *Aen.* viii. 407-13.

P. 273, 9. *by candlelight*. A mistranslation of *ad lumina*, i.e. ‘till daws.’

15-6. *as appeareth . . . Vlisses*: ‘come di Penelope si legge.’ T.

20. *to blearie*, to dim. Hence to ‘blear the sight of’ a person=to ‘blind,’ ‘hoodwink’ him.

28. From *Georg.* i. 294.

26-7. *but placed . . . amongst them*: ‘ma la figliuola del Re Alcmoo pone fra le lavatrici.’ T. Kyd’s mistranslation shows that he had not read the story of Nausicaa.

P. 274, 18-25. *of so great efficacye . . . aunswer crosse*. A paraphrase of ‘Di tanta virtù è l’ordine quanta detta abbiamo, ma è di non minor bellezza, il che di leggiero potrà comprendere, chi leggerà i Poeti, i quali con niun altro artificio aggiungono più di vaghezza a’ versi loro, che con ordinare le parole in guisa, che l’una coll’altra, o come simile, o come pari si accordi, o come contraria risponda.’

35. *without impeach*, without bringing disparagement upon myself.

P. 275, 2-3. *passing nest and queinily tricked up*. T. has simply ‘così pulita.’

10. *meeter to be spoken of, then shewed to straungers*: ‘che a’ forestieri sogliono esser dimostrate.’ T.

21. *that fells and seasoneth*: ‘che taglia.’ T.

21-2. *It is very manifest*. Before these words Kyd omits ‘E cominciando a risolvere i dubbi.’

37. *compynable*, a variant of ‘companable,’ which has been replaced since the seventeenth century by ‘companionable.’

39. *no lesse profit*: ‘non picciola utilità.’ T. The use of the comparative is confusing.

P. 276, 8. *Wherupon we reade*: ‘onde si legge ne’ Poeti.’ T.

11. Virgill . . . brought in Numa boasting thus. The two lines which follow are from *Aen.* vii. 748-9, with ‘*caniciem galea premimus*’ wrongly substituted for ‘*armati terram exercent*.’ Virgil is referring to Ufens and his people, not to Numamus, wrongly called Numa by Kyd.

18. *Barbarians and Turkes*. T. has simply ‘Barbari.’

28-9. *because it growes not other-where so plentiously*. Added by Kyd.

36-9. *who had the whole . . . trade of merchandize*: ‘il quale avea in mano l’entrata della Repubblica, e da’ quali la mercanzia era esercitata.’ T.

P. 277, 14. *Shyre of Countrey.* Added by Kyd.

16. *best cheape,* at the lowest price. Cf. P. 270, l. 40.

29-32. *the care . . . oushold gouernment.* A confused rendering of 'il padre di famiglia' a l'acquisto della trasmutazione per obietto secondo, e dirizzato al governo della casa.'

88—P. 278, 6. *But the Housekeeper . . . for their greatness:* 'ma il padre di famiglia ha il desiderio delle ricchezze terminato, perciocchè le ricchezze altro non sono, che moltitudine di instrumenti appartenenti alla cura famigliare e pubblica; ma gl' instrumenti in alcun' arte non sono infiniti, nè di numero, nè di grandezza: chè se infiniti fossero di numero, pon potrebbe l' artefice avere di loro cognizione, conciossachè l' infinito, in quanto infinito, non è compreso dal nostro intelletto: se di grandezza, non potrebbero esser maneggiati; oltrechè non si concede corpo d' infinita grandezza.' Here the correspondence between 'il padre di famiglia' and 'alla cura famigliare' is obscured by translating the former 'Housekeeper' (38) and the latter 'familiar cares' (40); 'certaine and determinat' (39) is an inaccurate rendering of 'terminato,' i. e. 'limited'; the substitution of 'some arts' (P. 278, l. 1) for 'alcun' arte,' i. e. 'any art,' invalidates the argument, and in the remainder of the passage Kyd goes entirely astray.

P. 278, 14-7. *even so should riches . . . shall suffice.* An inaccurate rendering of 'così parimente le ricchezze debbono esser proporzionate al padre di famiglia ed alla famiglia, ch' egli sostiene, e che di quelle dee esser eiede, tanto e non più quanto bastino.'

21-2. *which are needfull . . . Rome:* 'ch' era convenevole ad un Principe cittadino di Roma.' T.

22. *too too much.* Perhaps the repetition of 'too' is a misprint, but 'too much' may be treated as equivalent to a single epithet qualified by 'too.'

23. *little Tounes in Italie.* Added by Kyd.

24. *for many men in Rome:* 'anco in uomo Romano.' T.

33-4. *exceeding others . . . wrong.* T. has simply 'che tanto si avanzi.'

P. 279, 6. *from the Plough and Carte:* 'dall' aratro.' T. Cf. *Cornetta*, i. 133, and *Introduction* p. lxiii.

7. *and mightie men in Princes Courts.* Added by Kyd, and curiously inapplicable to Roman Republicans.

39-40. *doo all those meanes . . . Nature.* Perversion of 'operano tutte quelle arti, che della natura sono imitatrici.'

P. 280, 7. *is a collection of a summe:* 'è una ragunanza di unità.' T.

13-4. *because things . . . of number certaine:* 'perchè gl' individui in ciascuna specie sono di numero finito.' T.

" 33-8. *wherewith Vsury . . . neuer to be cured.* Substituted for T.'s unimpassioned statement, 'alla quale l' usura non si può ridurfe, che è scompagnata da ogni pericolo.'

P. 281, 2-5. *who so considereth . . . de Phisacis.* T. has simply 'e di lei ragionando Dante, disse.'

6-16. From *Inferno*, xi. 104-14.

21. *Neipce to God by Kind*, grandchild to God by relationship.

32—P. 282, 4. *It is . . . the thing*. Adged by Kyd.

P. 282, 28. *Now would I be silent*: ‘or; rimarrebbe solo,’ T., i.e. ‘now it would only rehain.’

P. 283, 5-6. *Mason, Carpenter, or Architect*. T. has simply ‘architetto.’

12-4. *I beleue . . . and greatnes*. A mistranslation of ‘posso credere, che la casa del privato da quella del Principe, per altro che per grandezza sola, sia differente.’

22. In conuiuio Platonis. Cf. *Sympos.* 223.

28. *dedicated*: ‘attribuito.’ T. The use of ‘dedicate’ in this sense is apparently unique.

35-6. *as were of olde . . . noble men*: ‘come anticamente quello de’ Satrapi.’ T.

NOTES

THE MVRDER OF IGHN BREWEN

Page 287, 8. *fact*, criminal deed. Cf. *Sþ. Tr.* iii. 4. 24.

22. *proper*, handsome.

23. *favour*, appearance. Cf. *Sþ. Tr.* iii. 13. 151.

P. 288, 14. *mice*, fastidious, capricious.

37. *checkt*, reviled, taunted.

P. 289, 20. *shadow*-screen, disguise.

30. *confection*, poisoning, corruption. The use of 'a confection' in the sense of a poison or potion is common, but this extension of the meaning is rare.

35. *suger-soppes*, sugar-plums.

P. 290, 5. *posnet*, a small basin.

34. *mistrusting*, suspecting.

P. 291, 4. *quibd*, reproached; a rare verb.

P. 293, 4-8. *the hateful sinne . . . vnpunished*. Cf. with this passage *Sþ. Tr.* ii. 5. 57-9, iii. 6. 95-6, and iii. 13. 2-3.

NOTES

TO

THE FIRST PART OF IERONIMO

ACT I.

SCENE I.

S.D. *Signate*. A variant of *Sennet*, a particular set of tones on a trumpet or cornet. Cf. Dekker, *Satiron*: 'Drums sound a flourish, and then a Sennet.'

11. *impare*, discredit.

32. *for Spain*. This emendation gives a metrically correct line; otherwise 'from Portingale' would be preferable.

115. *chap*, jaw.

SCENE II.

• 21. *Push*. An exclamation of impatience. Cf. Middleton, *Your Five Gallants*, ii. 1 : 'Push, I take't vnkindly, faith.' Hence Hazlitt's emendation is needless.

35. *Respective*, careful, anxious.

61. *play not this moyst prize*. To 'play prizes' is 'to contend publicly for a prize,' hence 'to contend only for show'; thus to 'play a moyst prize' is 'to make an ostentatious display of weeping.'

SCENE III.

7. *bulke*, body.

42-8. Reed compares *Two Gent. of Verona*, iii. 1. 89-91 :

'Win her with gifts if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.'

103. *As short my body*. An allusion probably to the part being played by a boy. Cf. 114 below; also ii. 3. 65, and 88-9, iii. 1. 33-8, and *Introduction* p. lxii.

105. *skabard*. Apparently a variant of 'scabbed' in the sense of 'vile,' 'loathsome.'

ACT II.

SCENE I.

60-1. Cf. *Tamb.* Part II. i. 4:

'And I would strue to swim through pooles of blood,
Or make a bridge of murthered Carcasses.'

71. *iumpē*, exactly.

SCENE III.

8. *Tost logic*, bandied words in logical disputations.

9. *Eate Cues, drunk Cees*. 'Cue' is a University term for a certain small quantity of bread. Cf. *Patient Grissil*, p. 9: 'Eight to a neck of mutton—is not that your commons?—and a cue of bread.' The term originally meant half a farthing, formerly denoted in College accounts by the letter *q* or *quadrans*. 'Cee' similarly meant $\frac{1}{16}$ of a penny, and came to denote in University parlance a small quantity of beer. Cf. Earle's *Microcosmographie*, p. 38: 'Hee [an old College butler] domineers over Freshmen . . . and puzzles them with strange language of Cues and Cees, and some broken Latine.'

29. *ile take vp thee*,¹ I will rebuke thee, quarrel with thee.

121. *iealous*, suspicious.

SCENE IV.

4. *by my crosse*, the cross formed by the hilt of Lorenzo's sword. Cf. *Sp. Tr.* ii. 1. 87.

29. *my shapes substance*, i.e. the real Andrea.

33. *adimanticke*, natural to adamant or loadstone; a very rare word.

67. *to slubber day*, to obscure day. Reed compares *Oth.* i. 3. 223: 'You must, therefore, be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes.'

95. *pretends*, portends.

98. *clyng*, probably 'cleave fast to,' hence 'cleave,' 'pierce.' Reed suggests, wrongly, I think, that 'Horatio means that his weapon shall cling to him, or not leave him, until he has gratified his revenge for his friend's murder.'

118. *swound*, swoon.

128. *found*, found out.

139. *pretends*. Cf. note on 95.

SCENE V.

20. *he*, i.e. Alcario.

26. A pun upon 'cut downe,' in its senses of 'shorten' and of 'cutting down a body from the gallows.' Reed's emendation may be right, but I think that Lazarotto intends a contrast between his 'words' and his own approaching fate.

63. *Word for word*. A comparison of 64-5 with 11. i. 8³ shows that Andrea does not report the King of Portugal's speech absolutely 'word for word.'

S.D. *A Tucket*, a flourish of trumpets.

SCENE VI.

27. ~~part~~, parting.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

33-8. Cf. note on i. 3. 103.

89-92. Repeated from ii. 1. 28-31, with substitution of 'that what' for 'that which' in 91.

SCENE II.

22. *Pies*. A variant of 'pize,' a mild form of oath.

46. *the heawy dread of battaile*. A possible emendation is 'the heawy dead of battaile,' on the analogy of 'the dead of night.'

67. *a lay*, a wager. Cf. 2 Hen. VI, v. 2. 27:

'Clif. My soul and body on the action both?

York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.'

103. *top*, slice off.

141. *whether*. Cf. note on Sp. Tr. i. 2. 160.

SCENE III.

S.D. Phillippe and Cassimero. On the introduction here of these hitherto unmentioned characters cf. *Introduction* p. xliv. note.

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ABBREVIATIONS USED

<i>Sp. Tr.</i>	= The Spanish Tragedie.
<i>C.</i>	= Cornelius.
<i>S. and P.</i>	= Soliman and Perseda.
<i>H. P.</i>	= The Housholders Philosophie.
<i>M. I. B.</i>	= The Murder of Iohn Brewen.
<i>F. P. I.</i>	= The Fust Part of Ieronimo.

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